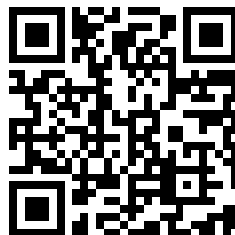


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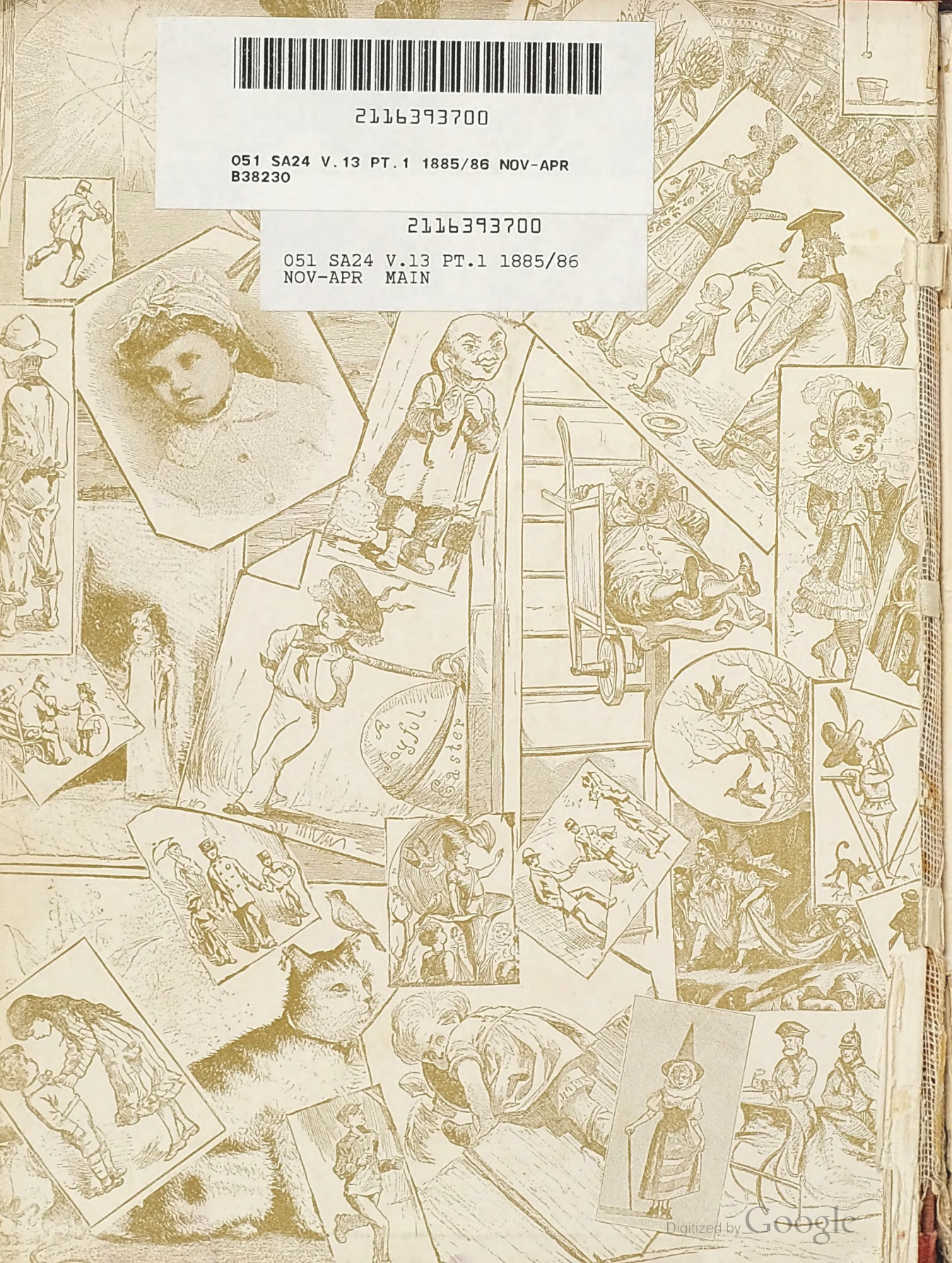
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ST. NICHOLAS:  
AN  
ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE  
FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

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VOLUME XIII.  
PART I., NOVEMBER, 1885, TO APRIL, 1886.

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# ST. NICHOLAS:

## VOLUME XIII.

### PART I.

SIX MONTHS—NOVEMBER, 1885, TO APRIL, 1886.





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# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

### CHAPTER I.

CEDRIC himself knew nothing whatever about it. It had never been even mentioned to him. He knew that his papa had been an Englishman, because his mamma had told him so; but then his papa had died when he was so little a boy that he could not remember very much about him, except that he was big, and had blue eyes and a long mustache, and that it was a splendid thing to be carried around the room on his shoulder. Since his papa's death, Cedric had found out that it was best not to talk to his mamma about him. When his father was ill, Cedric had been sent away, and when he had returned, everything was over; and his mother, who had been very ill, too, was only just beginning to sit in her chair by the window. She was pale and thin, and all the dimples had gone from her pretty face, and her eyes looked large and mournful, and she was dressed in black.

"Dearest," said Cedric (his papa had called her that always, and so the little boy had learned to say it),—"dearest, is my papa better?"

He felt her arms tremble, and so he turned his curly head and looked in her face. There was something in it that made him feel that he was going to cry.

"Dearest," he said; "is he well?"

Then suddenly his loving little heart told him that he'd better put both his arms around her neck and kiss her again and again, and keep his soft cheek close to hers; and he did so, and she laid her face

on his shoulder and cried bitterly, holding him as if she could never let him go again.

"Yes, he is well," she sobbed; "he is quite, quite well, but we—we have no one left but each other. No one at all."

Then, little as he was, he understood that his big, handsome young papa would not come back any more; that he was dead, as he had heard of other people being, although he could not comprehend exactly what strange thing had brought all this sadness about. It was because his mamma always cried when he spoke of his papa that he secretly made up his mind it was better not to speak of him very often to her, and he found out, too, that it was better not to let her sit still and look into the fire or out of the window without moving or talking. He and his mamma knew very few people, and lived what might have been thought very lonely lives, although Cedric did not know it was lonely until he grew older and heard why it was they had no visitors. Then he was told that his mamma was an orphan, and quite alone in the world when his papa had married her. She was very pretty, and had been living as companion to a rich old lady who was not kind to her, and one day Captain Cedric Errol, who was calling at the house, saw her run up the stairs with tears on her eyelashes; and she looked so sweet and innocent and sorrowful that the Captain could not forget her. And after many strange things had happened, they knew each other well and loved each other dearly, and were married, al-

though their marriage brought them the ill-will of several persons. The one who was most angry of all, however, was the Captain's father, who lived in England, and was a very rich and important old nobleman, with a very bad temper and a very violent dislike to America and Americans. He had two sons older than Captain Cedric; and it was the law that the elder of these sons should inherit the family title and estates, which were very rich and splendid; if the eldest son died the next one would be heir; so though he was a member of such a great family, there was little chance that Captain Cedric would be very rich himself.

But it so happened that Nature had given to the younger son gifts which she had not bestowed upon his elder brothers. She had a beautiful face and a fine, strong, graceful figure; he had a bright smile and a sweet, gay voice; he was brave and generous, and had the kindest heart in the world, and seemed to have the power to make every one love him. And it was not so with his elder brothers; neither of them was handsome, or very kind, or clever. When they were boys at Eton, they were not popular; when they were at college, they cared nothing for study, and wasted both time and money, and made few real friends. The old Earl, their father, was constantly disappointed and humiliated by them; his heir was no honor to his noble name, and did not promise to end in being anything but a selfish, wasteful, insignificant man, with no manly or noble qualities. It was very bitter, the old Earl thought, that the son who was only third, and would have only a very small fortune, should be the one who had all the gifts, and all the charms, and all the strength and beauty. Sometimes he almost hated the handsome young man because he seemed to have the good things which should have gone with the stately title and the magnificent estates; and yet, in the depths of his proud, stubborn old heart, he could not help caring very much for his youngest son. It was in one of his fits of petulance that he sent him off to travel in America; he thought he would send him away for a while, so that he should not be made angry by constantly contrasting him with his brothers, who were at that time giving him a great deal of trouble by their wild ways.

But after about six months, he began to feel lonely, and longed in secret to see his son again, so he wrote to Captain Cedric and ordered him home. The letter he wrote crossed on its way a letter the Captain had just written to his father, telling of his love for the pretty American girl, and of his intended marriage; and when the Earl received that letter, he was furiously angry. Bad as his temper was, he had never given way to it in his life as he gave way

to it when he read the Captain's letter. His valet, who was in the room when it came, thought his lordship would have a fit of apoplexy, he was so wild with anger. For an hour he raged like a tiger, and then he sat down and wrote to his son, and ordered him never to come near his old home, nor to write to his father or brothers again. He told him he might live as he pleased, and die where he pleased, that he should be cut off from his family forever, and that he need never expect help from his father as long as he lived.

The Captain was very sad when he read the letter; he was very fond of England, and he dearly loved the beautiful home where he had been born; he had even loved his ill-tempered old father, and had sympathized with him in his disappointments; but he knew he need expect no kindness from him in the future. At first he scarcely knew what to do; he had not been brought up to work, and had no business experience, but he had courage and plenty of determination. So he sold his commission in the English army, and after some trouble found a situation in New York, and married. The change from his old life in England was very great, but he was young and happy and he hoped that hard work would do great things for him in the future. He had a small house on a quiet street, and his little boy was born there, and everything was so gay and cheerful, in a simple way, that he was never sorry for a moment that he had married the rich old lady's pretty companion just because she was so sweet and he loved her and she loved him. She was very sweet, indeed, and her little boy was like both her and his father. Though he was born in so quiet and cheap a little home, it seemed as if there never had been a more fortunate baby. In the first place, he was always well, and so he never gave any one trouble; in the second place, he had so sweet a temper and ways so charming that he was a pleasure to every one; and in the third place, he was so beautiful to look at that he was quite a picture. Instead of being a bald-headed baby, he started in life with a quantity of soft, fine, gold-colored hair, which curled up at the ends, and went into loose rings by the time he was six months old; he had big brown eyes and long eye-lashes and a darling little face; he had so strong a back and splendid sturdy legs, that at nine months he learned suddenly to walk; his manners were so good, for a baby, that it was delightful to make his acquaintance. He seemed to feel that every one was his friend, and when any one spoke to him, when he was in his carriage in the street, he would give the stranger one sweet, serious look with the brown eyes, and then follow it with a lovely, friendly smile; and the consequence



was, that there was not a person in the neighborhood of the quiet street where he lived,—even to the groceryman at the corner, who was considered the crossdest creature alive,—who was not pleased to see him, and speak to him. And every month of his life he grew handsomer and more interesting.

When he was old enough to walk out with his nurse, dragging a small wagon and wearing a short white kilt skirt, and a big white hat set back on his curly yellow hair, he was so handsome and strong and rosy that he attracted every one's attention, and his nurse would come home and tell his mamma stories of the ladies who had stopped their carriages to look at and speak to him, and of how pleased they were when he talked to them in his cheerful little way, as if he had known them always. His greatest charm was this cheerful, fearless, quaint little way of making friends with people. I think it arose from his having a very confiding nature, and a kind little heart that sympathized with every one, and wished to make every one as comfortable as he liked to be himself. It made him very quick to understand the feelings of those about him. Perhaps this had grown on him, too, because he had lived so much with his father and mother, who were always loving and considerate and tender and well-bred. He had never heard an unkind or uncourteous word spoken at home; he had always been loved and caressed and treated tenderly, and so his childish soul was full of kindness and innocent warm feeling. He had always heard his mamma called by pretty, loving names, and so he used them himself when he spoke to her; he had always seen that his papa watched over her and took great care of her, and so he learned, too, to be careful of her.

So when he knew his papa would come back no more and saw how very sad his mamma was, there gradually came into his kind little heart the thought that he must do what he could to make her happy. He was not much more than a baby, but that thought was in his mind whenever he climbed upon her knee and kissed her, and put his curly head on her neck, and when he brought his toys and picture-books to show her, and when he curled up quietly by her side as she used to lie on the sofa. He was not old enough to know of anything else to do, so he did what he could, and was more of a comfort to her than he could have understood.

"Oh, Mary!" he heard her say once to her old servant; "I am sure he is trying to help me in his innocent way—I know he is. He looks at me sometimes with a loving, wondering little look, as if he were sorry for me, and then he will come

and pet me or show me something. He is such a little man, I really think he knows."

As he grew older, he had a great many quaint little ways which amused and interested people greatly. He was so much of a companion for his mother that she scarcely cared for any other. They used to walk together and talk together and play together. When he was quite a little fellow, he learned to read; and after that, he used to lie on the hearth-rug, in the evening, and read aloud—sometimes stories, and sometimes big books such as older people read, and sometimes even the newspaper; and often at such times Mary, in the kitchen, would hear Mrs. Errol laughing with delight at the quaint things he said.

"And, indade," said Mary to the groceryman, "nobody cud help laughin' at the quare little ways of him—and his ould-fashioned sayin's! Did n't he come into my kitchen the noight the new prident was nominated and shtand afore the fire, lookin' loike a pictur', wid his hands in his shmall pockets, an' his innocent bit of a face as sayrious as a jedge? An' sez he to me: 'Mary,' sez he, 'I'm very much int'rusted in the 'lection,' sez he. 'I'm a 'publican, an' so is Dearest. Are you a 'publican, Mary?' 'Sorra a bit,' sez I; 'I'm the bist o' dimmycrats!' An' he looks up at me wid a look that ud go to yer heart, and sez he: 'Mary,' sez he, 'the country will go to ruin.' An' niver a day since thin has he let go by widout argyin' wid me to change me polytics."

Mary was very fond of him, and very proud of him, too. She had been with his mother ever since he was born; and, after his father's death, had been cook and housemaid and nurse and everything else. She was proud of his graceful, strong little body and his pretty manners, and especially proud of the bright curly hair which waved over his forehead and fell in charming love-locks on his shoulders. She was willing to work early and late to help his mamma make his small suits and keep them in order.

"'Ristycratic, is it?" she would say. "Faith, an' I'd loike to see the choild on Fifth Avey—*now* as looks loike him an' shteps out as handsome as himself. An' ivvery man, woman, and choild lookin' afther him in his bit of a black velvet skirt made out of the misthress's ould gownd; an' his little head up an' his curly hair flyin' an' shinin'. It's loike a young lord he looks."

Cedric did not know that he looked like a young lord; he did not know what a lord was. His greatest friend was the groceryman at the corner—the cross groceryman, who was never cross to him. His name was Mr. Hobbs, and Cedric admired and respected him very much. He thought him a very rich and powerful person, he had so

many things in his store — prunes and figs and oranges and biscuits,—and he had a horse and wagon. Cedric was fond of the milkman and the baker and the apple-woman, but he liked Mr. Hobbs best of all, and was on terms of such intimacy with him that he went to see him every day, and often sat with him quite a long time, discussing the topics of the hour. It was quite surprising how many things they found to talk about — the Fourth of July, for instance. When they began to talk about the Fourth of July there really seemed no end to it. Mr. Hobbs had a very bad opinion of “the British,” and he told the whole story of the Revolution, relating very wonderful and patriotic stories about the villainy of the enemy and the bravery of the Revolutionary heroes, and he even generously repeated part of the Declaration of Independence. Cedric was so excited that his eyes shone and his cheeks were red and his curls were all rubbed and tumbled into a yellow mop. He could hardly wait to eat his dinner after he went home, he was so anxious to tell his mamma. It was, perhaps, Mr. Hobbs who gave him his first interest in politics. Mr. Hobbs was fond of reading the newspapers, and so Cedric heard a great deal about what was going on in Washington; and Mr. Hobbs would tell him whether the President was doing his duty or not. And once, when there was an election, he found it all quite grand, and probably but for Mr. Hobbs and Cedric the country might have been wrecked. Mr.

Hobbs took him to see a great torchlight procession, and many of the men who carried torches remembered afterward a stout man who stood near a lamp-post and held on his shoulder a handsome little shouting boy, who waved his cap in the air.

It was not long after this election, when Cedric was between seven and eight years old, that the very strange thing happened which made so wonderful a change in his life. It was quite curious, too, that the day it happened he had been talking to Mr. Hobbs about England and the Queen, and Mr. Hobbs had said some very severe things about the

aristocracy, being specially indignant against earls and marquises. It had been a hot morning; and after playing soldiers with some friends of his, Cedric had gone into the store to rest, and had found Mr. Hobbs looking very fierce over a piece of the *Illustrated London News*, which contained a picture of some court ceremony.

“Ah,” he said, “that’s the way they go on now; but they’ll get enough of it some day, when those they’ve trod on rise and blow ’em up sky-high,—earls and marquises and all! It’s coming, and they may look out for it!”

Cedric had perched himself as usual on the high stool and pushed his hat back, and put his hands in his pockets in delicate compliment to Mr. Hobbs.

“Did you ever know many marquises, Mr.



“SO THIS IS LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.”  
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Hobbs?” Cedric inquired, —“or earls?”

“No,” answered Mr. Hobbs, with indignation;

“I guess not. I’d like to catch one of ’em inside here; that’s all! I’ll have no grasping tyrants sittin’ round on my cracker-barrels!”

And he was so proud of the sentiment that he looked around proudly and mopped his forehead.

"Perhaps they would n't be earls if they knew any better," said Cedric, feeling some vague sympathy for their unhappy condition.

"Would n't they!" said Mr. Hobbs. "They just glory in it! It's in 'em. They're a bad lot."

They were in the midst of their conversation, when Mary appeared. Cedric thought she had come to buy some sugar, perhaps, but she had not. She looked almost pale and as if she were excited about something.

"Come home, darlint," she said; "the mistress is wantin' yez."

Cedric slipped down from his stool.

"Does she want me to go out with her, Mary?" he asked. "Good morning, Mr. Hobbs. I'll see you again."

He was surprised to see Mary staring at him in a dumfounded fashion, and he wondered why she kept shaking her head.

"What's the matter, Mary?" he said. "Is it the hot weather?"

"No," said Mary, "but there's strange things happenin' to us."

"Has the sun given Dearest a headache?" he inquired anxiously.

But it was not that. When he reached his own house there was a coupé standing before the door,

and some one was in the little parlor talking to his mamma. Mary hurried him up-stairs and put on his best summer suit of cream-colored flannel with the red scarf around the waist, and combed out his curly locks.

"Lords, is it?" he heard her say. "An' the nobility an' gentry. Och! bad cess to them! Lords indade—worse luck."

It was really very puzzling, but he felt sure his mamma would tell him what all the excitement meant, so he allowed Mary to bemoan herself without asking many questions. When he was dressed, he ran down-stairs and went into the parlor. A tall, thin old gentleman with a sharp face was sitting in an arm-chair. His mother was standing near by with a pale face, and he saw that there were tears in her eyes.

"Oh! Ceddie!" she cried out, and ran to her little boy and caught him in her arms and kissed him in a little frightened, troubled way. "Oh! Ceddie, darling!"

The tall old gentleman rose from his chair and looked at Cedric with his sharp eyes. He rubbed his thin chin with his bony hand as he looked.

He seemed not at all displeased.

"And so," he said at last, slowly,— "and so this is little Lord Fauntleroy."

*(To be continued.)*

## A NOVEMBER EVENING.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

THE autumn night is dark and cold;  
The wind blows loud; the year grows old,  
The dead leaves whirl and rustle chill;  
The cricket's chirp is long and shrill;  
The skies that were so soft and warm  
Mutter and bode of gathering storm.  
And now, within the homes of men  
The sacred hearth-fires gleam again,  
And joy and cheer and friendship sweet  
Within the charmed circle meet.

The children watch with new delight  
The first fire, dancing redly bright,  
That drives away the dark and cold;  
And Grace's slender fingers hold  
A braided fan from Mexico,  
To make the broad flames flare and glow.

Alert, alive, they leap and run  
Like fierce bright streamers of the sun  
They shine on Robert's placid face,  
And tint the pensive cheek of Grace,  
And chase away the doubtful gloom  
From every corner of the room.

O pleasant thought! — that far and near  
Are gathering 'round each hearthstone  
dear

Bright faces, happy smiles, and eyes  
Sweet with the summer's memories!  
O holy altar-fires of home!  
Tho' far and wide the children roam,  
Your charm for them shall still endure  
With love so strong and peace so sure.





HALLOWEEN: WALK DOWN THE LANE AND BACK AGAIN, AND THEN STAND STILL, AND LISTEN!

## NEW BITS OF TALK FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

BY H. H. (HELEN JACKSON.)

### I. THE MAGIC CLOCKS.

*(A parable in two parts.)*

ONE day, as four children, named Frank, James, Helen, and Elizabeth, were playing in front of their father's house, a queer thing happened. They had not heard the sound of approaching footsteps; but suddenly they saw a little old man standing in front of the gate, leaning over it and looking at them.

He carried upon his back a big box strapped with leathern bands, and held in place by a wide band passing across his chest.

"Why, there 's a peddler!" exclaimed Frank.

"Mamma never buys anything of peddlers, you know," said Elizabeth. "She always tells Bridget to send them right away without calling her."

"You need not come in," shouted James; "peddlers never sell anything here."

The old man did not move nor speak, but stood still, with his eyes fixed on the children, looking first at one, then at another.

"What a queer old man!" said Helen in a whisper, coming up closer to her brother Frank. "I wish he would go away. What makes him stare so at us?"

"Why does n't he speak?" said James.

"Perhaps he is deaf and dumb, poor man," said Elizabeth; and she took a few hesitating steps toward the gate.

At this the old man smiled. When he smiled, his face became beautiful. A sort of light spread all over it. As soon as the children saw the smile, they all began to walk toward him. He seemed to draw them, insensibly. They were half afraid, and yet they could not stay away from him.

"No, dear children," he said; "I am not deaf and dumb. I was only looking at your faces to see whether I should leave some of my magic clocks with you."

At the word "magic," Frank was at once all attention. He had a passion for conjurors' tricks and for anything that was mystical. He thought he would rather be a prestidigitator than anything else in the world.

"What is there magical about your clocks?" he asked eagerly. "I never heard of a magic clock."

"We could n't buy any, Frank," whispered Elizabeth. "Mamma would n't let us."

"They are not for sale, little lady," said the old man, smiling again.

He had overheard her whisper. At this second smile the children drew still nearer him. They almost loved him.

"Oh, do show them to us!" cried Frank.

"I thought you said you were thinking whether you could leave some of them here," said Helen, pettishly; "and now you say they are not for sale. Then how could you leave them here?"

All the answer the old man made to this was to nod his head and say, as if to himself, "She needs one!" And with that he slipped his box off his shoulders, set it down on the ground, and began to undo the leathern buckles.

All the time that he was doing this, he kept repeating to himself some strange words that the children could not understand. It sounded like poetry; but the language did not resemble any the children had ever heard.

"What are you saying? Do talk English! can't you," exclaimed Helen hastily. She was a very quick-tempered little girl, and often said things that sounded as if she were very cross, when she was not cross at all, but only impatient.

This time the old man looked at her sternly before he nodded his head.

"Yes," he said,—"she needs one badly!"

At this, Helen slipped behind Frank and, pulling his jacket, whispered: "Do make him go away, Frank! He frightens me."

"Be quiet!" said Frank angrily, pushing her back. "Don't be so foolish! I want to see the clocks!"

"So, ho! He needs one, too!" said the old man,

without looking up, as he went on unbuckling strap after strap.

"What does he mean?" said Elizabeth to James in a low tone. "I am afraid he is crazy. Poor old man; what will become of him?"

At this the old man gave a smile that seemed to light up the whole place like a great sunbeam; and he nodded his head three or four times; and he fixed his eyes on Elizabeth's face with so beautiful an expression of good-will and affection, that she was ashamed of having thought he must be crazy. "Good girl! good girl!" he said. "Merry bells for you." And as he spoke, he lifted out of his box a beautiful little white alabaster clock, not more than six inches high, and handed it to Elizabeth.

"Oh, what a beauty!" she cried.

"But what is magical about it?" asked Frank. "It looks just like other clocks."

"No, not like other clocks," replied the old man, handing another one to Frank, and one to James, and one to Helen. They all were alike,—pure white alabaster, with gold faces, and wreaths of red roses painted on them.

"I wonder if he stole them," whispered Helen to James.

"Bang! bang! bang!" went the clock in her hands! You would n't have thought so loud and harsh a note could come from so tiny a little clock. Helen was so frightened that she dropped it on the ground.

"Oh!" cried Elizabeth, springing to catch it. "It will be broken! How could you say so unkind a thing, Helen?"

"Kling! kling! kling!" went the clock in Elizabeth's hands, with a note as sweet as a canary's voice; but she was as frightened as Helen had been, and dropped her clock just as quickly on the ground at her feet.

But they were not broken or cracked, and the old man, who seemed strangely nimble for his age, picked them both up before the two girls could reach them. Handing them back, he said, still smiling:

"Magic clocks will stand a great many hard knocks without breaking."

All this time Frank was turning his over and over, and looking at a little glass set in the back, through which the machinery could be seen. Frank knew something about the construction of clocks and watches. He had an old silver watch of his own that he had more than once taken to pieces and put together again.

"Humph! There is n't anything magical about these clocks," he declared at last, rather rudely. "I can see all the wheels. They're just such as are always in clocks."

"Dong! dong! dong!" struck the clock in his hands in a sharp, squeaking tone, not so loud and

harsh as Helen's, but disagreeable enough to make Frank start and cry out with surprise. He did not let go of the clock, however, but held it even tighter, and began to look at it more closely.

"Magic clocks! magic clocks!" said the old man; and as he spoke these words, he disappeared from sight. Big box, leathern straps, old man, sunny smile—all had vanished from under the children's very eyes, as suddenly as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up.

"Why! where's he gone!" cried Elizabeth.

Helen began to cry.

"He's a witch," she said.

"Not a witch! you little goose," said James, who was rather scared himself. "You mean a wizard,—a witch is a woman!"

a fact. Anyhow, we have the clocks, and we did n't have to pay the old fellow anything."

"Dong! dong! dong!" said his clock, in a loud, discordant note. This time Frank himself was a little frightened. He put his clock down a little apart from the others, stepped back a few paces, thrust his hands into his pockets and began to whistle.

"They seem to strike every few minutes," he said, "without any sort of time about it. That's queer."

"Let's keep perfectly still and watch them," said James, "and see if they'll do anything."

Five minutes, ten, fifteen passed. Not a sound from the clocks. Not a sound from the children.

"I've been thinking ——" began Elizabeth, gently.



THE CHILDREN WATCH THEIR MAGIC CLOCKS.

"Bang! bang! bang!" went James's clock, just as Helen's had done when she spoke unkindly.

James set it down on the ground, close to the fence, and stepped away from it a few feet. Helen and Elizabeth put theirs down in a line with it. Frank still held his in his hands, and was looking all about for the old man; up and down the street, even into the sky overhead. But there was not a trace of a human being in the street; not a cloud in the sky overhead.

"Well, it does look like magic!" he said, "that's

"Well, of course you have," broke in Helen; "we all have been thinking! we're not ninnies."

"Whang! whang! whang!" went Helen's clock in a tone so spiteful and hateful that all four of the children jumped.

"That's it! I knew it!" said Elizabeth. "I know what the magic is. The clocks will strike in that harsh way when we say mean, hateful things, and they'll make a musical sound when we say pleasant things, and that'll remind us all the time."

"I believe that's so," said Frank, thoughtfully.

"I wish the old man had n't gone. We don't know how to wind them up. They're real beauties."

"There is n't any keyhole in them," said James, who had been looking his over again, with close scrutiny.

"I believe they don't need to be wound up," said Elizabeth. "I think they'll keep on going always. They are n't really clocks at all. They are just magic things, like the things in the 'Arabian Nights.'"

"That's so," said Frank. "Let's take them into the house, and show them to Mamma. I wonder if she will let us keep them."

"I think she will," said Helen, who was quite subdued by this time. "I think she'll be glad to keep anything that will make me speak pleasantly when I feel cross; and, as long as I live, I never want to hear another sound like that last loud one that my clock gave."

"Nor I," said Frank. "Nor I," said James.

"I liked the sound mine made," said Elizabeth; "it was just like music."

"Well, I suppose it always will be, Lizzie," said the other children, all speaking together; "because you are always so sweet and good-natured, you know."

Upon which all four of the clocks struck together three notes, so musical and sweet you would have said fairy-bells must have been ringing in the air.

What the children's mother said when she saw the clocks, I do not know; but she thought the children had imagined all about the clocks striking; for it was a very queer thing, that no matter how loudly the clocks struck, nobody but their owners could hear the sounds. At first this used to frighten the children, especially Helen, whose clock, I am sorry to say, had to strike loudly and harshly many times in a week. But more and more they came to feel that the clocks were their friends; and that in some mysterious way which they could not understand, the old man who had brought them must be their friend too.

"I think he'll be back again some day," said Elizabeth, one evening when they all had been

having a fine play together, and each one of them had been trying to make all the others have a good time, and the little clocks had all rung out together a lovely chime of sweet "Kling-a-ling-lings." "I think he'll come back to see whether we've been helped by the clocks or not."

"I think so, too," said Frank; "and if he does, I tell you, I'm going to grip his coat, and hold him tight till he's answered all our questions."

"I'll be afraid to see him," sighed poor little Helen. "I have such a dreadful temper. But I do try very hard to conquer it, nobody knows how hard, and I don't mean ever to stop trying."

"Kling-a-ling-ling! kling-ling! ling! ling," said Helen's clock, which she had under her arm. She hardly ever stirred without it,—she was so anxious to be reminded always when she spoke crossly.

"There! That's a comfort!" she exclaimed. "It has n't made so sweet a sound as that for three days."

"No wonder," said Frank, thoughtlessly; "you've been a perfect spit-fire these last three days; I've wondered what ailed you."

Helen's eyes filled with tears, and she was just about to make some angry reply, when "Bang! bang! bang!" came from Frank's chamber window, which stood wide open. His clock was standing on the window-sill.

"I was caught that time," said Frank. "Never mind, Helen. I did n't mean to make you feel badly. I am very sorry I said it."

"Kling-a-ling," said the little clock, in a gentle, soft note.

"Does n't it sound like 'all right,' when they ring that way?" said Elizabeth. "It is almost like a real voice speaking. I just wish the old man would come back!" she continued. "I'd like to thank him. We never thanked him, you know. He vanished so quickly."

"I think he'll come," replied Frank. "Magicians always do come back, in fairy stories. Don't you know, in so many stories it says, 'And the magician re-appeared?'"

"That's so!" echoed James, "I'm sure he'll come back."

(To be continued.)





## BARTY'S TURKEY.

[*A Thanksgiving-day Story.*]

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"WHAT do you wish, Barty O'Flanigan?"

Miss Sarah Wilhelmina Appleby put her head out at the window and spoke rather impatiently.

Barty O'Flanigan was a small boy with a big basket and a bigger voice, while his brogue was something wonderful to hear.

"It 's the foine fat turrkey the misthress is afther promisin' me fur me Thanksgivin' I 'm wantin'," replied Barty. "Shure, did n't I ketch her ould horrse as was afther runnin' away, an' hould him till the arrums iv me was broke intirely? An' sez the misthress to me, sez she, 'Barty,' sez she, 'come up an' take your pick iv me foine fat turrkeys fur your Thanksgivin' dinner,' sez she. An' it 's here I am, Miss, be the same token."

Miss Sarah Wilhelmina remembered her aunt's promise. "But Tim has gone to the station," she said. "You 'll have to come again when he can catch one for you."

"An' why could n't I ketch it meself, an' me mother waitin' to pluck the feathers aff it, an' the misthress sayin' I could have me pick?" queried Barty insinuatingly.

"I don't know whether you could catch one, Barty; you 're so small," said Sarah Wilhelmina doubtfully.

"The legs ov me is long," said Barty, displaying them with pride, "an' I can ketch any thing at all, so me mother sez — barrin' the maysles."

Now Sarah Wilhelmina was in a hurry, for she was going away to spend Thanksgiving; and Martha Washington was down cellar and Mancy had gone on an errand.

"I know Aunt Doxy would n't wish him to be disappointed," she said to herself; and then she added aloud, "Oh, well, Barty; you may catch one if you can; all the turkeys are out in the field"; and with that, Sarah Wilhelmina rushed off to her train, while Barty betook himself to the field where the doomed Thanksgiving turkeys were enjoying the frosty November air.

Two hours afterward Miss Eudoxia Appleby, the mistress of Pine Hill Farm, reached home with her small niece, Rebecca Ellen, and her nephew Thaddeus.

"I 'm almost sorry I let Sarah Wilhelmina go," said Aunt Doxy sadly. "I 'm afraid we shall have a very lonely Thanksgiving."

As they usually had very jolly Thanksgivings at Pine Hill Farm, Becky and Thaddy grew sad also,

and Becky, looking wistfully out of the window at a little house at the foot of the hill, said:

"Better 'vite the people at the cottage; then 't would n't be lonesome."

Aunt Doxy spoke severely, almost sharply. "Becky," she said, "those people in the cottage are not such as I approve of, and neither of you children must even go near the fence."

Nobody in Cressbrook knew just what to think of the "cottage people," as Aunt Doxy called them. They had taken the little house in the early spring, and had added peaks and gables and little piazzas to it, and had painted it in red and olive and yellow, until Aunt Doxy declared it a dreadful sight to see.

And she did n't like the looks of the people any better. They wore fantastic finery and appeared as if they were always going to a fancy-dress ball. The man who took care of their horse and cow had been seen in a Roman toga. The lady of the house fed the chickens in a Mother Hubbard dress of sea-green organdie, with a poke bonnet on her head and a ridiculous dove perched on her shoulder. And the children — a boy and girl of about the same ages as Thaddy and Becky — looked like a little grandfather and grandmother who had just stepped out of some old picture-frame, — or so Aunt Doxy thought. She even contemplated building a very high fence between the two gardens, lest Becky and Thaddy should take an interest in the small antique-looking persons who lived in the queer cottage.

Of course they took an interest in them, and many stolen glances besides; they soon found out in some way that the children at the cottage were named Rupert and Marguerite, and that they were kind and pleasant playmates.

But in the midst of the children's horrifying assertion to Aunt Doxy, that they did n't believe Rupert and Marguerite were very bad children after all, there came a revelation that almost took the good lady's breath away.

Emancipation, or Mancy, was the very black daughter of the equally black Martha Washington, whom Miss Eudoxia had imported from the South for household "helps" soon after the war. And Mancy now burst, almost breathless, into the room with the cry:

"Oh, Miss Doxy! de Princess gone!"

"Gone? She has n't flown over the cottage fence, has she?" exclaimed Aunt Doxy, in great consternation.

"Wus 'n dat," declared Martha Washington,

pea-fowls—"Prince and Princess Charming." The Prince was a great, splendidly shaped peacock, with a magnificent display of tail-feathers; the Princess was of a dull color, and had no tail-feathers to



"THE LADY OF THE HOUSE FED THE CHICKENS, IN A MOTHER HUBBARD DRESS."

bustling in after her daughter. "Wus 'n dat, Miss Doxy! she 's been pulled *froo de fence*!"

Aunt Doxy was fond of pets and had a great many, but her heart was especially set upon her

spread. She was chiefly remarkable for a very discordant voice. But Aunt Doxy seemed fonder of her than of the Prince. Perhaps it was because everybody disparaged her.

"Pulled through the fence! Why, what do you mean?" she cried.

Martha Washington's fat and jolly face was gloomy with prophecy.

"Yo' knows, for a fac', Miss Doxy," she said, "how 'tractive dem peacocks has allays b'en to de fam'ly down dar," and she pointed a fat, disapproving finger at the cottage, for Martha Washington shared her mistress's prejudices. "De gem-man hisself done sit on de fence in de br'ilin' sun, a-takin' of dem off wiv his pencil, an' de leetle gal say her mammy done want a fan made out ob de Prince's tail. And see yar, Miss Doxy,"—Martha Washington solemnly drew from her pocket a brownish-drab feather,—"*I done fin' dis stickin' in de cottage fence whar de pore bird was pulled froo.*" And Martha Washington spread out both her fat hands, as if to emphasize her proof of the "cottage people's" guilt.

Aunt Doxy was overcome. "O my poor Princess!" she said. "What could they want it for?"

"Why, to eat, Miss Doxy, o' course," declared Martha Washington. "Dat sort o' s'picious folks allays get de curusest t'ings to eat. Dey took Princess for deir T'anksgibin' dinner."

"What ignorant, barbarous people they must be — to eat a peacock!" said Aunt Doxy. "I certainly must write a letter of remonstrance, and see what excuse they can offer for so unchristian an act."

Aunt Doxy was considered by her fellow-workers in church and Sunday-school as having an especial gift for dealing with transgressors. So she seated herself at her desk, and proceeded to the task of bringing her sinful neighbors to a sense of their great wickedness. She did not hesitate to show them plainly the wrong of which they had been guilty, and she did not even deem it fitting that, as was often the case with her, justice should be tempered with mercy. Aunt Doxy sadly feared that her objectionable neighbors were hardened offenders, whose hearts could not be easily touched.

"Here, Thaddy," she said, as she folded her note, "you may carry this to the cottage; come back just as soon as you have delivered it — do you hear?"

And Thaddy, overjoyed at this opportunity to enter forbidden ground and have even a few moments of Rupert's society, replied, "Yes 'm," with suspicious docility, and ran off like a flash.

"I hopes nuffin 'll happen to dat boy," muttered Martha Washington gloomily, as she went about her Thanksgiving-day preparations. She evidently believed there were no limits to the enormities of which the cottage people were capable.

Half an hour passed by, and then Becky said,

looking enviously toward the cottage, with her nose flattened against the window-pane: "I wonder why Thaddy does n't come back?"

Aunt Doxy looked up in great alarm. "Had n't he come back?" she asked. How could she have forgotten him? But surely they could not be wicked enough to harm a child.

Tim was dispatched in great haste in search of the missing boy. He found him in the grove behind the cottage, playing with Rupert. Thaddy was silent and ashamed under Aunt Doxy's reproof. Rupert had coaxed him to play, and he had played. That was all he would say, except the expression of his opinion that "Rupert was a good boy, and was going to have a donkey with long ears." It was evident that, in spite of the melancholy fate of the poor Princess, Thaddy had a great longing for the society at the cottage.

Miss Doxy sat up late, expecting a message of some sort from her neighbors, but none came. Poor Prince Charming was uttering doleful and discordant cries for the lost partner of his joys and sorrows.

"Oh, how truly thankful I could be to-morrow," thought Aunt Doxy, "if those people had only gone back to town!"

But when she arose in the morning, a bright and jolly Thanksgiving sun was peeping above the gables of the little red, olive, and yellow cottage, and an ample Thanksgiving smoke was pouring out of its chimney.

Aunt Doxy seated herself at the breakfast table sad at heart. The children said little, and the poor peacock recommenced his wailing. Suddenly there came a violent knocking at the back door. "The answer to my letter," thought Aunt Doxy.

But it was n't. For the next moment there burst into the room a stout Irishwoman with a big basket, dragging in a shame-faced boy — Mrs. O'Flanigan and Barty!

From the basket arose a voice — muffled and hoarse, but still familiar, and sounding like sweet music to Aunt Doxy's ear.

"O Miss Appleby, mum," said Mrs. O'Flanigan, "it's kilt intoiree I am, mum, wid shame, an' the hairt iv me is broke, so it is, that iver I'd see the day whin me own boy — an' his fayther as sinsible a man as iver shteppeed in two shoes — wud n't know the difference betwene a turrkey an' a pay-cock! Shure, he sez yersilf was away 'an the young leddy guv him lave to pick out a turrkey for himsilf, and he tuk this wan, so he did, for a foine large turrkey, and him a-thryin' to wring the neck ov it when I hears the quare voice ov the craythur. And sez I, 'Whatever air ye about, ye spalpane?' sez I; 'it do be Miss Appleby's pay-cock ye have there.' An' he havin' the neck of

the poor baste half wrung, an' the craythur near kilt, I was aferd to bring her home til ye. An' shure, I shplinthred up the neck ov her and docthered her up wid swate ile, an' last night she'd ate a bit, an' this mornin' her voice had grown that swate and nat-chooral 't would bring tears to the oies ov yer. And, sez I to Barty, sez I, 'Come along up to Miss Appleby's wid me,' sez I, 'an' if it is n't hangin' ye 'll get,' sez I, 'it 's in the cowl'd jail ye 'll spind yer Thanksgivin'-day,' sez I, 'fur murtherin' ov her poor baste ov a paycock—an' ye wud have murdered her but for me,' sez I."

Barty looked as dejected as anything so small could well look; but he lifted up his gruff little voice courageously.

"Shure, I nivver knew that a craythur could be a paycock widout a tail, at all, at all," he said piteously, "an' secin' it war n't manin' any harrum I was, an' the hairt ov me quite broke intoirely, an' me mither's,—an' we not havin' anythin' barrin' praties for our Thanksgivin' dinner, shure ye moit lave me off, Miss Appleby, mum,—an' shure I 'll nivver come where I hear the voice ov a paycock agin."

Aunt Doxy was so happy to have her dear Princess restored that she could blame no one. "Never mind, Barty, you need n't feel badly," she said. "You shall have the turkey I promised you; a fine, fat one, and all ready for the oven.—But, oh, dear," she exclaimed, "if I only had n't written that letter."

Barty's woe-begone look gave place to a beam of happiness; but as he and his mother went off with a fine turkey in the big basket, he still protested that "shure it was not a right baste at all, at all, that pertinded to be a paycock an' had n't no iligit tail-feathers."

Aunt Doxy was still bemoaning *her* sad mistake when Martha Washington, who felt that perhaps she was somewhat to blame in the matter, came in with a letter.

"Oh, dear, is it the answer?" said Aunt Doxy.

"Reckon not, Miss Doxy, it done come froo de

post-offis," replied Martha Washington, scanning it closely. "'Pears like it might be from Miss Sarah Wilhelmina."

"Oh! oh!" cried Aunt Doxy, as she read the letter, "what do you suppose Sarah Wilhelmina says? She says that Mrs. Gracey knows the people in the cottage very well, and that she congratulates me on having such delightful neighbors. They are Mr. A——, the celebrated artist, and his family; and Mrs. A—— is a daughter of my old minister, Dr. Forristall, who is going to spend Thanksgiving with them!"

Aunt Doxy dropped the letter in her lap. "Oh, that letter, that dreadful letter!" she said. "What must they think of me?"

But now Thaddy looked up suddenly from a thoughtful consideration of the yellow kitten's eyes.

"Are you sorry you wrote it, Aunt Doxy; true as you live, and never do so again?" he asked solemnly, "and would you be a little easy on a fellow if—if an accident had happened to that letter?"

"Why, Thaddeus, what do you mean? Tell me instantly," said Aunt Doxy.

"Well," confessed Thaddy, "you see, before I rang the bell at the cottage Rupert asked me to play with him, and we went out to the grove back of the house, and he was making a kazoo on a comb and wanted a piece of paper, and so I pulled that letter out of my pocket, without thinking what it was, and tore it up, and I'm awful sorry, but——"

"Thaddy, it was very, very wrong of you to be so careless and disobedient," said Aunt Doxy; "but this time I do believe it was an interposition of Providence."

And soon another letter was dispatched to the cottage, and Aunt Doxy followed it with an invitation to dinner. And Mr. A—— and Mrs. A—— and Rupert and Marguerite all came up from the cottage, and so did Dr. Forristall. And so it came to pass that they had a jolly Thanksgiving at Pine Hill Farm after all. And Barty O'Flanigan had his turkey, too.

## THE MOON AND ITS "SHINE."

BY BESSIE CHANDLER.

"WILL you pull back the curtains, Mamma?" he said;

"There 's a beautiful moon to-night,  
And I want to lie right here in my bed  
And watch it, so yellow and bright."

So I tried to arrange the curtains and bed  
For the dear little laddie of mine.

"Can you see it now?" "No," he cheerfully said,  
"But I *can* see its beautiful shine."

Dear baby! his innocent answer I prize.

It is full of a meaning divine;  
When the bright things we wish drift away  
from our eyes,  
May not we, too, rejoice in their "shine?"



## THE CANDY COUNTRY.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

"I SHALL take Mamma's red sun-umbrella; it is so warm,—and none of the children at school will have one like it," said Lilly, one day, as she went through the hall.



"AWAY SHE WENT, RIGHT UP IN THE AIR."

"The wind is very high; I'm afraid you'll be blown away if you carry that big thing," called nurse from the window.

"I wish I could be blown away; I always wanted to go up in a balloon," answered Lilly, as she struggled out of the gate.

She managed quite well until she came to the bridge, where she stopped to look over the railing at the fast-running water below, and the turtles sunning themselves on the rocks. Lilly was fond of throwing stones at the turtles; she thought it funny to watch them tumble with a headlong

splash into the water. Now, when she saw three big fellows close by, she stooped for a stone, but just at that very minute a gale of wind nearly took the umbrella out of her hand. She clutched it tightly; and away she went like a thistle-down, right up in the air, over river and hill, houses and trees, faster and faster and faster, till her head spun around, her breath was all gone, and she had to let go. The dear red umbrella flew away like a leaf; and Lilly fell down, down, till she came crash into a tree which grew in so curious a place that she forgot her fright as she sat looking about her.

The tree looked as if it were made of glass or colored sugar; for she could look through the red cherries, the green leaves, and the brown branches. An agreeable aroma came to her nose. "Oh," she cried at once, as would any child have said, "I smell candy!" She picked a cherry and ate it. Oh, how good it was!—all sugar and no stone. The next discovery was so delightful that she nearly fell off her perch; for by touching her tongue here and there, she found the whole tree was made of candy. What a pleasure to sit and break off twigs of barley sugar, candied cherries, and leaves that tasted like peppermint and sassafras!

Lilly rocked in the branches and ate away until she had finished the top of the little tree; then she climbed down and strolled along, making more surprising and agreeable discoveries as she went.

What looked like snow under her feet was white sugar; the rocks were lumps of chocolate; the flowers were of all colors and tastes; and every sort of fruit grew on those delightful trees. Little white houses soon appeared; and in them lived the dainty candy people, all made from the best sugar, and painted to look like real people. Dear little men and women, looking as if they had stepped off of cakes and bonbons, went about in their gay sugar clothes, laughing and talking in sweet-toned voices. Bits of babies rocked in open-work cradles and sugar boys and girls played with sugar toy in a very natural way. Carriages rolled along the jujube streets, drawn by red and yellow barley horses; cows fed in the green fields, and sugar birds sang in the candy trees.

Lilly listened, and in a moment she understood, in some way, just what the song said,—

"Sweet! Sweet!  
 Come, come and eat  
 Dear little girls  
 With yellow curls;  
 For here you'll find  
 Sweets to your mind.  
 On every tree  
 Sugar-plums you'll see;  
 In every dell  
 Grows the caramel;  
 Over every wall  
 Gum-drops fall;  
 Molasses flows  
 Where our river goes;  
 Under your feet  
 Lies sugar sweet;  
 Over your head  
 Grow almonds red.  
 Our lily and rose  
 Are not for the nose;  
 Our flowers we pluck  
 To eat or suck;  
 And, oh! what bliss

When two friends kiss,  
 For they honey sip  
 From lip to lip!  
 And all you meet,  
 In house or street,  
 At work or at play,  
 Sweethearts are they.

So, little dear,  
 Pray feel no fear;  
 Go where you will;  
 Eat, eat your fill;  
 Here is a feast  
 From west to east;  
 And you can say,  
 Ere you go away:  
 'At last I stand  
 In dear Candy-land.'  
 Sweet! Sweet!  
 Tweet! Tweet!  
 Tweedle-dee!  
 Tweedle-dee!"

"That is the most interesting song I ever heard,"  
 said Lilly, clapping her hands and dancing along

with no tiresome school or patchwork to spoil my  
 fun," said Lilly.

So she ran up the chocolate steps into the pretty  
 rooms, where all the chairs and tables were of every  
 colored candy, and the beds of spun sugar. A  
 fountain of lemonade supplied drink; and floors of  
 ice-cream that never melted kept people and  
 things from sticking together, as they would have  
 done, had it been warm.

For some time Lilly was quite happy, in going  
 about, tasting the many different kinds of sweets,  
 talking to the little people, who were very amiable,  
 and finding out curious things about them and  
 their country.

The babies were plain sugar, but the grown  
 people had different flavors. The young ladies were  
 mostly violet, rose, or orange; the gentlemen were  
 apt to have cordials of some sort inside of them,  
 as she found when she slyly ate one now and then,  
 and as a punishment had her tongue bitten by the



THE CANDY COUNTRY.

toward a fine palace of white cream candy, with  
 pillars of striped peppermint-stick, and a roof of  
 frosting that made it look like Milan Cathedral.

"I'll live here, and eat candy all day long,

hot, strong taste. The old people were peppermint,  
 clove, and such comfortable flavors, good for pain;  
 but the old maids were lemon, flag-root, and all  
 sorts of sour, bitter things, and were not eaten

much. Lilly soon learned to know the characters of her new friends by a single taste, and some she never touched but once. The dear babies melted in her mouth, and the delicately flavored young ladies she was very fond of. Dr. Ginger was called to her more than once when so much candy made her teeth ache, and she found him a very hot-tempered little man; but he stopped the pain, so she was glad to see him.

A lime-drop boy and a little pink checkerberry girl were her favorite playmates; and they had fine times making mud-pies by scraping the chocolate rocks and mixing this dust with honey from the wells near by. These pies they could eat; and Lilly thought this much better than throwing them away, as she had to do at home. They had candy-pulls very often, and made swings of long loops of molasses candy, and birds'-nests with almond eggs, out of which came birds that sang sweetly. They played foot-ball with big bull's-eyes, sailed in sugar boats on lakes of syrup, fished in rivers of molasses, and rode the barley horses all over the country.

Lilly discovered that it never rained, but that it white-sugared. There was no sun, as it would have been too hot; but a large yellow lozenge made a nice moon, and there were red and white comfits for the stars.

All the people lived on sugar, and never quarreled. No one was ill; and if any one was broken, as sometimes happened with so brittle creatures, the fractured parts were just stuck together and all was right again. When they grew old they became thinner and thinner, till there was danger of their vanishing. Then the friends of the old person bore him to the great golden urn, always full of a certain fine syrup, which stood in their largest temple; and into that he was dipped and dipped till he was stout and strong again, and went home as good as new, to enjoy himself for a long time.

This was very interesting to Lilly, and she went to many such rejuvenations. But the weddings were better still; for the lovely white brides were so sweet that Lily longed to eat them. The feasts were delicious; the guests all went in their best clothes, and danced at the ball till they grew so warm that half-a-dozen would stick together and would have to be taken to the ice-cream room to cool off. Then the happy pair would drive away in a fine carriage with white horses to a new palace in some other part of the country, and Lilly would have another pleasant place to visit.

But by and by, when she had seen everything, and eaten so many sweet things that at last she longed for plain bread and butter, she began to be cross, as children always are when they live on candy; and the little people wished she would go away, for they were afraid of her. No wonder,

for she would sometimes catch up a dear sugar baby and eat it, or break some respectable old grand-mamma all into bits because she reproved her for her naughty ways. Finally, Lilly calmly sat down on the biggest church, crushing it flat, and one day in a pet, she even tried to poke the moon out of the sky. The King ordered her to go home; but she said, "I won't!" and, with a petulant motion, she knocked off his head, crown and all.

Such a wail went up at this awful deed that she



"I WONT!"

ran away out of the city, fearing that some one would put poison in her candy, since she had no other food.

"I suppose I shall bring up somewhere if I keep on walking; and I can't starve, though I hate the sight of this horrid stuff," she said to herself, as she hurried over the mountains of Gibraltar rock that divided the city of Saccharissa behind her from the great desert of brown sugar that lay beyond.

Lilly marched bravely across this desert for a long time, and saw at last a great smoke in the sky, smelt a spicy smell, and felt a hot wind blowing toward her.

"I wonder if there are sugar savages here, roasting and eating some poor traveler like me," she said, thinking of Robinson Crusoe and other wanderers in strange lands.

She crept carefully along till she saw a settlement of little huts very like mushrooms, for they were made of cookies set on lumps of brown sugar. Queer people, looking as if made of gingerbread, were working very busily around several stoves which seemed to be baking away at a great rate.

"I'll creep nearer and see what sort of people they are before I show myself," thought Lilly, going into a grove of spice trees and sitting down on a stone which proved to be the plummy sort of cake we used to call Brighton Rock.

Presently one of the tallest men came striding toward the trees with a pan, evidently to get spice; and before Lilly could run away he saw her.

"Hullo, what do you want?" he asked, staring at her with his black-currant eyes, while he briskly picked the bark off a cinnamon tree.

"I'm traveling, and should like to know what place this is, if you please," answered Lilly, very politely, as she was rather frightened.

"Cake-land. Where did you come from?" asked the gingerbread man, in a crisp tone of voice.

"I was blown into the Candy country, and have been there a long time; but I grew tired of it and ran away to find something better."

"Sensible child!" and the man smiled till Lilly thought his cheeks would crumble. "You'll like it better here with us Cake-folk than with the lazy Bonbons, who never work and are all for show. They won't recognize us, though we all are related through our grandparents Sugar and Molasses. We are busy folk; so they turn up their noses and don't speak when we meet at parties. Poor creatures,—silly, and sweet, and unsubstantial! I pity 'em."

"Could I make you a visit? I'd like to see how you live and what you do. I'm sure it must be interesting," said Lilly, picking herself up after a tumble, having eaten nearly all the cake she was sitting on, she was so hungry.

"Of course you can," said her friend. "Come on! I can talk while I work."

And the funny gingerbread man trotted away toward his kitchen, which was full of pans, rolling-pins, and molasses jugs.

"Sit down. I shall be at leisure as soon as this batch is baked. There are still some wise people down below who like gingerbread, and I have my hands full," he said, dashing about, stirring, rolling out, and slapping the brown dough into pans, which he whisked into the oven and out again so fast that Lilly knew there must be magic about it somewhere.

Every now and then he threw her a delicious cookie warm from the oven. She liked the queer fellow, and soon began to ask all sorts of questions, as she was very curious about this country.

"What is your name, sir?" she ventured, first.

"Ginger-Snap," he answered, briskly.

Lilly thought it a good name; for he was very quick, and she fancied he could be short and sharp if he liked.

"Where does all this cake go?" she asked, after she had watched a great many other kitchens full of workers, who all were of different kinds of cake, and each making its own sort.

"I'll show you by and by," answered Snap, beginning to pile up the heaps of gingerbread on a little car that ran along a track leading to some distant store-room, Lilly thought.

"Don't you become tired of doing this all the time?" she asked.

"Yes; but I wish to be promoted, and I never shall be till I've done my best, and won the prize here," Snap explained.

"Oh, tell me about it!" cried Lilly. "What is the prize, and how are you promoted? Is this a cooking-school?"

"Yes; the prize for best gingerbread is a cake of condensed yeast," said Snap. "That puts a soul into me, and I begin to rise until I am able to float over the hills yonder into the blessed land of bread, and be one of the happy creatures who are always wholesome, always needed, and without which the world below would be in a bad way."

"Dear me! that is the queerest thing I've heard yet!" said Lilly. "But I don't wonder you want to go; I'm tired of sweets myself, and just long for a good piece of bread, though I always used to want cake and candy at home."

"Ah, my dear, you'll learn a great deal here; and you are lucky not to have fallen into the clutches of Giant Dyspepsia, who always gets people if they eat too much of such rubbish as cake and candy, and scorn wholesome bread. I leave my ginger behind when I go, and become white and round and beautiful, as you will see. The Gingerbread family have never been as foolish as some of the other cakes. Wedding-cake is the worst; such extravagance in the way of wine and spice and fruit I never saw, and such a mess to eat when it's done! I don't wonder it makes people sick; serves 'em right." And Snap flung down a pan with a bang that made Lilly jump.

"Sponge-cake is n't bad, is it? Mamma lets me eat it, but I like frosted pound-cake better," she said, looking over to the next kitchen, where piles of that sort of cake were being iced.

"Poor stuff. No substance. Ladies' fingers will do for babies, but Pound has too much butter to be wholesome. Let it alone, and eat cookies or seed-cakes, my dear. Now, come along; I'm ready." And Snap trundled away his car-load at a great pace.

Lilly ran behind to pick up whatever fell, and looked about her as she went, for this was certainly a very queer country. Lakes of eggs all beaten up, and hot springs of saleratus foamed here and there, ready for use. The earth was brown sugar or ground spice; and the only fruits were raisins, dried currants, citron, and lemon peel. It was a very busy place; for every one cooked all the time, and never failed and never seemed tired, though they were always so hot that they only wore sheets of paper for clothes. There were piles of it to put over the cake, so it should n't burn; and they made cooks' white caps and aprons of it, which

looked very fine. A large clock made of a flat pancake, with cloves to mark the hours and two toothpicks for hands, showed them how long to bake things; and in one place an ice wall was built around a lake of butter, which they cut in lumps as they wanted it.

"Here we are. Now, stand aside while I pitch 'em down," said Snap, stopping at last before a hole in the ground where a dumb-waiter, with a name over it, hung ready.

There were many holes all about, and many dumb-waiters, each with a special name; and Lilly was amazed when she read "Weber," "Copeland," "Dooling,"\* and others, which she knew very well.

Over Snap's place was the name "Newmarch," and Lilly said: "Why, that's where Mamma gets her hard gingerbread, and Weber's is where we go for ice-cream. Do *you* make cake for them?"

"Yes, but no one knows it. It's one of the



"GOOD JOKE, IS N'T IT?"

secrets of the trade. We cook for all the confectioners, and people think the good things come out of the cellars under their shops. Good joke, is n't it?" And Snap laughed till a crack came in his neck and made him cough.

Lilly was so surprised that she sat down on a warm queen's-cake that happened to be near, and watched Snap send down load after load of gingerbread to be eaten by children, who would have liked it much better if they had only known, as did she, where it all came from.

As she sat on the queen's cake there came up through the nearest hole, which was marked "Copeland," the clatter of many spoons, the smell of many dinners, and the sound of many voices calling:—"One vanilla, two strawberries, and a Charlotte Russe"; "Three stews, cup coffee, dry toast"; "Roast chicken and apple without!"

"Dear me! it seems as if I were there," said Lilly, longing to hop down, but afraid of the bump at the other end.

"That's done. Come along. I'll ride you back," called Snap, shying the last cookie after the dumb-waiter as it went slowly out of sight with its spicy load.

"I wish you'd teach me to cook. It must be great fun, and Mamma wants me to learn; only our cook hates to have me around the kitchen, and she is so cross that I don't like to try, at home," said Lilly as she went trundling back on Snap's car.

"Better wait till you go to Bread-land, and learn to make bread. It's a great art, and worth knowing. Don't waste your time on cake, though plain gingerbread is n't bad to have in the house. I'll teach you that in a jiffy, if the clock does n't strike my hour too soon," answered Snap, helping her down.

"What hour?" inquired Lilly.

"Why, the hour of my freedom. I shall never know when I've done my task until I'm called by the chimes and go to get my soul," answered Snap, turning his currant eyes anxiously toward the clock.

"I hope you *will* have time," said Lilly as she fell to work with all her might, after Snap had fitted her with a paper apron and a cap like his.

It was not hard; for when she was about to make a mistake, a spark flew out of the fire and burnt her in time to remind her to look at the recipe, which was hung up before her on a sheet of gingerbread in a frame of pie-crust; the directions had been written on it while it was soft and baked in. The third sheet she made came out of the oven spicy, light, and brown; and Snap, giving it one poke with his finger, said, "That's all right. Now you know. Here's your reward."

He handed her a recipe-book made of thin sheets of sugar gingerbread held together by a gelatine binding, with her name stamped on the back, and each leaf crimped with a cake-cutter in a very delightful manner.

Lilly was charmed with it, but had no time to read all it contained; for just then the clock began to strike, and a chime of bells to ring:

"Gingerbread,	Perfume the air.
Go to the head.	Away, away!
Your task is done:	Make no delay;
A soul is won.	Into the Flour
Take it and go	Sea, plunge this hour.
Where muffins grow,	Safe in your breast
Where sweet loaves rise	Let the yeast-cake rest,
To the very skies,	Till you rise in joy,
And biscuits fair	A white-bread boy!"

"Ha, ha! I'm free! I'm free!" cried Snap, catching up a square silver-covered cake that seemed to fall from somewhere above; and run-

\* Well-known Boston caterers.



ning to the great white sea of flour, he dashed in, head first, holding the yeast-cake clasped to his breast as if his life depended on it.

Lilly watched breathlessly, while a curious working and bubbling went on, as if Snap were tumbling about down there like a small earthquake. The other cake-folk stood with her upon the shore; for it was a great event, and all were glad that the dear fellow had been promoted so soon. Suddenly a cry was heard, and on the farther side of the sea up rose a beautiful white figure. It waved its hand as if bidding all "Good-bye," and ran over the hills so fast they had only time to see how plump and fair it was, with a little knob on the top of its head like a crown.

"He 's gone to the happy Land of Bread, and we shall miss him; but we 'll follow his example and soon find him again," said a gentle Sponge-cake, with a sigh, as they all went back to their work; while Lilly hurried after Snap, eager to see the new country, which she was sure must be the best of all.

A delicious odor of fresh bread blew up from the valley as she stood on the hill-top and looked down on the peaceful scene below. Fields of yellow grain waved in the breeze; hop-vines grew from tree to tree; and the white sails of many

stalks rustled their leaves in the warm air that came from the ovens hidden in the hill-sides; for bread needs a slow fire, and an obliging volcano did the baking there.

"What a lovely place!" cried Lilly, feeling the charm of the home-like landscape, in spite of the funny, plump people moving about.

Two of these figures came running to meet her as she slowly walked down the yellow path from the hill. One was a golden boy, with a beaming face; the other a little girl in a shiny brown cloak, who looked as if she would taste very nice. They each put a warm hand into Lilly's, and the boy said: "We are glad to see you. Muffin told us you were coming."

"I thank you. But who is Muffin?" asked Lilly, feeling as if she had seen both these little people before, and liked them. The boy answered her question immediately:

"He was Ginger-Snap once, but he 's a Muffin now. We begin in that way, and work by degrees up to the perfect loaf. My name is Johnny-Cake, and here 's Sally Lunn. You know us; so come on and have a race."

Lilly burst out laughing at the idea of playing with these old friends of hers; and away ran all three as fast as they could tear, down the hill, over a bridge, into the middle of the village, where they stopped, panting, and sat down on some very soft rolls to rest.

"What do you all do here?" asked Lilly, when she got her breath again.

"We farm, we study, we bake, we brew, and are merry as crickets all day long. It 's school-time now, and we must go; will you come?" said Sally, jumping up as if she liked going to school.

"Our schools are not like yours; we study only

two things — grain and yeast. I think you 'll like it. We have yeast to-day, and the experiments are very jolly," added Johnny, trotting off to a tall brown tower of rye and Indian bread, where the school was kept.

Lilly never liked to go to school, but she was ashamed to own it; so she went along with Sally, and was so amused with all she saw that she was glad she had come. The brown loaf was hollow, and had no roof; and when she asked why they used a ruin, Sally told her to wait and see why they



"UP ROSE A BEAUTIFUL FIGURE."

windmills whirled around as they ground the different grains into fresh, sweet meal, for the loaves of bread with which the houses were built and the streets paved, and which in many shapes formed the people, furniture, and animals. A river of milk flowed through the peaceful land, and fountains of yeast rose and fell with a pleasant foam and fizz. The ground was a mixture of many meals, and the paths were golden Indian, which gave a very gay look to the scene. Buckwheat flowers bloomed on their rosy stems, and tall corn-

chose strong walls and plenty of room overhead. All around was a circle of very small biscuits like cushions, and on these the Bread-children sat. A square loaf in the middle was the teacher's desk, and on it lay an ear of wheat, with several bottles of yeast well corked up. The teacher was



HOME FROM SCHOOL.

a pleasant, plump lady from Vienna, very wise, and so famous for her good bread that she was a Professor of Grainology.

When all were seated, she began her lesson with the wheat ear, and told all about it in so interesting a way that Lilly felt as if she had never before known anything about the bread she ate. The experiments with the yeast were quite exciting,—for Fraulcin Pretzel showed them how it would work until it blew the cork out, and went fizzing up to the sky, if it were kept too long; how it would turn sour or flat, and spoil the bread if care were not taken to use it at just the right moment; and how too much would cause the loaf to rise until there was no substance to it.

The children were very bright; for they were fed on the best kinds of oatmeal and Graham bread, with very little white or hot cakes to spoil their young stomachs. Hearty, happy boys and girls they were, and their yeasty souls were very lively in them; for they danced and sang, and seemed as bright and gay as if acidity, heaviness, and mold were quite unknown.

Lilly was very happy with them, and when school was done raced home with Sally, and ate for dinner the best bread and milk that she had ever tasted. In the afternoon Johnny took her to the corn-field, and showed her how they kept the growing ears free from mildew and worms. Then she went to the bake-house, and here she found her old friend Muffin hard at work making Parker House rolls, for he was so good a cook that he was set to work at once on the lighter kinds of bread.

"Well, is n't this better than Saccharissa or even Cake-land?" he asked, as he rolled and folded his bits of dough with a dab of butter tucked inside.

"Ever so much!" cried Lilly. "I feel better already, and I mean to learn all I can. Mamma will be so pleased if I can make good bread when I go home! She is rather old-fashioned, and wishes me to be a good housekeeper. I never could think bread interesting, then, but I do, now; and Johnny's mother is going to teach me to make Indian cakes to-morrow."

"Glad to hear it!" said Snap. "Learn all you can, and tell other people how to make healthy bodies and happy souls by eating good plain food. Not like this, though these rolls are better than cake. I have to work my way up to the perfect loaf, you know; and then, oh, then, I shall be a happy thing!"

"What happens then? Do you go on to some other wonderful place?" asked Lilly, as Muffin paused, with a smile on his face.

"Yes; I am eaten by some wise, good human being, and become a part of him or her. That is my happy destiny; for I may nourish a poet and help him sing, or feed a good woman who makes the world better for being in it, or be crumbed into the golden porringer of a baby prince



"WHERE 'S MUFFIN?" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

who is to rule a kingdom. Is n't that a noble hope to have, and an end worth working for?" asked Muffin, in a tone that made Lilly feel as if she had some sort of fine yeast inside her, which was setting her brain to work with quite new thoughts.

"Yes, it is. I suppose that all things are made for some such purpose, if we only knew it; and people should be glad to do anything to help the world along, if only by making good bread in a kitchen," answered Lilly in a sober way.

She staid in Bread-land a long time, and enjoyed and learned a great deal that she never forgot. But at last, when she had made the perfect loaf, she wished to go home, that her mother might see it and taste it.

"I've put a great deal of myself into it, and I'd love to think I had given her strength or pleasure by my work," she said, as she and Sally stood looking at the handsome loaf.

"You can go whenever you like; just take the bread in your hands and wish three times, and you'll be wherever you desire to be. I'm sorry you must go, but I don't wonder you want to see your mother. Don't forget what you have learned, and you will always be glad that you came to us," said Sally, kissing her good-bye.

"Where is Muffin? I can't go without seeing

him—my dear old friend," answered Lilly, looking around for him.

"He is here," said Sally, touching the loaf. "He was ready to go, and chose to pass into your bread rather than any other; for he said he loved you, and would be glad to help feed so good a little girl."

"How kind of him! I must be careful to grow wise and excellent, or he will be disappointed and will have lived in vain," said Lilly, touched by his devotion.

Then bidding them all farewell, she hugged her loaf close, wished three times to be at her own home, and like a flash she was there.

Whether her friends believed the wonderful tale of her adventures, I can not tell; but I know that she was a nice little housekeeper from that day, and made bread so good that other girls came to learn of her. She also grew from a sickly, fretful child into a fine, strong, healthy woman, because she ate very little cake and candy, except at Christmas-time, when the oldest and the wisest of us like to make a short visit to Candy-land.

## WHO 'LL BUY?

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

MY neighbor wears a cotton dress;—

She comes with marigold and cress

All dripping, coiled together.

The willow basket in her hand

Is bright with water and with sand,

This happy, happy weather!

"Who 'll buy?" Who would not buy?

—They grew beside an April stream,

Beneath an April sky!

Again I meet her, flushed and brown,

With braid and bonnet slipping down;

She looks upon me gayly.

She knows the grassy upland farm

Where berries ripen high and warm,

And redder deeper daily!

"Who 'll buy?" Who would not buy?

—She found them in the summer fields,

Beneath a summer sky!

To-day she enters at my gate;

She steps inside the sill to wait;

And so once more I find her.

Alack! the whirling leaves are brown,—

And he who shook the chestnuts down

Is standing there behind her!

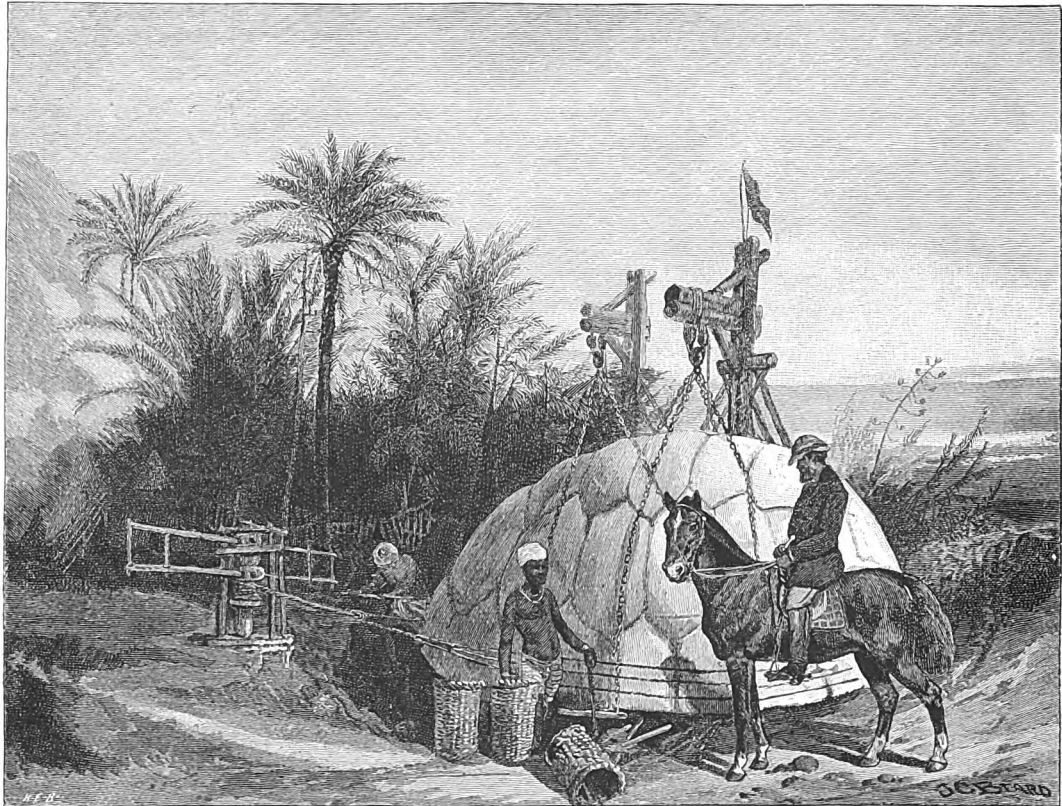
"Who 'll buy?" Who would not buy?

—They found them in the autumn woods,

Beneath a frosty sky!

## GIANT TURTLES.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.



SHELL OF A GIGANTIC LAND-TORTOISE, DISCOVERED IN INDIA.

A NUMBER of years ago a party of English naturalists, with several native attendants, penetrated a previously unexplored portion of India for the purpose of establishing stations, and eventually opening up a country very rich in natural advantages. To the ordinary observer, the slow progress of the party and the evident caution taken in the march would have seemed unnecessary except in time of war and when proceeding against a vigilant enemy; but the mission was one of peace, and all their care and precaution were taken to guard against the dangerous animals that infested the jungle. The most dreaded of all were the tiger and the cobra, and so common were these foes, that even in the neighborhood of the towns and cities thousands of persons annually fell victims to them.

For days they had been penetrating a wooded region, but one evening they came upon a clear,

undulating stretch of country that seemed, in the opinion of the officer in charge, favorable for the object of their trip; so a halt was ordered, the brush was cleared away, great patches that might have concealed the deadly cobra were burned, and the tents were pitched. In a few days the workmen had commenced their task of erecting a substantial building. It was necessary to have a large and deep cellar for the reception of certain stores, and in a short time a deep excavation was made.

The earth was dry and sandy, and was worked with ease. The absence of large stones was noticed; indeed, there was found no hard substance that would have interested a geologist. But late in the afternoon of the first day's work, one of the natives struck his pick against a resisting substance. Another blow, and the implement broke through into a hollow space. The earth being

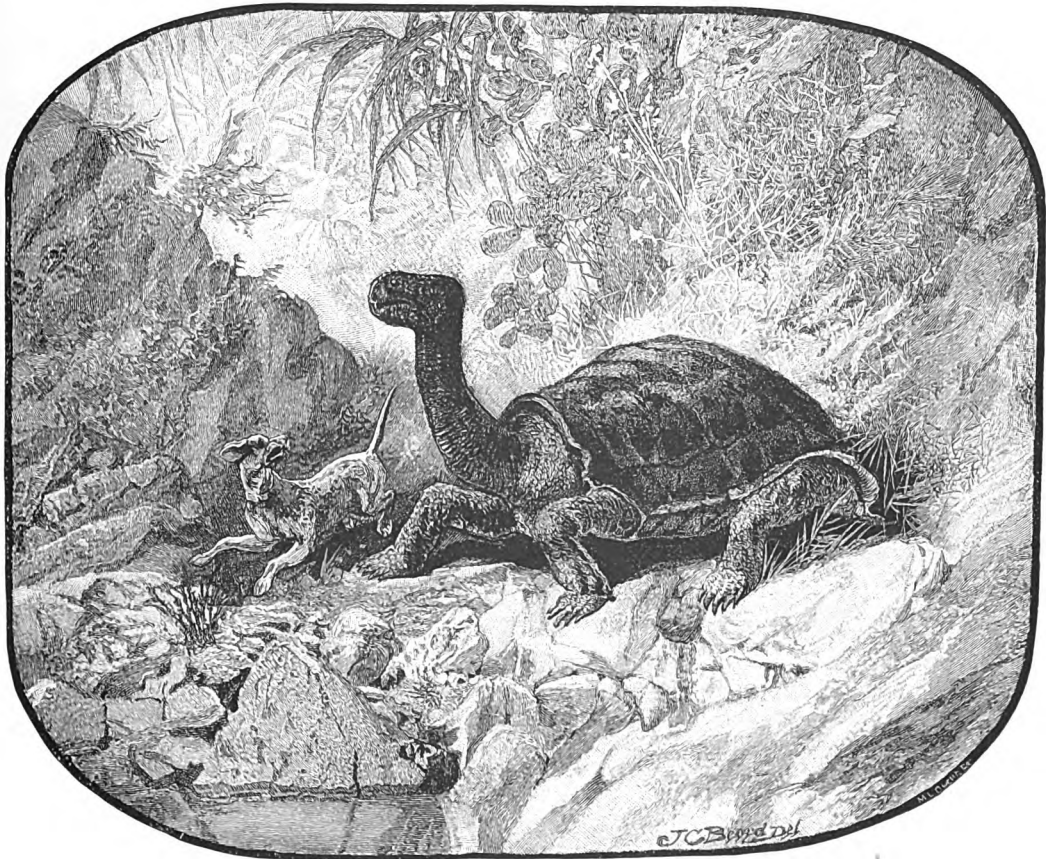
scraped away, a large smooth object was exposed, of so strange an appearance that the attention of the commanding officer was called to it. He at once pronounced it a bone of some kind.

The fact that they had come upon the grave of a strange animal created great excitement, and all hands went to work clearing away the sand. As they progressed, their wonder and amazement increased also; their discovery began to assume the shape of a dome, and appeared to be rounded off. Finally, when four feet or more of sand had been cleared away, they saw a hut-shaped object, that seemed, through the hole made by the pick, to be partly hollow. The natives one and all thereupon declared it a hut, or house, built by some of

ing to an age long past. The work progressed rapidly; and though when exposed to the sun some parts broke in pieces, the entire shell was successfully uncovered and finally a complete restoration of it was made.

The shell was that of a land-tortoise (called by naturalists *Colossochelys Atlas*). Hundreds of thousands of years ago the monster had lived and died; — and the dust, sand, and vegetation had gradually covered it up and preserved it as a monument of the animal wonders of that ancient time.

So enormous was the shell that when the sand and dirt were removed, several of the men crawled into it; in fact, it might have been used as a house, and on a subsequent occasion was so used



GREAT TURTLE OF THE GALAPAGOS ISLANDS.

their ancestors, that had in course of time been covered by the earth. Others thought it one of the dwelling-places of a strange people who lived under the earth; but to the English naturalists there was a more simple explanation, for the curious house was the shell of a gigantic turtle belong-

ing to a party which took refuge in it during a sudden shower. Unfortunately, a heavy storm finally destroyed the great turtle-shell. Others, however, were discovered in different localities, and from one a restoration was made which was placed in the collection of the British Museum. It represents

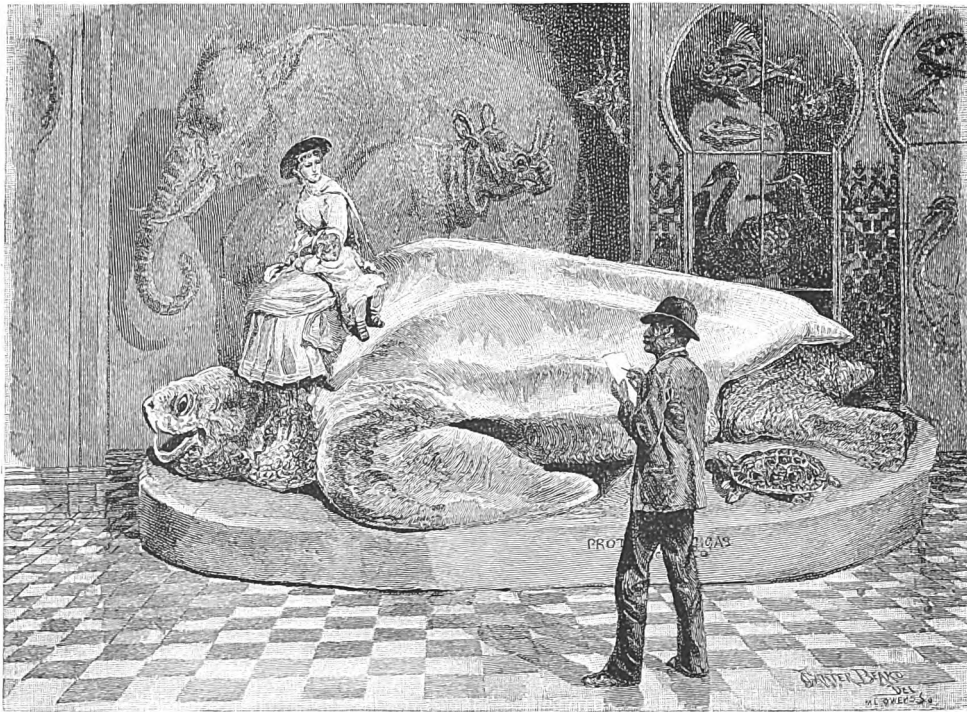


the shell of a young land-tortoise, and measures ten feet in length, twenty-five feet in horizontal circumference, and fifteen feet in girth in a vertical direction.

The *Colossochelys* was a land-turtle that fed upon vegetation, and in the Galapagos Islands, its modern representatives, at least in regard to size, are found to-day. These islands, numbering about fifteen in all, are situated in the Pacific Ocean, directly under the equator, and about six hundred miles west of Ecuador. They were first discovered by the Spaniards in the beginning of the

one of them is approached, it draws in legs, head, and tail, and falls with a loud hiss. If now the captor is disposed to ride, as was Mr. Darwin, he can mount upon the turtle's back, and be carried along at a fair rate of speed.

Though the great land-tortoise was the largest turtle of India, there has been found in our own country the remains of a sea-turtle that may have exceeded it in point of size. It was found near Fort Wallace, in western Kansas. The discoverer first observed the large bony shields projecting from a bluff near Butte Creek. They were care-



IDEAL VIEW OF THE GREAT SEA-TURTLE OF THE CHALK AGE.

sixteenth century; and from the numbers of gigantic turtles found there, those early voyagers named the group "Galapago," which is the Spanish name for tortoise. All over the islands are many extinct craters, some being mere elevations, while others are miles in circumference.

Next to the craters, the visitor is attracted by the network of trails, paths, or lanes that lead over many of the islands. These are the tracks of the great turtles, of which there are five totally different species, living upon different islands.

By following up the paths, these turtles are easily found — great domed fellows, perhaps twelve feet long from head to tail, with shells six feet long, and weighing six or seven hundred pounds. When

fully taken out and brought to Philadelphia, where the restoration was made. The fore-flippers alone were nearly five feet long, while its expanse from the tip of one extended flipper to another was about seventeen feet. The accompanying illustration gives an ideal view of this giant. But how did this sea-turtle become buried in a bluff in the State of Kansas? A natural supposition would be that Kansas is in the bed of a former ocean, and so it is. Ages ago, in what is called by geologists the Cretaceous Period, that part of the world was the bed of a great sea, in which the great turtle swam, together with other monsters of curious shape and appearance. Gradually the crust of the earth was raised, the water fell back,

or became inclosed, and left the inhabitants of the Cretaceous Sea high and dry, to be covered by the earth and preserved for us to study ages afterward.

The shores of this ancient ocean are easily found and followed by geologists. Its extent has been traced on our Western plains by the bleaching and disintegrating remains that have been found, upon and beneath the surface. Professor Cope, who has described many of the animals that lived and died in that great ocean, says:

"Far out on the expanse of this ancient sea might have been seen a huge snake-like form, which rose above the surface and stood erect, with tapering throat and arrow-shaped head, or swayed about, describing a huge circle above the water. Then, as it plunged into the depths, nought would be visible but the foam caused by the disappearing mass of life. Should several have appeared together, we can easily imagine tall, flexible forms rising to the height of the masts of a fishing-fleet, or, like snakes, twisting and knotting themselves together. This extraordinary neck—for such it was—rose from a body of elephantine proportions, and a tail of the serpent-pattern balanced it behind. This creature was a great sea-reptile. Like the snake-bird of Florida, it probably often swam many feet below the

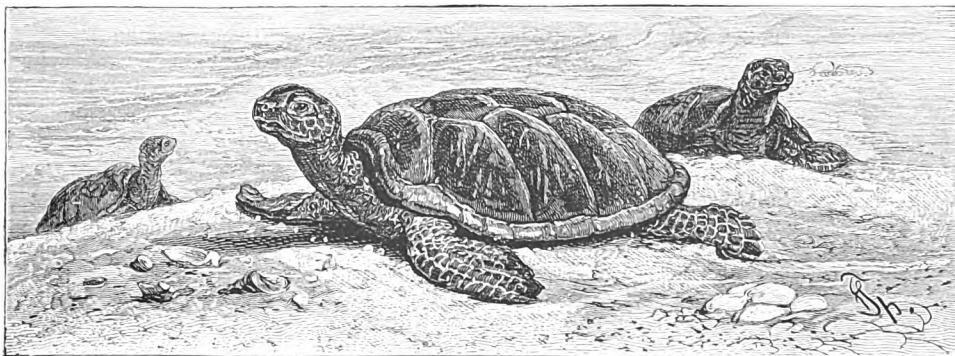
surface; and it could raise its head to the distant air for a breath, and then, withdrawing it, could explore the depths forty feet below, without altering the position of its body."

In other localities, huge shells have been found strewn about; in fact, during that ancient



IDEAL VIEW OF GIGANTIC SEA-REPTILE, OF THE CHALK AGE.

period all animal creatures seem to have attained gigantic proportions, and, like the great tortoise, to have been so large that their very unwieldy size may have caused their death and final extinction.



## FROM BACH TO WAGNER.

*(A Series of Brief Papers concerning the Great Musicians.)*

BY AGATHA TUNIS.

## VIII.—SCHUMANN.

ROBERT ALEXANDER SCHUMANN, great both as a composer and as a critic, was born at Zwickau, a little village of Lower Saxony, June 8, 1810. His father was a bookseller; he had some talent as a writer, and encouraged his son's love of art. His genius showed itself early, and when only seven, his father allowed him to study music under the church organist, who was very much impressed by the child's power. In his eleventh year he was sent to the high school, where he remained till 1828, when he went to Leipzig to study law. His heart was absorbed in his music, but his father was dead and his mother would not consent to his adopting music as a profession. He found the study of law very unattractive, and during his first half year at school devoted his time to reading poetry and studying music. He made the acquaintance of a number of young men who, like himself, were devoted to music; they met in Schumann's rooms every evening, where they discussed and performed various compositions. In 1829 Schumann went to Heidelberg to study law, but here, too, all his time and enthusiasm were for his much loved music. He frequently practiced seven hours a day.

The time had now come for Schumann to graduate and determine his profession. Every emotion within him prompted him to adopt a musical career, but his mother was determined he should choose the law. She felt how few achieve success in so difficult and uncertain a profession as music, and she feared her son would be unable to support himself. Schumann, on the other hand, feared nothing so much as to be untrue to his highest light, and that light pointed steadily toward music. Money was as nothing to him if only he could devote himself to his art; and he had faith in himself, he felt that he should be successful. He knew that it would require steady and persistent toil, but he believed that in the end he would make a musician of himself. Finally, he persuaded his mother to place the decision in the hands of Friedrich Wieck, a friend and a well-known musician, Schumann agreeing that if, after six years of work at the piano, he gave no sign of success, he would turn to the practice of law. Wieck, after warning Schumann of the incessant and almost discouraging work which lay before him, advised him, if he were willing to brave all this, to become a

musician. Schumann now made his home at Leipzig, where he attacked his work with great enthusiasm, practicing all day. In his anxiety to attain success, he invented a machine which was intended for the equal training of every finger; by this contrivance, his third finger remained up in a vertical position, while he played with the others; but the tendons became so strained that he lamed the troublesome finger, and all thought of a career as a pianist had to be put aside. Poor Schumann! after all his struggles and sacrifices, was this to be the end? We can well imagine the gloom which oppressed him, as he felt that his brilliant hopes were crushed, and everything pointed to the law. But music claimed him; he could not escape, and now he began to compose. He had always been rather self-willed, and suffered from having no one to guide his musical education. Unfortunately he had almost neglected musical composition, but now he set about to repair his mistake. He should have grown up in this part of his art, and he was never quite compensated for the loss of early training.

In 1834, Schumann and some of his friends started a journal which was to be an aid to both music and musicians. Its aim was to educate the public taste in music by encouraging everything that was good, and condemning everything that was bad in art. Schumann edited it for ten years, and wrote many articles for it; he confirmed the reputation of many artists whose works were already known, and brought many composers, among them Chopin and Berlioz, to the notice of the public. His generous encouragement of young artists was especially beneficial, and no musician possessed of talent was too young or too obscure for his kindly notice.

In 1836, Schumann fell in love with Clara Wieck—a beautiful woman and brilliant genius. Her father objected to her marrying Schumann on account of the uncertainty of his income. Schumann was as yet almost unknown to the people. His compositions were appreciated by a circle of artists, but he reached only to the few who were cultivated enough to understand him. He now made every effort to win a reputation. Clara Wieck's influence over him was already seen in his music, for he turned his attention to song-writing, and wrote 138 songs, all of which he tells us were inspired by her. In 1840 they were married, and he settled down to a quiet, beautiful life, broken only by his ill-health. His wife appreciated

his genius and understood and sympathized with all his thoughts and aspirations. In 1844 they made a concert tour through Russia, when the wife played her husband's compositions. They were received everywhere with admiration. On their return, they settled at Dresden, where he gave his attention to his symphonies; but Schumann now grew very melancholy and eccentric; he had all kinds of delusions; but he recovered from the attack and went on composing. In 1850 he was appointed City Musical Director at Dusseldorf. He and his wife went on several concert tours, but he found plenty of time to compose. His creative powers had never before seemed so active; he could not help composing. In 1851 he had a return of ill-health. He became very gloomy, and in one of his despondent fits he threw himself into the Rhine, but was rescued and carried home. He

was then removed to a private asylum, where he died in 1856. His life had a very pathetic ending; but had it not been for the intelligent care of his wife he would probably have fallen a victim to the disease much earlier.

In comparing Schumann's work with that of other composers, we should never forget the great services he rendered to music in his writings; some even consider him greater as a critic than as a composer. He was not appreciated during his life. His musical ideas were in direct contrast to those of the school then popular, led by Mendelssohn. The latter's music is always clear and elegant in form, like a finely-cut cameo, while Schumann cared more for the feeling, or emotion, and gave little attention to the finish. He wished only to present something warm and striking, and took no pains to put it into any special shape.



A SPRIGHTLY little lady riding in a city car,  
 Alighted at a music store and purchased a guitar,  
 And she promptly made arrangements to take lessons every day  
 From a callous-fingered Spaniard who could beautifully play.

"I'm quite a favorite, it seems, among the cats," said she,  
 "For every night a motley band come serenading me,  
 But I'm grieved to say their voices, although powerful and clear,  
 Are decidedly discordant to the cultivated ear;

"I open wide my window and I wildly make pretence  
To enjoy the little arias they warble on the fence,  
And, when the last notes die away, to merit their regard,  
I scatter little dainties that they like around the yard.

"But, though I'm sure the poor things try to do their very best,  
You can't imagine how much they disturb a body's rest,  
And I'd certainly be justified in telling them to "scat,"  
But I could n't hurt the feelings of a little pussy-cat!

"So I'm going to take lessons with the earnest hope that I  
Can accompany their voices and instruct them by and by,  
For they seem to be ambitious, and material so good,  
If rightly trained, I'm very sure, would charm the neighborhood!"

## UNCLE AND AUNT.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

UNCLE and Aunt were a very dear and rather queer old couple, who lived in one of the small villages which dot the long indented coast of Long Island Sound. It was four miles to the railway, so the village had not waked up from its colonial sleep on the building of the line,—as had other villages nearer to its course,—but remained the same shady, quiet place, with never a steam-whistle nor a manufactory bell to break its repose.

Sparlings-Neck was the name of the place. No hotel had ever been built there, so no summer visitors came to give it a fictitious air of life for a few weeks of the year. The century-old elms waved above the gambrel roofs of the white, green-blinded houses, and saw the same names on door-plates and knockers that had been there when the century began: "Benjamin," "Wilson," "Kirkland," "Benson," "Reinike,"—there they all were, with here and there the prefix of a distinguishing initial as, "J. L. Benson," "Eleanor Wilson," or "Paul Reinike." Paul Reinike, fourth of the name who had dwelt in that home, was the "Uncle" of this story.

Uncle was tall and gaunt and gray, of the traditional New England type. He had a shrewd, dry face, with wise little wrinkles about the corners of the eyes, and just a twinkle of fun and a quiet kindness in the lines of the mouth. People said the squire was a master-hand at a bargain. And so he was; but if he got the uttermost penny out of all legitimate business transactions, he was always ready to give that penny, and many more, whenever deserving want knocked at his door, or a good work to be done showed itself distinctly as needing help.

Aunt, too, was a New Englander, but of a slightly different type. She was the squire's cousin before she became his wife; and she had the family traits, but with a difference. She was spare, but she was also very small, and had a distinct air of authority which made her like a fairy godmother. She was very quiet and comfortable in her ways, but she was full of "faculty," that invaluable endowment which covers such a multitude of capacities. Nobody's bread or pies were equal to Aunt's. Her preserves never fermented; her cranberry always jellied; her sponge-cake rose to heights unattained by her neighbors', and staid there, instead of ignominiously "flopping" when removed from the oven, like the sponge-cake of inferior housekeepers. Everything in the old home moved like clock-work. Meals were ready to a minute; the mahogany furniture glittered like dark-red glass; the tall clock in the entry was never a tick out of the way; and yet Aunt never appeared to be particularly busy. To one not conversant with her methods, she gave the impression of being generally at leisure, sitting in her rocking-chair in the "keeping-room,"—hemming cap-strings, and reading Emerson, for Aunt liked to keep up with the thought of the day.

Hesse declared that either she sat up and did things after the rest of the family had gone to bed, or else that she kept a Brownie to work for her; but Hesse was a saucy child, and Aunt only smiled indulgently at these sarcasms.

Hesse was the only young thing in the shabby old home; for, though it held many handsome things, it was shabby. Even the cat was a sober matron. The old white mare had seen almost half



as many years as her master. The very rats and mice looked gray and bearded when you caught a glimpse of them. But Hesse was youth incarnate, and as refreshing in the midst of the elderly stillness which surrounded her as a frolicsome puff of wind, or a dancing ray of sunshine. She had come to live with Uncle and Aunt when she was

York had taken place when Hesse was about fifteen; now she was to make another. And just as this story opens, she and Aunt were talking over her wardrobe for the occasion.

"I shall give you this China-crape shawl," said Aunt decisively.

Hesse looked admiringly but a little doubtfully



AUNT ENDOWS HESSE WITH A WARDROBE FOR THE VISIT TO NEW YORK.

ten years old; she was now nearly eighteen, and she loved the quaint house and its quaint occupants with her whole heart.

Hesse's odd name, which had been her mother's, her grandmother's, and her great-grandmother's before her, was originally borrowed from that of the old German town whence the first Reinike had emigrated to America. She had not spent quite all of the time at Sparlings-Neck since her mother died. There had been two years at boarding-school, broken by long vacations, and once she had made a visit in New York, to her mother's cousin, Mrs. De Lancey, who considered herself a sort of joint guardian over Hesse, and was apt to send a frock or a hat, now and then as the fashions changed, that "the child might not look exactly like Noah, and Mrs. Noah, and the rest of the people in the ark," she told her daughter. This visit to New

at the soft, clinging fabric, rich with masses of yellow-white embroidery.

"I am afraid girls don't wear shawls now," she ventured to say.

"My dear," said Aunt, "a handsome thing is always handsome; never mind if it is not the last novelty, put it on, all the same. The Reinikes can wear what they like, I hope! They certainly know better what is proper than these oil-and-shoddy people in New York that we read about in the newspapers. Now, here is my India shawl,"—unpinning a towel, and shaking out a quantity of dried rose-leaves,—"*I lend* you this; not give it, you understand."

"Thank you, Aunt, dear." Hesse was secretly wondering what Cousin Julia and the girls would say to the India shawl.

"You must have a pelisse of some sort," con-

tinued her aunt; "but perhaps your Cousin De Lancey can see to that. Though I *might* have Miss Lewis for a day, and cut over that handsome camlet of mine. It's been lying there in camphor for fifteen years, of no use to anybody."

"Oh, but that would be a pity!" cried Hesse, with innocent wiliness. "The girls are all wearing little short jackets now, trimmed with fur or something like that; it would be a pity to cut up that great cloak to make a little bit of a wrap for me."

"Fur," said her aunt, catching at the word; "the very thing! How will this do?" dragging out of the camphor-chest an enormous cape, which seemed made of tortoise-shell cats, so yellow and brown and mottled was it. "Wont this do for a trimming, or would you rather have it as it is?"

"I shall have to ask Cousin Julia," replied Hesse. "Oh, Aunt, dear, don't give me any more! You really must n't! You are robbing yourself of everything!" For Aunt was pulling out yards of yellow lace, lengths of sash ribbon of faded colors and wonderful thickness, strange, old-fashioned trinkets,—

"And here 's your grandmother's wedding-gown,—and mine!" she said; "you had better take them both. I have little occasion for dress here, and I like you to have them, Hesse. Say no more about it, my dear."

There was never any gainsaying Aunt, so Hesse departed for New York with her trunk full of antiquated finery, sage-green and "pale-colored" silks that would almost stand alone; Mechlin lace, the color of a spring buttercup; hair rings set with pearls, and brooches such as no one sees, nowadays, outside of a curiosity shop. Great was the amusement which the unpacking caused in Madison Avenue.

"Yet the things are really handsome," said Mrs. De Lancey, surveying the fur cape critically. "This fur is queer and old-timey, but it will make quite an effective trimming. As for this crape shawl, I have an idea,—you shall have an overdress made of it, Hesse. It will be lovely with a silk slip; you may laugh, Pauline, but you will wish you had one like it when you see Hesse in hers. It only needs a little taste in adapting, and fortunately these quaint old things are just coming into fashion."

Pauline, a pretty girl,—modern to her fingertips—held up a square brooch, on which, under pink glass, shone a complication of initials in gold, the whole set in a narrow twisted rim of pearls and garnets, and asked:

"How do you propose to 'adapt' this, Mamma?"

"Oh!" cried Hesse, "I would n't have that 'adapted' for the world. It must stay just as it is.

It belonged to my grandmother, and it has a love-story connected with it."

"A love-story! oh, tell it to us," said Grace, the second of the De Lancey girls.

"Why," explained Hesse; "you see, my grandmother was once engaged to a man named John Sherwood. He was a 'beautiful young man,' Aunt says; but very soon after they were engaged, he fell ill with consumption, and had to go to Madeira. He gave Grandmamma that pin before he sailed. See, there are his initials, 'J. S.,' and hers, 'H. L. R.,' for Hesse Lee Reinike, you know. He gave her a copy of 'Thomas à Kempis' besides, with 'The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me,' written on the title-page. I have the book, too; Uncle gave it to me for my own."

"And did *he* ever come back?" asked Pauline.

"No," answered Hesse. "He died in Madeira, and was buried there; and quite a long time afterward, Grandmamma married my grandfather. I'm so fond of that queer old brooch, I like to wear it sometimes."

"How *does* it look?" demanded Pauline.

"You shall see for yourself, for I'll wear it to-night," said Hesse.

And when Hesse came down to dinner with the quaint ornament shining against her white neck on a bit of black velvet ribbon, even Pauline owned that the effect was not bad—queer, of course, and unlike other people's things, but certainly not bad.

Mrs. De Lancey had a quick eye for character, and she noted with satisfaction that her young cousin was neither vexed at nor affected by her cousins' criticisms on her outfit. Hesse saw for herself that her things were unusual and not in the prevailing style, but she knew them to be handsome of their kind, and she loved them as a part of her old home. There was, too, in her blood a little of the family pride which had made Aunt say, "The Reinikes know what is proper, I hope." So she wore her odd fur and made-over silks and the old laces with no sense of being ill-dressed, and that very fact "carried it off" and made her seem well dressed. Cousin Julia saw that her wardrobe was sufficiently modernized not to look absurd or attract too much attention, and there was something in Hesse's face and figure which suited the character of her clothes. People took notice of this or that, now and again,—said it was pretty, and where could they get such a thing?—and, flattery of flatteries, some of the girls copied her effects!

"Estelle Morgan says, if you don't mind, she means to have a ball-dress exactly like that blue one of yours," Pauline told her one day.

"Oh, how funny! Aunt's wedding-gown made

up with surahs!" cried Hesse. "Do you remember how you laughed at the idea, Polly, and said it would be horrid?"

"Yes, and I did think so," said Polly; "but somehow it looks very nice on you. When it is hanging up in the closet, I don't care much for it."

"Well, luckily, no one need look at it when it is hanging up in the closet," retorted Hesse, laughing.

Her freshness, her sweet temper, and bright capacity for enjoyment had speedily made Hesse

Mrs. De Lancey had written to beg for a little extension. Gayeties thickened as Lent drew near, and there was one special fancy dress ball at Mrs. Shuttleworth's, about which Hesse had heard a great deal, and which she had secretly regretted to lose. She was, therefore, greatly delighted at a letter from Aunt, giving her leave to stay a fortnight longer.

"Uncle will come for you on Shrove-Tuesday," wrote her Aunt. "He has some business to attend to, so he will stay over till Thursday, and



READY FOR THE FANCY DRESS BALL.

a success among the young people of her cousins' set. Girls liked her, and ran after her as a social favorite; and she had flowers and german favors and flatteries enough to spoil her, had she been spoilable. But she kept a steady head through all these distractions, and never forgot, however busy she might be, to send off the long journal-letter, which was the chief weekly event to Uncle and Aunt.

Three months had been the time fixed for Hesse's stay in New York, but, without her knowledge,

you can take your pleasure till the last possible moment."

"How lovely!" cried Hesse. "How good of you to write, Cousin Julia, and I *am* so pleased to go to Mrs. Shuttleworth's ball."

"What will you wear?" asked Pauline.

"Oh, I have n't thought of that, yet. I must invent something, for I don't wish to buy another dress, I have had so many things already."

"Now, Hesse, you can't invent anything. It's impossible to make a fancy dress out of the rag-

bag," said Pauline whose ideas were all of an expensive kind.

"We shall see," said Hesse. "I think I shall keep my costume as a surprise — except from you, Cousin Julia. I shall want you to help me, but none of the others shall know anything about it till I come down-stairs."

This was a politic move on the part of Hesse. She was resolved to spend no money, for she knew that her winter had cost more than Uncle had expected, and more than it might be convenient for him to spare; yet she wished to avert discussion and remonstrance, and at the same time to prevent Mrs. De Lancey from giving her a new dress, which was very often that lady's easy way of helping Hesse out of her toilet difficulties. So a little seamstress was procured, and Cousin Julia taken into counsel. Hesse kept her door carefully locked for a day or two; and when, on the evening of the party, she came down attired as "My great-grandmother," in a short-waisted, straight-skirted white satin; with a big ante-revolutionary hat tied under her dimpled chin; a fichu of mull, embroidered in colored silks, knotted across her breast; long, white silk mittens, and a reticule of pearl beads hanging from her girdle, — even Pauline could find no fault. The costume was as becoming as it was queer; and all the girls told Hesse that she had never looked so well in her life.

Eight or ten particular friends of Pauline and Grace had arranged to meet at the De Lanceys', and all start together for the ball. The room was quite full of gay figures as "My great-grandmother" came down; it was one of those little moments of triumph which girls prize. The door-bell rang as she slowly turned before the throng, to exhibit the back of the wonderful gored and plaited skirt. There was a little colloquy in the hall, the butler opened the door, and in walked a figure which looked singularly out of place among the pretty, fantastic, girlish forms, — a tall, spare, elderly figure in a coat of old-fashioned cut. A carpet-bag was in his hand. He was no other than Uncle, come a day before he was expected.

His entrance made a little pause.

"What an extraordinary-looking person!" whispered Maud Ashurst to Pauline, who colored, hesitated, and did not, for a moment, know what to do. Hesse, standing with her back to the door, had seen nothing; but, struck by the silence, she turned. A meaner nature than hers might have shared Pauline's momentary embarrassment, but there was not a mean fiber in the whole of Hesse's frank, generous being.

"Uncle! dear Uncle!" she cried; and, running forward, she threw her arms around the lean old

neck, and gave him half a dozen of her warmest kisses.

"It is my uncle," she explained to the others. "We did n't expect him till to-morrow; and is n't it too delightful that he should come in time to see us all in our dresses!"

Then she drew him this way and that, introducing him to all her particular friends, chattering, dimpling, laughing with such evident enjoyment, such an assured sense that it was the pleasantest thing possible to have her uncle there, that every one else began to share it. The other girls, who, with a little encouragement, a little reserve and annoyed embarrassment on the part of Hesse, would have voted Uncle "a countrified old quiz," and, while keeping up the outward forms of civility, would have despised him in their hearts, infected by Hesse's sweet happiness, began to talk to him with the wish to please, and presently to discover how pleasant his face was, and how shrewd and droll his ideas and comments; and it ended by all pronouncing him an "old dear." So true it is that genuine and unaffected love and respect carry weight with them for all the rest of the world.

Uncle was immensely amused by the costumes. He recalled the fancy balls of his youth, and gave the party some ideas on dress which had never occurred to any of them before. He could not at all understand the principle of selection on which the different girls had chosen their various characters.

"That gypsy queen looked as if she ought to be teaching a Sunday-school," he told Hesse afterward. "Little Red Riding Hood was too big for her wolf. And as for that scampish little nun of yours, I don't believe the stoutest convent ever built could hold her in for half a day."

"Come with us to Mrs. Shuttleworth's. It will be a pretty scene, and something for you to tell Cousin Marianne about when you go back," urged Mrs. De Lancey.

"Oh, do, do!" chimed in Hesse. "It will be twice as much fun if you are there, Uncle!"

But Uncle was tired by his journey, and would not consent; and I am afraid that Pauline and Grace were a little relieved by his decision. False shame and the fear of "people" are powerful influences.

Three days later, Hesse's long, delightful visit ended, and she was speeding home under Uncle's care.

"You must write and invite some of those fine young folk to come up to see you in June," he told her.

"That will be delightful," said Hesse. But when she came to think about it later, she was not so sure about its being delightful.

There is nothing like a long absence from home to open one's eyes to the real aspect of familiar things. The Sparlings-Neck house looked woefully plain and old-fashioned, even to Hesse, when contrasted with the elegance of Madison Avenue,—how much more so, she reflected, would it look to the girls!

She thought of Uncle's after-dinner pipe,—of the queer little chamber, opening from the dining-room, where he and Aunt chose to sleep,—of the green-painted woodwork of the spare bedrooms, and the blue paper-shades tied up with a cord, which Aunt clung to because they were in fashion when she was a girl; and for a few foolish moments she felt that she would rather not have her friends come at all, than have them come to see all this, and perhaps make fun of it. Only for a few moments; then her more generous nature asserted itself with a bound.

"How mean of me to even think of such a thing!" she told herself, indignantly; "to feel ashamed to have people know what my own home is like, and Uncle and Aunt who are so good to me. Hesse Reinike, I should like to hire some one to give you a good whipping! The girls *shall* come, and I'll make the old house look just as sweet as I can, and they shall like it, and have a beautiful time from the moment they come till they go away, if I can possibly give it to them."

To punish herself for what she considered an unworthy feeling, she resolved not to ask Aunt to let her change the blue paper-shades for white curtains, but to have everything exactly as it usually was. But Aunt had her own ideas and her pride of housekeeping to consider. As the time of the visit drew near, laundering and bleaching seemed to be constantly going on, and Jane, the old house-maid, was kept busy tacking dimity valances and fringed hangings on the substantial four-post bedsteads, and arranging fresh muslin covers over the toilet-tables. Treasures unknown to Hesse were drawn out of their receptacles,—bits of old embroidery, tamboured table-cloths and "crazy quilts," vases and bow-pots of pretty old china for the bureaus and chimney-pieces. Hesse took a long drive to the woods, and brought back great masses of ferns, pink azalea, and wild laurel. All the neighbors' gardens were laid under contribution. When all was in order, with ginger-jars full of cool white daisies and golden buttercups standing on the shining mahogany tables, bunches of blue lupines on the mantel, the looking-glasses wreathed with traveler's joy, and a great bowl full of early roses and quantities of lilies of the valley, the old house looked cosy enough and smelt sweet enough to satisfy the most fastidious taste.

Hesse drove over with Uncle to the station to meet her guests. They took the big carry-all, which, with squeezing, would hold seven; and a wagon followed for the luggage. There were five girls coming; for, besides Pauline and Grace, Hesse had invited Georgie Berrian, Maud Ashurst, and Ella Waring, who were the three special favorites among her New York friends.

The five flocked out of the train, looking so dainty and stylish that they made the old carry-all seem shabbier than ever by contrast. Maud Ashurst cast one surprised look at it and at the old white mare; she had never seen just such a carriage before; but the quality of the equipage was soon forgotten, as Uncle twitched the reins, and they started down the long lane-like road which led to Sparlings-Neck and was Hesse's particular delight.

The station and the dusty railroad were forgotten almost immediately,—lost in the sense of complete country freshness. On either hand rose tangled banks of laurel and barberries, sweet-ferns and budding grape-vines, overarched by tall trees, and sending out delicious odors; while mingling with and blending all came, borne on a shoreward wind, the strong salt fragrance of the sea.

"What is it? What can it be? I never smelt anything like it!" cried the girls from the city.

"Now, girls," cried Hesse, turning her bright face around from the driver's seat, "this is real, absolute country, you know, none of the make-believes which you get at Newport or up the Hudson. Everything we have is just as queer and old-fashioned as it can be. You won't be asked to a single party while you are here, and there is n't the ghost of a young man in the neighborhood—well, yes, there may be a ghost, but there is no young man. You must just make up your minds, all of you, to a dull time, and then you'll find that it's lovely."

"It's sure to be lovely wherever you are, you dear thing!" declared Ella Waring, with a little rapturous squeeze.

I fancy that, just at first, the city girls did think the place very queer. None of them had ever seen just such an old house as the Reinikes' before. The white wainscots with their toothed moldings matched by the cornices above, the droll little cupboards in the walls, the fire-boards pasted with gay pictures, the queer closets and clothes-presses occurring just where no one would naturally have looked for them, and having, each and all, an odd shut-up odor, as of by-gone days—all seemed very strange to them. But the flowers and the green elms and Hesse's warm welcome were delightful; so were Aunt's waffles and wonderful tarts, the strawberries smothered in country cream, and the



cove oysters and clams which came in, deliciously stewed, for tea; and they soon pronounced the visit "a lark," and Sparlings-Neck a paradise.

There were long drives in the woods, picnics in the pine groves, bathing-parties on the beach, morning sittings under the trees with an interesting book; and when a north-easter came and brought with it what seemed a brief return of winter, there was a crackling fire, a candy-pull, and a charming evening spent in sitting on the floor telling ghost-stories, with the room only lighted by the fitfully blazing wood, and with cold creeps running down their backs! Altogether, the fortnight was a complete success, and every one saw its end with reluctance.

"I wish we were going to stay all summer!" said Georgie Berrian. "Newport will seem stiff and tiresome after this."

"I never had so good a time; never!" declared Ellen. "And, Hesse, I do think your aunt and uncle are the dearest old people I ever saw!" That pleased Hesse most of all. But what pleased her still more was when, after the guests were gone, and the house restored to its old order, and the regular home life begun again, Uncle put his arm around her, and gave her a kiss,—not a bed-time kiss, or one called for by any special occasion, but an extra kiss, all of his own accord.

"A dear child," he said; "not a bit ashamed of the old folks; was she? I liked that, Hesse."

"Ashamed of you and Aunt? I should think not!" answered Hesse, with a flush.

Uncle gave a dry little chuckle.

"Well, well," he said, "some girls would have been; you were n't,—that 's all the difference. You 're a good child, Hesse."

## WOOD-NOTES FROM A CAGE.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

WHAT—what—what there, my pet Canary?

What are you trying, my town-bred bird?

You, whose performance used never to vary!

Ah, I can guess at the rogue you 've heard!

Day after day, in your bright brass dwelling,

You lived in comfort; you took your dip;

Your cup ran over with seeds for shelling;

Your dear delight was a celery-tip.

Primly and trimly you sleeked your feathers;

To swing in the ring you considered bliss;

And you sang, sang, sang in all seasons and weathers,

With a swelling throat, such a song as this:

"Sweet, sweet, sweet,

Seeds—to—eat!

Swee-eet?

Just—hear—me—trill like a rill, rill, rill!

Sweet, sweet, sweet!"

But away at the farm-house last July, sir,

Don't I know who, in the dawn and dew,

Came, like a flame, to the branch near by, sir,

Flashing, and dashing, and taunting you?

Who but the Oriole, orange and sable?

Brilliant Lord Baltimore, velvety-necked,

Whistling out clear, through the morn's gay babel,

Something to this provoking effect:

"You 're caged I see. 'T is n't fair, but *I* don't care!  
I'm free, free, free! Oho, it's rare,—and *I* don't care!"

"Free?"—You listened, and learned his meaning!  
Shadow and meadow and breezy tree,—  
Cherry and berry,—fitting and gleaning,—  
Mating and building,—  
"Oh, free, free, free!"

And now you repeat, though a trifle queerly,  
That nonchalant melody, o'er and o'er,  
And persuade yourself—or so very nearly!—  
You are quite as content as you were before:

"——'T is n't fair, but *I* don't care!  
——*I* don't care!"



PLAYING SCHOOL.

## PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

## FOURTH PAPER.

## GREAT ROME AGAIN.

IN the first part of our visit to Rome I remarked that the ancient city is now many feet below the level of the present streets. For centuries upon centuries, dust and rubbish of various kinds have gradually accumulated and formed a soil which has thus slowly piled itself upon old Rome, covering it all out of sight, excepting those portions of the ruins which were tall enough to keep above this rising tide of earth. In some parts of the city we may yet see the ruins of temples with the lower parts of the porticoes imbedded deeply in the soil, and wherever these old buildings have been excavated, the entrances and lower floors are far beneath the level of the streets, so that we have to go down to them by steps. Thus we must descend to reach the arena of the Colosseum, the whole lower part of this great building having been covered up in this way. This is the reason why we can still see, near the ground, the great iron bars which held the stones together. In the Middle Ages, when people used to come and take away this iron-work, all the bars which now remain were covered up, and thus protected, while of those in the exposed portions of the walls not one is left. This covering up of old Rome is a great disadvantage in some respects, for it has made necessary a vast deal of work and expense in excavating the ruins, but, on the other hand, it has been of great advantage in saving and protecting until modern times, not only portions of buildings, but great numbers of valuable statues, mosaics, and other works of art. In fact, nearly all the ancient Roman sculptures which we see in the galleries were preserved in this way, and it is very fortunate for us that they were; for, in the mediæval times, every piece of ancient marble that could be found, no matter how beautifully it was sculptured, was either used for building or burned for lime. It is believed that some of the most valuable statues of antiquity were thus used to make mortar. Now, the work of excavation is going on all the time; the greatest care is taken of the ruins that are thus exposed to view; and every statue that is found, and even every broken-off hand or foot, is looked upon as a treasure. If I could believe that the people of the

twenty-fifth century would improve as much on us as we have improved upon the people of the Middle Ages, I should almost be sorry that I was born so soon.

At some distance from the modern portion of the city, and near the river, is a rounded green hill, which is called Monte Testaccio. This hill is a very good example of how the surface of the ground can be gradually raised in the course of centuries. It is one hundred and sixty-four feet in height. It stands near the place where the ancient Roman wharves were situated, at which the ships bringing large jars and other pottery from Spain and Africa unloaded. Such jars as were broken were thrown or piled up here; and it is said that, at the end of the second century the mound was about eighty feet high. The fragments of these jars and of other pottery that was landed here have thus gradually formed a little mountain as high as the top of a tall church-steeple. It has been cut into in many places and found everywhere to consist of the same material, and so it may be said to be the largest object in the world that is formed of earthenware. It is long since any broken pottery has been added to the pile, and it is now covered over with soil, on which the grass grows green and luxuriant.

There is a church in Rome, called San Clemente, which is, in some respects, an exceedingly curious edifice. Here we find four buildings one on top of another. The uppermost is the present church, built in the year 1108, and we shall see some interesting decorations of old-fashioned mosaic work on its walls and ceilings. But we shall not spend much time here, for there is another church below this, and under the surface of the ground, which we very much wish to see. This is a church of the early Christians which was first mentioned in the year 392. During one of the wars of the Middle Ages, the upper part of this building was entirely destroyed and the rest much damaged; and about twenty-four years afterward, the present church was built over it, and partly on its walls. A stair-way now leads down into this old church, and we can wander about the nave and aisles in which the early Christians used to worship. On the walls are a number of fresco paintings, representing Bible-scenes, and instances in the life of St. Clement, for whom the church was named. There are also other subjects, and some of these paintings

are still in a very good condition, so that it is quite easy to see what they represent. In order that there shall be no mistake, the names of some of the persons are painted beneath them. Of course all the windows are blocked up now, and the man who takes us down carries a light; but on certain days this ancient church is illuminated with many candles, and then it is crowded with visitors. Below this church are the remains of Roman buildings of the time of the emperors, on the foundations of which the old Christian edifice was built. Three rooms have been excavated here, and a stair-way leads down to them, but they are very wet and unpleasant. Still below these are great walls belonging to a building of the time of the Roman republic. This edifice was of massive stone, and on its walls were erected the later Roman buildings, which are of brick. When that lower edifice, now like the ground-floor of a three-story cellar, was in use, it was, of course, on the surface of the ground.

There are, no doubt, many persons now living in Rome who have beneath them the residence of some gentleman of the Middle Ages, under which, perhaps, is the home of a Roman family of the time of the Cæsars; and this may have been built upon the foundations of another Roman house, which was considered a good place to live in some five or six hundred years before. It must be a very satisfactory thing, when one is going to build a house, to find beneath the ground some good substantial walls which will make excellent foundations. It very often happens that these remains of ancient buildings are built of larger stones, and are firmer and more solid than the houses which are erected upon them. There is another side, however, to this matter, and the remains of old buildings are frequently very much in the way of those who wish to erect new houses, for it does not always occur that the ancient walls are in the right places, or of a suitable kind, to serve as foundations for the modern building. Then they have to be dug up and taken out, which is a great labor. There is a handsome American church in Rome; for as great numbers of our country people visit that city every winter, and a good many live there, it is considered desirable for us to have a church of our own. This was built in a place which used to be one of the most populous parts of ancient Rome, and the work was made very expensive by the difficulty of getting rid of portions of walls, arches, rooms, and vaults which these Romans had left behind them, never thinking that in the course of ages there might be such people as Americans who would wish to build a church here.

I may remark here that wherever we go in Europe, we shall find ourselves called Americans, although this term would apply just as well to

Canadians, Mexicans, or the inhabitants of Nicaragua. The fact is, that the name of our country can not very well be applied to its citizens. To speak of us properly, we should be called United-States-of-Americans, but this is too long a title, and in Europe the term Americans is generally applied to the people of the United States, and to no others. It is not well to have too much name. I used to own a dog whose whole name was *Fax Mentis Incendium Gloria*, but I always called him "Fax."

I have said that Rome offers wonderful attractions and advantages to artists, but we shall find that it offers just as much to those who love art, but are not artists. The city is crowded, so to speak, with collections of painting and statuary, among which are to be found some of the greatest works of the kind in the world. When we begin to visit the principal galleries, some of which are in private palaces, and some in public buildings, we shall think that they exist everywhere in the city. You have probably read in Mrs. Clement's valuable series of papers on art, in this magazine, descriptions of the most important works of art to be found in Rome. These we shall go to see, and take a great deal more pleasure in looking at them because we already know something about them. Our first art expedition will be made to the Vatican, because that is so grand and interesting a building in itself; and because it contains the most important art treasures in Rome. Among these are the famous Sistine Chapel, which owes its reputation to the wonderful frescoes by Michael Angelo; the *Stanze*, or rooms, of Raphael, which contain a great many frescoes by this great master; Raphael's *Loggia*, a long gallery with a glass front, the ceiling of which is adorned with frescoes, which are sometimes called Raphael's Bible, as they consist of scenes from the Old and New Testaments. Then, there is the gallery of pictures, most of them by great masters; and the department of sculpture, consisting of many halls and galleries filled with an almost endless collection of statues, sarcophagi, bas-reliefs, and other works of the greatest ancient sculptors.

To visit these collections, which alone are worth a trip to Europe, we must have printed permits, which are very easily obtained.

To reach the Sistine Chapel, the Picture Galleries, and Raphael's Rooms, we must present ourselves at the bronze gates, the principal entrance to the Vatican, situated to the right of the great square in front of St. Peter's. The Vatican, with its galleries and grounds, together with St. Peter's and some other buildings, belongs exclusively to the Pope, who exercises here a sovereignty entirely



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF A PART OF ROME.

distinct and separate from that of the King of Italy, who now includes the rest of Rome in his dominions. The Pope has his own soldiers, who are not very many, and who generally act as guards to the various parts of the Vatican. Behind the bronze doors, which are enormous barred gates, we shall see some of these soldiers, one of whom will ask us for our *permessos*, or permits. I am sure you never beheld military gentlemen like them before. They are called the Swiss Guard, and are dressed in a uniform of flowing tunic and breeches, formed of broad perpendicular stripes of black, red, and yellow, long stockings striped in black and yellow; and on state occasions they wear brass helmets with heavy white plumes, and carry halberds, or pikes with ax-heads at the ends. The officers' dress, of the same design, is of bright silk, and they make a dazzling appearance. These men appear as if they belonged to the Middle Ages and had nothing to do with our modern times; and they very properly seem so, for their uniform was designed by Michael Angelo, not long after the discovery of America, and their costume has never been changed. It used to be the custom of many of the potentates of Europe

to have personal guards composed of Swiss soldiers, as they were considered more honest and trustworthy than any others. In Walter Scott's "Quentin Durward" you will learn a great deal about the Swiss guards of France. In Paris the porter at the doors of great houses is still often called "The Swiss," although he is almost always a Frenchman. And these guards of the Pope are now Italians, but they still retain the old name.

Rome is full of the greatest things in the world, and I believe that the marble staircase of the Vatican which now extends itself before us, straight on and up in a gentle slope to such a distance that the people at the top seemed dwarfed, as if they were at the end of some long avenue of trees, if not the greatest straight flight of steps in the world, is certainly one of them. It is called the *Scala Regia*, or Royal Stair-way; and up it we go. The steps are not very high, but very broad, which is the case in most of the Roman palaces, and this makes the ascent easier; but when we come to the top we shall find that the business of going upstairs is by no means at an end. When we have found stair-way after stair-way, and have gone up and up and up to the various places we have come to see, we

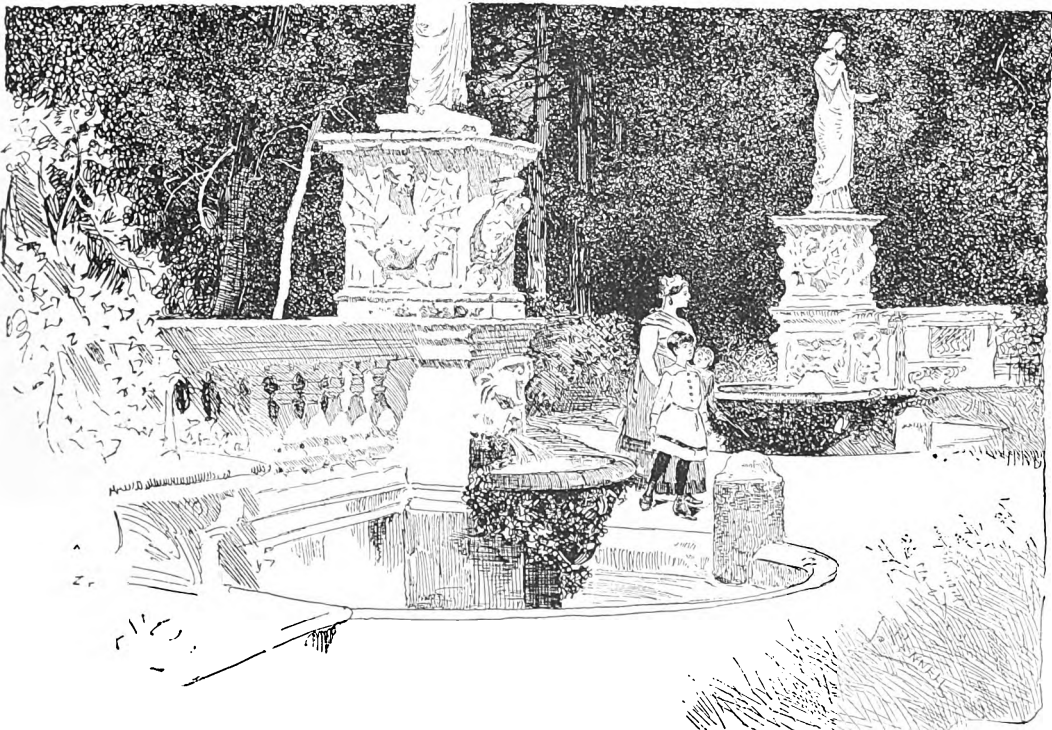
shall understand what it is to be in a building ten stories high.

As I have said before, the entrance to the sculpture galleries is reached by going around St. Peter's Church. There are many of these galleries filled with the great works of Greece and Rome, and here we shall find the originals of many world-famous statues with which we are all familiar from engravings and casts, such as the Apollo Belvidere, the Laocoön, and the beautiful Mercury, formerly known as Antinous. The magnificent marble halls, the mosaic pavements, and the grand collection of sculpture to be seen here will be a delight and surprise to us, no matter how much we may have read or heard about them before.

In this part of the building there is also the vast library of the Vatican, in which there are a great many interesting things to be seen besides books, such as superb and costly presents made to different popes by European sovereigns.

Although we are in the Pope's house, we shall not see him, for the public is not allowed to enter his private apartments and beautiful grounds.

government. In this collection is the famous dying Gladiator, or, as it should be called, the Dying Gaul; and the Faun of Praxiteles, a beautiful statue of a youth, which is well known to all of us who have read Hawthorne's story of "The Marble Faun." In this Capitoline Museum and in a building opposite, called the Conservatori, there are a great many antique statues and sculptures, and among them, in the last-named building, is one which I am sure my young companions will find very interesting. It is the tombstone of a boy named Q. Sulpicius Maximus, who died at the age of eleven and a half, in consequence of having worked too hard at school. I do not believe that many of the ST. NICHOLAS young people are likely to die from this cause, but if any of them should feel inclined to study too hard and play too little, they might get some useful hints from this tombstone. Young Q. Sulpicius was engaged in a competition with fifty-two other scholars in writing Greek verses, and succeeded in excelling them all. It would, however, have been better for him personally if he had not done so well, for his efforts killed him, and



IN THE BORGHESI VILLA GARDENS. (SEE PAGE 46.)

Another great collection of sculpture we shall find at the Capitoline Museum, a building on the Capitol Hill, once the seat of the ancient Roman

all he gained was fame. This has been very lasting, for his achievements are related upon this tombstone, and all of us who are learned enough



may read quotations from his Greek verses, which are inscribed upon the marble, and gaze upon the statuette of the boy himself, no doubt a very good portrait.

In the central square of the Capitol, which is surrounded on three sides by buildings, stands a very large bronze statue of Marcus Aurelius, once Emperor of Rome, mounted on a spirited horse. This is the only equestrian statue which has been preserved in a perfect condition out of the many that decorated ancient Rome. Michael Angelo, who designed the buildings which at present stand on this hill, was very fond of this statue, and especially admired the horse. One day, while he was studying it, he forgot that it was not alive, and wishing to see it in another position, he cried out, "*Can!*" which means, go on. After looking at this horse for some time, one might easily imagine that a shout or a touch of a whip would make it jump.

A long inclined plane, covered with an asphalt pavement, leads down to the street below; and near the top of this incline is a large iron cage, in which some live wolves are always kept. This is in memory of the ancient wolf who was good enough to take care of Romulus and Remus when there was nobody else to do it. This wolf is still considered as a Roman emblem; pictures and carvings of it are seen on many buildings and public places, and it is even stamped on pats of butter. It is a great pity, from an artistic point of view, that some more graceful creature did not adopt the little babies who afterward founded the city. Not far from here, on the Palatine Hill, is still shown a cave which is said to be the identical den in which the old wolf established her little orphan asylum. In the course of our rambles we shall pass this, and those who choose may go in.

In nearly all the palaces and villas of the nobles in and about Rome, there are collections of paintings and sculptures, some of them very large and filling many halls and rooms. We shall try to visit as many of these as we can, for nearly every one of them contains some famous pieces of antique sculpture or some of the great paintings of the masters of the Middle Ages. In one of these, the Spada palace, there stands, in an outer hall, a tall statue of the Roman general Pompey, which is believed to be the very statue at the feet of which Julius Cæsar was assassinated by Brutus and the other conspirators. In the Rospigliosi gallery is Guido's famous *Aurora*, which is a fresco covering nearly all the ceiling of a large room. We all are familiar with engravings and copies of this picture, but we shall find it rather difficult to look as long as we wish at the original without making our necks ache by bending our heads backward as we gaze at the ceiling. To obviate this obstacle to the

enjoyment of the picture, a looking-glass is fixed upon a table in such a way that visitors can look down into it and see the perfect reflection of the beautiful fresco above their heads. Many of the churches, too, contain famous works, and among these we shall certainly not omit San Pietro in Vincoli, where sits Michael Angelo's majestic and awful statue of Moses. No end of statues; no end of paintings; no end of grand palaces full of the works of ancient and modern artists, shall we see while we are in Rome. The great difficulty will be not to allow our desire to enjoy beautiful things to tire us out. Visitors often overtax their strength; but we shall be prudent and not work too hard in the pursuit of pleasure.

The burying-places of Rome are among its most curious sights. We have seen one of these, the tomb of Hadrian, which was an enormous edifice built for the last resting-place of one man and a few of his family; and now we shall visit a small building which contained the remains of quite a congregation of people. This is situated near one of the city gates, in a place now occupied by vineyards, and is called a *columbarium*. It is a small square house of stone, the greater part underground, and contains but one room, into which we descend by a very steep and very narrow flight of stairs. The ancient Romans very often burned the bodies of deceased persons, and in this place they kept the little urns, or caskets, which contained the ashes. All around the four walls of the room, and in a large square pillar of masonry in the center, are little recesses, like pigeon-holes, and this resemblance is the reason for the name, *columbarium*, meaning pigeon-house. These holes are each about a foot square, and deep enough to hold from two to four of the earthen pots or stone boxes in which the ashes were kept; and this building contained six hundred of these urns. Each pigeon-hole was owned by a family, whose name we can see inscribed on a marble tablet over the opening. Sometimes it is stated who is buried inside; and on some of them various particulars are given, such as when and how the little vaults were bought. It is very curious and interesting to walk about this room and read the names and ages of persons who were thus conveniently buried some eighteen centuries ago. Many of the jars and boxes still remain, and some of them contain fragments and cinders. There are other *columbaria* in Rome, but this is the best, and the only one we need visit.

Just outside the Porta Maggiore, one of the principal gates of the city, is a very odd specimen of a burial-place which we all shall wish to see. It is the tomb of a baker, built by himself in the days of the Roman republic, some time before the beginning of the Christian era. It is a stone edi-

fice, as large as a little house, and constructed in the form of a baker's oven. This ancient maker of bread, whose name was Marcus Vergilius Eury-saces, was probably a very good baker, and he did not wish this fact forgotten after his death. All around his tomb are small sculptured figures representing bakers attending to different parts of their business, some grinding grain, others kneading, and making up loaves of bread, and others baking it. There is also on it an inscription in Latin, stating that this is the monument of the said Eury-saces, and that he was not only a purveyor of bread, but a city official. In order that no one should miss seeing this inscription, it is repeated on several sides of the monument. The desire for fame on the part of the builder of this oven-tomb has surely been gratified, for his monument has stood about two thousand years, and I have no doubt that the good baker is still inside of it.

The Roman catacombs are very famous, and we all know that they are a vast collection of subterranean passages and apartments running in many directions under-ground, some far under the others, and forming labyrinths in which any one would certainly be lost who should venture into them without a guide. These are situated in the vast plain, which surrounds Rome, and is called the Campagna; and some of these catacombs are said to extend so far that parts of them are under the city. They were the burial-places of the early Christians, and in them they also used to hold religious services, when they were so persecuted that they could not worship openly. We shall visit the catacombs of Callistus, which is the largest one; and to reach it we go out over the famous Appian Way, a great military road built by the Romans, where for part of the distance our carriage wheels roll over the very stones on which the Roman chariots used to be driven; and as these chariots had no springs, their occupants must have been greatly jolted, although the road is even now as good as many modern paved streets. There is a line of heavy curbstones on each side, and the narrowness of the road and the marks of the ancient wheels upon the stones show how much wider are our modern vehicles than were the chariots of old. A drive out on this Appian Way must have been a melancholy pleasure to the ancient Romans, for it was lined on each side by miles of tombs, many of them very handsome edifices like small castles, and temples, with pillars and statuary. Remains of these tombs are still seen on each side of the road, and portions of some of them are in good preservation; and on marble slabs, and over little porticoes, we can read the names of many persons who were buried here. We can go out for miles on this road, which was made three

hundred years before Christ, and we shall find the Campagna very interesting, with its vast expanse of green pastures, on which we see herds of the fine Roman oxen, with their enormous horns, sometimes nearly a yard long; herdsmen wandering about with their flocks of sheep and goats at their heels; gentle hills covered with wild flowers; and over all, stretching far away, long lines of stone arches, the remains of ancient Roman aqueducts, some of which are in so good condition that they are still used to bring water to the city.

But the catacombs we are to visit are but little more than a mile from the city walls, and we soon reach them. At a small building we find guides, who give each one of us a lighted taper. Then we form in line, and go down a long flight of stone steps to the doleful depths of this under-ground labyrinth. We find ourselves at first in a long passage a little higher than our heads and so narrow that we can touch each side of it by stretching out our arms. It is simply dug out of the soft rock and earth, and in each of its walls are cavities, one above the other, in which once rested the bodies of the early Christians. Some of these were in marble boxes, or sarcophagi, and others more rudely buried. But very few of them are here now. Many of the sculptured marbles have been taken to the Roman Museums, and thousands of the bones of the early Christians have been carried away as relics, and buried in churches all over Europe. In a line, each holding his pale light, we follow our guides through the long passages of this dreary place. Occasionally, as I have said, are little chambers and chapels, but the catacombs consist for the most part of these narrow earth corridors, absolutely pitch-dark, and turning and winding in every imaginable way. It is necessary that those at the end of our line should not lag behind, for if they were to lose sight of the main body they would never, of themselves, be able to find it again. One passage looks just like another, and there are so many of them to the right and the left, that it would be impossible for an inexperienced person to know when he should go ahead and when he should turn. But we all keep together, and after a long under-ground walk, we at last come out into the daylight, in a spot at some distance from that where we went in. We have gone through but a small part of these great catacombs; but it has been quite enough.

There are other kinds of burial-places in Rome, but we shall visit no more of them, though they give us ideas in regard to the manners and customs of by-gone people which we could get in no other way.

In the busy and lively streets of modern Rome

we find enough to fill up all the time we can spare from the galleries and the antiquities. There are hundreds of shops, and the windows are full of many things which are peculiar to Rome, such as beautiful gold-work of intricate and delicate patterns; many-colored Roman silken scarfs and blankets; great ox-horns beautifully polished and mounted with silver; coral, made into every

Many of the streets are very narrow, and have no sidewalks, and when we are walking in these, we have to look out for ourselves, for there is no one else who will do it. Carriages and wagons come rattling along expecting every one to get out of their way, and sometimes we must slip into door-ways, or squeeze ourselves flat up against walls in order not to be run over. Paving stones and



THE APPIAN WAY, AND RUINS OF ANCIENT TOMBS.

imaginable ornament; mosaics, and cameos; brilliant water-color drawings of the Roman school; and no end of small bronzes and sculptures and other works of art. Among the things exhibited are the soft-colored Roman pearls; and, looking through some of the shop windows, we can see women at work making these pearls, for they are manufactured by human beings, and not by oysters. Each pearl is made on the end of a piece of wire like a knitting-needle. Hundreds of these needles, with pearls on the ends, some little things, and some the size they are going to be, may be seen sticking in cushions, while women and girls are at work dipping other wires into the soft composition out of which the pearls are made, molding and forming them into the proper shape. Everywhere, too, may be seen men, boys, and women with baskets of tortoise-shell ornaments, of fruits, and flowers, and nearly every imaginable thing to sell; and foreign visitors have sometimes a great deal of trouble to escape from these energetic street merchants.

people all appear the same to a Roman driver; if they don't get out of the way he will go over them. Sometimes when I have been in one of the little open Roman carriages, it has almost taken my breath away to see the driver dash into the midst of a crowd of people; I certainly expected that somebody would be knocked down, but I never saw any one injured, or even touched. Practice makes excellent dodgers of Roman foot-travelers. The fact that it is against the law to get in the way of a vehicle helps to make them careful. In many parts of Europe, persons who are knocked down or run over by vehicles are fined or imprisoned.

The royal palace is in Rome, and the King, Princes, and many of the other nobles live in or near the city; and we may often see their handsome equipages in the streets and in the parks. Every fine day the little Prince of whom you have read in one of the numbers of *ST. NICHOLAS*, may be seen in a carriage with his tutor. The little fellow might almost as well ride bare-headed,

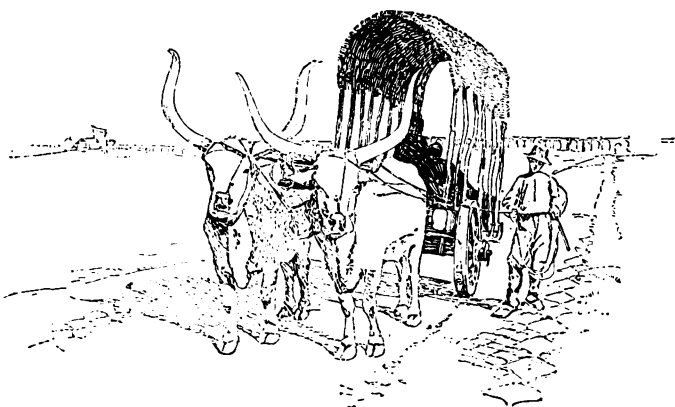
so frequently does he take off his hat to the people. Very often we shall meet his mother, the beautiful Queen Margarita, who is a gracious and pleasant lady, and bows to the people as if she knew them all. King Humbert, too, is constantly to be met on fine afternoons. He is very fond of doing his own driving, and as he has over two hundred horses in his stables, he can always have a pair to suit him. It is harder for a king to drive than for any other person to do so. He must hold the reins and guide the horses, he must also hold the whip, and he must always have a hand free with which to take off his hat, which he does on an average three times a minute. If ever I ride behind a fractious pair of horses, I don't wish a king to drive them.

The modern Romans, even the common people, have a proud and dignified air. They seem to have preserved something of the spirit of their ancestors. The men are very fond of long cloaks, a corner of which they throw over the left shoulder as the old Romans did their togas. It is quite amusing to see a letter-carrier delivering the mail, with his cloak thrown around him in this martial way. As for people who are truly martial, there are plenty of them to be seen in Rome. Soldiers are everywhere; handsomely dressed officers among the people on the sidewalks; private soldiers singly, or two or three together, hurrying hither and thither on all sorts of errands; and very often, a regiment, with a band, marching along at a quick rate, as if something were about to happen, every man with his rifle and his knapsack, and a whole cock's tail of feathers in his hat.

As I have said before, the Italian government is busily carrying on the work of excavating the ruins of ancient Rome, and among the most interesting of these are the remains of the old Roman Forum, where the most important of the public buildings and temples stood, and where assemblies of the people were held. We shall wander for hours about this great open space, which is not far from the Colosseum; we shall see the triumphal arch of Septimius Severus; the remains of temples with some of their beautiful sculptured pillars still standing, tall and strong; the narrow streets, with their pavements of wide flag-stones, in which are the deep ruts worn by the old Roman wheels. These stones are marked in some places with circles, on which are indicated the points of the compass. On one side of the Forum is the lower part of the Basilica Julia, a great public building erected by Julius Cæsar, with its long lines of steps, the mar-

ble floors of its corridors, and some of its mosaic pavement still remaining. In these corridors we shall see, scratched on the marble slabs of the floor, squares and circles on which the Roman boys and men used to play games while idling outside the halls of justice. Near one of the temples is a broad platform from which orators addressed the people. Here Marc Antony stood when he pronounced the oration over the body of the murdered Cæsar; and if we examine the place, we shall find that, near the edge of the low platform of stone, some of the great slabs are much worn. This was the best position for the speakers, and it must have required the sandals of generations of orators to so rub down and wear away the stones. It is probable that it was on this very spot Marc Antony stood, and if any of the boys think that to take his place would inspire them with eloquence, they have but to stand there and try. Near by is the triumphal arch of Titus, which he erected when he returned victorious from Jerusalem; and among the other sculptures on it we can still see, very clear and plain, the great seven-branched golden candlestick which he carried away from Solomon's Temple.

A few steps from this brings us to the entrance of the palaces of the Cæsars. These are the remains of the palaces built by the Roman emperors,



ROMAN OXEN.

and they cover a large extent of ground. Of some of them, all the upper parts are gone, nothing remaining but portions of walls and marble floors and fragments of sculptured columns; while of others there are still many archways, corridors, and apartments. On the grounds is a small house with some of the rooms nearly perfect, in which are to be seen the paintings on the walls and the leaden pipes by which the water was brought in. Everywhere there are remains of beautiful marbles and sculptures. At one end of the grounds is a *pædagogium*, or school-house. Here are several

rooms, on the walls of which can be seen caricatures and inscriptions made by the Roman boys. They are scratched with a steel stylus, which they used for writing. Some of the pictures are quite good; and a number of the names of the scholars are to be seen.

We shall wander a long time over these palatial grounds, and in one place we shall see a small stone altar with an inscription on it stating that it was erected to the Unknown God.

All about this part of Rome are ruins of other immense and costly buildings erected by the Roman emperors. A moderate walk will bring us to the remains of the lower part of the celebrated Golden House of Nero, where we may wander through many great vaulted corridors and rooms. The Emperor Nero, as we all know, was as wicked a man as ever lived, and did all the injury to his fellow-beings that it was possible for him to do; but I used to think, and I suppose everybody agreed with me, that the time had long since passed when he could cause injury to any one. Yet, when I was visiting these ruins, which in places are very damp and wet, I caught quite a bad cold, and, for about a week, I was very severe on Nero. Who could imagine that anything he had done would have injured a peaceful American of the nineteenth century! But the influence of the wicked is far-reaching.

Over the ruins of this Golden House, which must have been a magnificent palace, the Emperor Titus erected baths, of which we may still see portions; but these are nothing to the grand remains of the Baths of Caracalla, where we shall spend an hour or two. This was an immense and magnificent building, capable of accommodating 1600 bathers. A great part of its tall walls are still standing, and here we can walk through the immense rooms, some still retaining portions of their beautiful mosaic pavements, and we may even go down into the cellars, where are still to be seen the furnaces by which the water was heated. There was probably never in the world so grand and luxurious a bath-house as this. It had great halls for promenading and recreation, and a race-course; and in it were found some of the most valuable statues of antiquity.

Many of us will be surprised to find the greater part of the Roman ruins of brick. This brick-work is of so good a quality that it has lasted almost as well as stone. The marble outside of most of these walls has long since been carried away. Some of the more important buildings, however, are of

stone; and there are some beautiful marble pillars and porticoes still standing.

We all have heard the statement that Rome was not built in a day, and we shall find out for ourselves that it takes a great many days to see it, even if we only glance at things which we should like to examine and enjoy for hours. But we shall try to use profitably all the time we have to spend here, in this old city, great in ancient times, great in the Dark and Middle Ages, and great now. We shall visit very many churches, each different from the others, and each containing some interesting painting, or possessing some architectural beauties which make it famous. Among these are the Pantheon, a circular church, formerly a pagan temple, still perfect, and lighted by the same great round opening in the roof, through which the rain came in the days of Julius Cæsar just as it does now. Here Raphael, Victor Emanuel, and other celebrated men are buried. We must also see the church of St. John Lateran, with an extensive building attached which for a thousand years was the palace of the popes, but is now an interesting museum; and Santa Maria Maggiore, with its beautiful chapels; and the Borghese villa, and its beautiful gardens, filled with works of art; and we must not fail to visit the magnificent new church of St. Paul's, outside the walls, the finest religious edifice of recent times, the vast marble floor of which, as smooth and bright as a lake of glistening ice, is worth coming to see, even if there were no mosaics, and no cloisters with splendid marbles and columns, and pillars and altars of alabaster and malachite sent from sovereigns of Europe and Africa.

And very different from all this is what we see in another quarter of Rome, where the narrow streets are crowded with men, women, and children, each one with something to sell; while the fronts of the houses are nearly covered with old clothes hung against them, and where there are dingy little shops crowded with *bric-à-brac* and all sorts of odd things, some of which we shall like to take home with us,—but must be careful how we bargain.

There is more, more, more, to be seen in Rome and in the beautiful villages near by, but we can stay no longer now; so we all shall go to the Fountain of Trevi, each of us take a drink of water, and each of us throw a small coin into the pool, for there is a legend which says that people who do this when they are leaving Rome will be sure to come to this wonderful city again.



## "OUR JOE."

BY L. H. STEPHENS.

WHEN I was in Melbourne, Australia, a few years ago, I made myself a Christmas present of a baby-cockatoo. It was one of four which a Chinaman was offering for sale. They were about the oddest little figures I had ever seen; and as they sat perched upon the cross-piece of the upright stick on which the Chinaman was carrying them through the streets, I could not resist the temptation to purchase one, never thinking how I was to get it safely home with me to America.

The young "Joeys," as the birds are called in Australia, had evidently been stolen from the home nest that very morning. They looked very

much like balls of cotton about three or four inches in diameter; but projecting from each ball was a beak altogether out of proportion to the seeming puff-ball, while two big, staring eyes shone in each tiny head. And there they perched, and squeaked and blinked, and blinked and squeaked, with almost clock-like regularity.

Now, it is by no means difficult to obtain an old cockatoo, but so young a specimen as could be selected from these little "Joeys" promised much in the way of education and docility — qualities in which the older birds are invariably lacking.

So I plied John Chinaman with questions:



"Will they never end this babble? Why do they keep up such a squeaking? Are they so very hungry?"

To all of which John, with just the ghost of a Chinese smile on his yellow face, replied:

"Can catchee plentee eat, no can makee muchee sing. How can?"

This meant that it would be easy to keep the birds quiet if they had enough to eat. That would be easy enough, I thought, and forthwith I bought one of the little parrots. But I soon discovered my mistake, and after striving vainly for twenty-four hours to quiet my new pet I gave him into the keeping of a Melbourne bird-fancier until I was ready to sail for home.

And so it came to pass that, about six months later, I arrived in Philadelphia, having as a traveling companion and pet possession a full-fledged great white cockatoo—"Our Joe!"

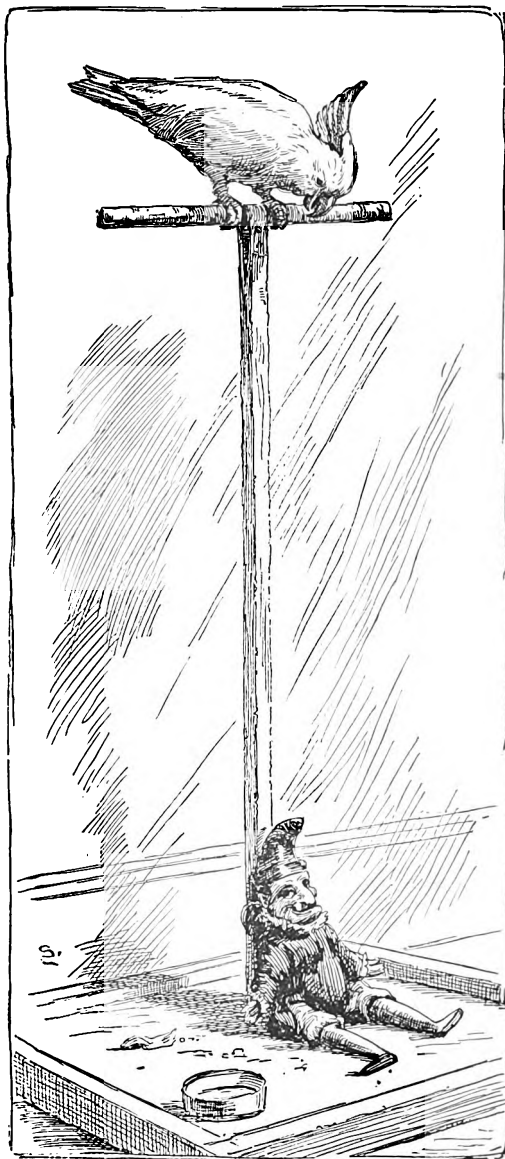
The cockatoo, as you know, belongs to the parrot family, and receives its name because of its peculiar call, or cry. "Our Joe" is a fine specimen of the species known as the sulphur-crested cockatoo. He stands about fourteen inches in height, and is of a warm white color, with the exception of the crest, the tail feathers, and the under parts of the wings, which are tinted with a delicate lemon yellow. His legs are sturdy, and his strong claws—like those of all climbing birds—have two toes in front and two reaching backward; his strong curved beak suggests the tearing propensities that make his tribe the enemy of the Australian farmer—being strong enough to



PLAYING HIDE-AND-SEEK.

crack a shell-bark, and delicate enough to separate a canary-seed or split the thinnest visiting-card. His funny thumb-like tongue, which is seldom at

rest, deftly throws the broken food down his throat. The plumes of his graceful crest are fitted into a powerful muscle on the forehead, which forces it



"JOE" A PRISONER.

erect or folds it down, at will. Anger, excitement, curiosity, surprise, or docility, all are expressed by the motions of this curious crest, and of the bright, black, bead-like eyes.

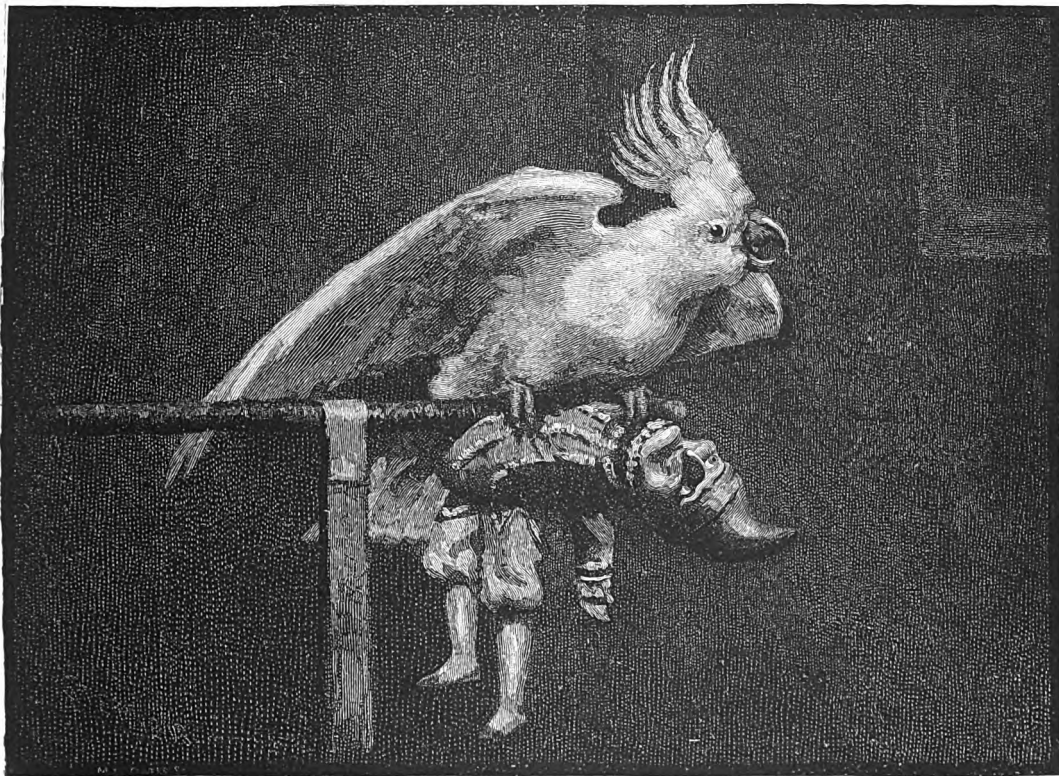
Before Joe had reached Philadelphia he had learned many lessons. He knew how to be agreeable to his friends, and—I grieve to say it—how

to make himself highly disagreeable when the fancy seized him. These accomplishments he still possesses. He loves to torment the dogs and cats, whose natural enemy he is, by the most provoking barking or mewling. As a song-bird, it must be admitted that "Joe" is a total failure.

When his pranks lead to a well-merited punishment, he assumes an air of injured innocence, and calmly inquires, "What's the matter?" When hungry, he declares over and over again, "Breakfast ought to be ready!" If thirsty, he cries out, "Joe wants a drink!" And when sick from over-

ally taking a sly observation to discover whether he is attracting attention. He knows that this wonderful feat will greatly interest the servant, and, although quite well aware that he is doing wrong, he cannot resist the temptation to have a little lively fun at the expense of somebody else.

When discovered and dragged ignominiously from the scuttle, he is a sorry sight indeed. Going into it a very white bird, he comes out as black and unrecognizable as the hardest-working coal-heaver. Such a feat once performed successfully enables him to remain quietly upon his perch for an hour



THE DREADFUL FATE OF MR. PUNCH. (SEE PAGE 52.)

eating, as is not unfrequently the case, he says very plaintively, "Poor Joe!" and begs to be coddled.

After he had destroyed a number of cages provided for him he was finally given a standing perch in the kitchen, and there he spends his time inventing all sorts of plans and devices, by which to while away his somewhat monotonous existence.

Cautiously leaving his perch, he scurries away to the coal scuttle, and, clambering up its side, he plunges into it, if he finds it only partially filled; and then he proceeds energetically to unload the coal, throwing it out, to the right and left, occasion-

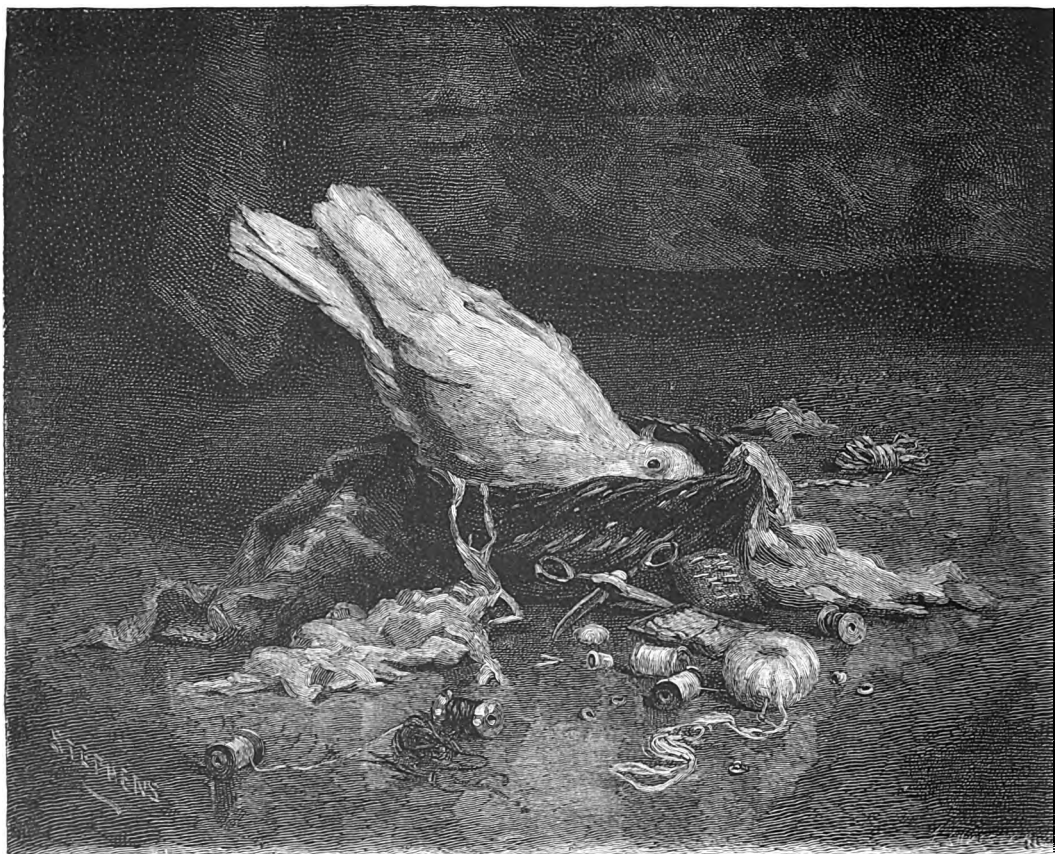
or two, apparently lost in thought. Nature, however, has provided the White Cockatoo with a very fine white powder which is plentifully supplied, apparently from some portion of its feathers; so that in an hour after a coal frolic, "Joe" is as cleanly and white as ever.

He is a social bird, and can not bear to be alone. He is fond of being on one's knees. From the chair-back, or your shoulders, he will kiss you, or will whisper pretty nothings in your ear. He is greatly given to whispering, indeed; and he is, after his own fashion, much of a flatterer. Approaching you carefully, saying in a subdued tone,

"Come on, Joe," he loiters around until he has attracted your attention; and at the first encouraging word or glance, he starts up the chair-back, or perhaps climbs upon your knee. If, on the contrary, he is greeted with a testy "Get out!" he does not admit that he is disconcerted by his dismissal. He simply has business elsewhere; his attention is immediately attracted along the floor to minute fragments of nothing, which he proceeds apparently to dine upon with great relish, mean-

the cry of "whoop!" when he quickly uncovers his head, only to replunge it out of sight for another trial. An empty paper bag furnishes him with much amusement in this way. It is only fair to observe that his occupancy of the work-basket is generally attended with serious derangement of spools and needles; indeed "Joe" often withdraws the needles and pins from the cushion and sticks them into the carpet, one by one.

The strumming of a guitar or piano will set him



IN MISCHIEF.

while moving gradually toward the door. This once gained, he turns, and, looking up at you, makes two or three bandy-legged bounds, lets fly a little satirical chuckle as if to say, "I have my opinion of *you*," and, with this Parthian shot, disappears.

Among the accomplishments of this rather remarkable bird may be mentioned "scratch-cradle," dancing, and an insatiable desire to play "Hide-and-seek." Concealing his head in a corner, under a newspaper, or in a lady's work-basket,—if one happens to be on the floor,—he will await patiently

wild with glee, and he will dance, after a fashion, which, if not the most graceful in the world, is evidently highly enjoyable to himself. He can waltz, too, and his favorite airs are in 2-4 or polka time. Whatever sport he chooses to engage in, he always obtains his full share of the enjoyment.

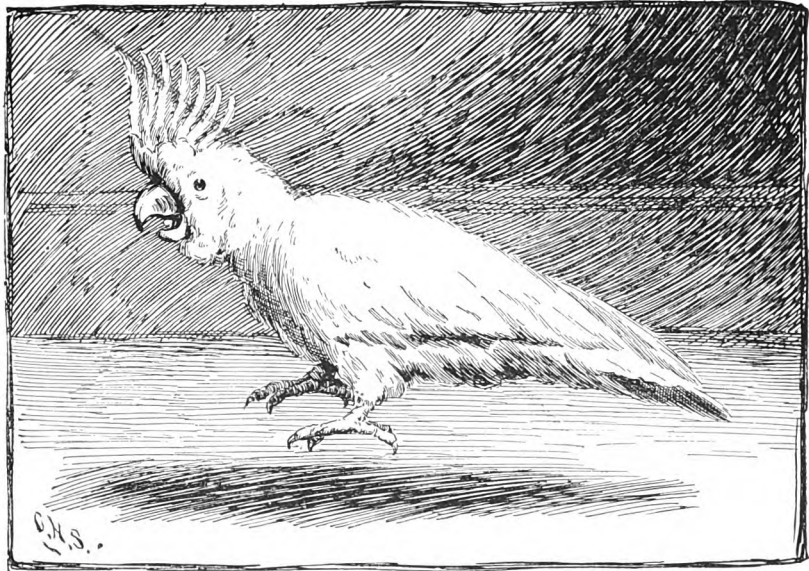
"Joe" is not only amusing and ornamental, but he is also an excellent guardian, as he barks loudly at all strangers, and has an instinctive aversion to beggars and tramps. He has his full amount of vanity, too. Decorate him with some pretty little head-gear, and he will permit it to remain, undis-

turbed, upon his top-knot, and will be highly pleased with the admiration of his friends, and very proud of his fine looks and his decoration.

A tragic episode in "Joe's" career will serve to close this account of my queer little waif from Australia. It was really a massacre of the Punch family—who were ruthlessly sacrificed to the bird's dislikes.

He always showed great dread of dolls or manikins, and this led us to tease him by placing our pet Punchinello at the foot of his perch. Fear of the uncanny thing kept him a close prisoner for some time; but one day he came cautiously down the upright pole, and backed judiciously away from the rear of the hated monstrosity. This provoked a new device; another

now managed to escape, with much trepidation—from one side; but gradually the entire collection of manikins was placed around his perch, so that



"JOE" CAN DANCE — AFTER A FASHION.

they laid siege to him. At this "Joe" became greatly incensed. His crest rose and fell every min-



"JOE'S" VICTIMS.

grinning figure was placed back of the stand. After long contemplation of the situation "Joe"

ute in the day. (It is a curious fact that it never seemed to occur to him that he might fly from

the perch. He has never attempted to reach it or leave it in that way, but invariably climbs up or down by means of his feet and beak.)

And now "Joe's" life began to have a shade of anxiety in it, until at last he became quite unhappy. One memorable day, stealthily descending from aloft, he dashed suddenly into the charmed circle, and seized Mrs. Punch by her wonderful frilled cap. Then, with crest erect and eyes flashing,—his form trembling with rage and excitement,—he rushed up the pole, and, once more safely aloft, he tore the offending Judy into pieces, with an energy bordering on insanity. This tremendous effort sufficed

for the remainder of the day, during which he sat upon his perch with his feathers ruffled and trembling.

So, one by one, the members of that unfortunate family fell victims to his hatred. For a long time, he did not dare to attack Punch himself; but he finally mustered courage sufficient to attempt the capture of his arch-enemy, and, a few minutes later, the terrible toy, stripped of his gilt and tinsel bravery, lay hopelessly broken and disfigured, upon the floor. On the wall, at the back of "Joe's" perch, now hang the mangled remains of his victims—an eloquent and pathetic proof of his prowess as a fighting cockatoo.

## TO A SQUIRREL.

BY HENRY S. CORNWALL.

SAUCEBOX, in your hickory high,  
What odd fancy, I would know,  
As I pass your province by,  
Makes you chatter at me so?  
One so elegant and spruce,  
Should not mean it for abuse  
Of a wayworn, sad recluse;  
Neither let thy instinct fine  
Fear for blunderbuss of mine!  
Comrades, rather, let us be,  
In these brown woods, gypsy-free!

Would I, too, could leave the fret  
Wrought of drudgery and debt,  
And could say to care farewell!  
Leaving all the dusty town,  
So with you a year to dwell!  
Not a sunshine-checked dell,  
But we'd hunt it up and down!  
Not a wild-grape tangled nook,  
Not a hazel-bordered brook  
Haunted of the speckled trout,  
But we'd know it, in and out!

Under clump of briar and birch,  
Slyly, Gray-back, would we search,  
Where the partridge loves the best  
To conceal her careful nest,  
And the berried fruit is seen  
Of the fragrant wintergreen!

When November, gray and chill,  
Lays his hand on field and hill,  
And the streamlet's song is lost

Under banks of frozen furze,—  
And the wedges of the frost  
Pry apart the chestnut-burrs,—  
Ah, what pleasure should be ours,  
Hearing wind and woodland battle,  
While the ripened shagbarks rattle  
To the ground in ivory showers!

Sometimes, on a floating chip  
(Woodsmen say), your breezy tail  
Serves you as a kind of sail;  
And with this queer sort of ship,  
You achieve the dangerous trip,  
Reaching safe the farther shore,  
Alien kingdoms to explore!  
Not more confidently brave  
Sailed Columbus o'er the wave —  
Buffeted and tempest-blown,  
Westward, toward a world unknown

Ah, what joy can mortals feel  
Who would shut you in a wheel?  
For what kindness can assuage  
Captive conscious of his cage?  
Something 't is to be a pet,  
Loved of humankind; but yet,  
One unpleasant thought intrudes:  
Were I you, in such a plight,  
I should lie awake at night,  
Homesick for the summer woods!  
—But, as all discourse must end,  
Fare you well, my little friend;  
Prythee, comrade, meet me here,  
When I call again, next year!



## AMONG THE LAW-MAKERS.\*

*(Recollections of a Page in the United States Senate.)*

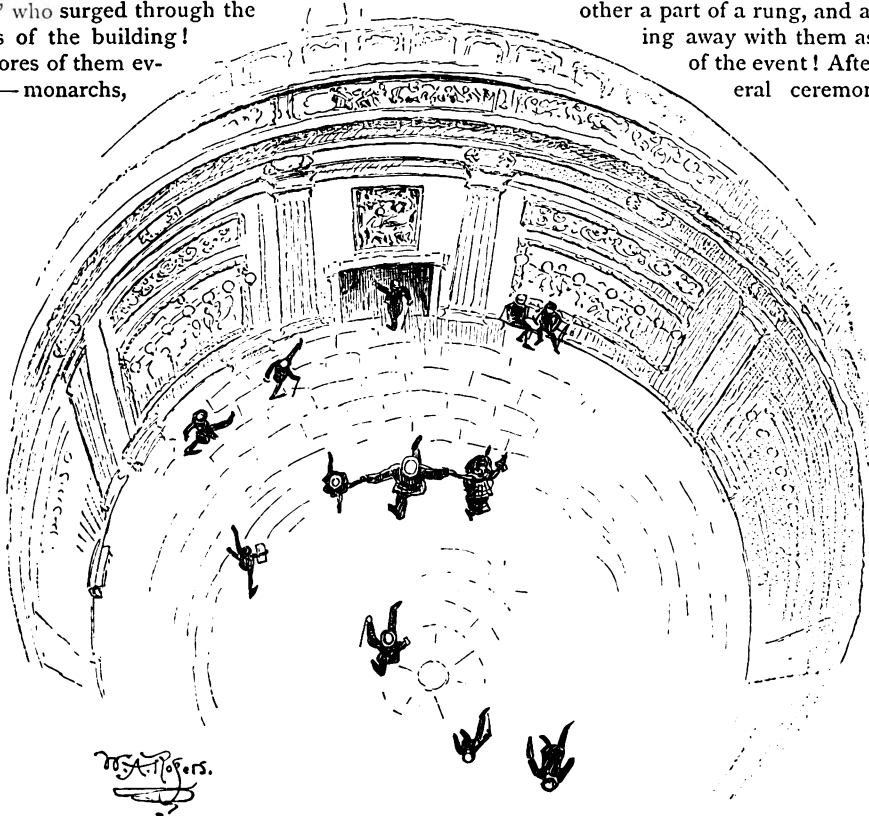
BY EDMUND ALTON.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## LOOKERS-ON-IN-VENICE.

THE rush of "reigning monarchs" to the Capitol was incessant. Indeed, I have many a time been actually hindered in the performance of my duties as a page by the crowd of "sovereigns" who surged through the corridors of the building! I met scores of them every day,—monarchs,

ers. They seized on everything that they could pull apart. At General Grant's first inauguration, the President had scarcely retired from the grand stand, when a crowd of citizens clambered up the sides from the ground below, and, within a minute, the chair which the Chief Magistrate had occupied was split into a score of fragments,—one man capturing a leg of it, another an arm, another a part of a rung, and all marching away with them as trophies of the event! After the funeral ceremonies over



A VIEW DOWNWARD FROM THE DOME OF THE ROTUNDA. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

untitled and uncrowned, yet wielding the scepter of authority! You never heard of them, do you say? Why, I have been addressing some of them all this while,—I mean yourselves and the rest of the American people!

Ah! these "sovereigns!" Some of them, I regret to say, had no respect for the sanctity of the place. This was especially true of relic-hunt-

Senator Sumner, the relic-hunters sought to obtain pieces of the mourning emblems around his vacant chair. The crape was cut into bits by a score of knives. Indeed, the jack-knives even attacked the mahogany of the desk itself, and I remember that a policeman had to be stationed at the chair to prevent further sacrilege!

I have seen these relic-hunters at their work on

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several other solemn occasions. In fact they are everywhere. They go to Mount Vernon to visit the tomb of Washington, and break the mortar and rocks from the walls of the old vault, cut twigs from the shubbery and trees, and carry away any little thing that will serve as a memento of the place! They write their names on the walls of the dome of the Capitol, and wherever they can get a foothold. Such defacement is not patriotism, it is vandalism.

But the sight-seers proper are the "sovereigns" of whom I intended to write. They ramble wherever they see an opening, and they frequently are lost in the intricate maze of rooms and corridors in the building. The most interesting room, to most visitors, is the Rotunda. In it, all classes of pilgrims congregate, and, on any day, a person seated in one of the settees near the wall can see many distinguished men and many human curiosities pass through. The first thing a stranger does upon reaching this place, is to gaze in silent wonder at the vast proportions of the room.

Some visitors show marked interest in the paintings on the canopy above. One group represents "War," another "Manufactures," and the others have similar allegorical meanings. But the most conspicuous painting is a group of angelic "Sisters," representing the thirteen original States surrounding the Father of his Country, who sits upon a cloud with the epaulettes of a general upon his shoulders!

But these "heroic" figures, if capable of appreciation, would undoubtedly laugh as heartily at the panorama below them as the tourists on the floor laugh at the oddity of the spectacle above. It is one of the most entertaining diversions to ascend the stairs to the gallery and, leaning over, to study the mass upon the floor. The people look like queer pigwidgeons without bodies. All that one can see are the tops of hats and a number of waving "prongs" that stand for moving arms and legs!

I can not describe the scene, but must refer you to the skill of the artist for a representation of it.

There was one ovation tendered to a visiting "sovereign," by the House, of which few people have ever heard. And yet its recipient belonged to an order of kings who reign over every home upon the habitable globe,—whimsical, fretful, domineering, yet good-natured monarchs! I mean that small bundle of inconsistencies, that "bald-headed tyrant from no-man's land,"—the baby!

He came to the Capitol one summer night, and the first glimpse I caught of him was in his mother's arms in the gallery of the House. It was then about one o'clock in the morning, but the hall was crowded with all conditions of humanity. The speeches were dull and tedious, and even the baby could not restrain his feelings of impatience. So he cried with all his might!

Now, what do you suppose the law-makers did when their proceedings were interrupted in this way? Did they order their sergeant-at-arms to arrest the offender and put him into jail for his contempt? No! The member who had the floor deliberately sat down, while the other Congressmen wheeled upon their chairs and cheered! The galleries took it up, and the cheering lasted fully a minute. Then the noise ceased in order to give the baby a chance to respond. But he had relapsed into a quiet mood. So the members and galleries decided to "call him out," and, with cries of "bravo!" "encore!" and the like, the applause broke out afresh! And not until after that little monarch had left the hall, was the so-called "order" of the House restored!

But the incident I have narrated occurred during a night session, when members and listeners were ready to welcome any break in the monotony of the proceedings; and it is not every baby who visits the Capitol, that is accorded such a reception.

*(To be continued.)*

## TWO MIDDIES AT EPHESUS.

BY H. H. CLARK, U. S. N.

FRED MONCRIEF and Ben Aston, two wide-awake American "middies," looked down from the summit of Mount Pagus upon the blue Ægean Sea and the buildings and busy quays of the old city of Smyrna. The American frigate to which the boys belonged rode at anchor in the harbor, and the lads had obtained leave of absence, which they were enjoying greatly.

Smyrna and the Ægean Islands were all well enough in their way, but Fred's desires had a wider range.

"Let's go down to Ephesus," said he, as they stopped to rest upon the mountain-top, and to take in the extended view. "It will be great fun, and I've heard so much about the ruins of the old place that I really want to see it. It's only fifty

miles away, you know. We can take an army tent, and with our guns and a couple of donkeys we can nose sent back to Smyrna with the demand for a heavy ransom. I like to read about brigands and



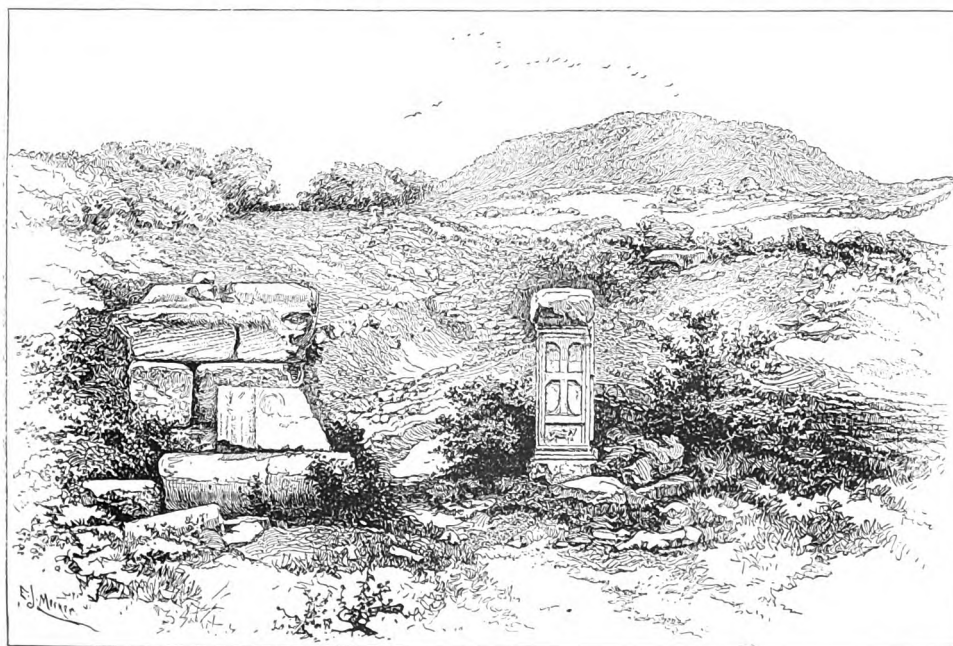
RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF DIANA AT EPHESUS.

manage to see the sights and have some sport besides."

"But," inquired Ben, "can we go so far from

Bashi-bazouks, but I have no desire to cultivate their acquaintance."

"I think we need n't fear," rejoined Fred;



THE TOMB OF ST. LUKE. (SEE PAGE 57.)

the coast without having trouble with the Turks? I've heard that the caves of Ephesus are infested with robbers, and I don't care to have my ear or

"travelers go to Ephesus all the time, and I have only heard of one who had met with trouble."

Fred's suggestion was speedily acted upon, and

in less than a week after the trip to Mount Pagus a little white tent marked the encampment of the two middies on one of the numerous eminences overlooking the wide plain now strewn with the ruins of ancient Ephesus. "Nip" and "Tuck," two rather unpretentious-looking donkeys, were tethered on a small green plateau just below; while the boys, with a fine setter crouching behind them, lay on the border of a marsh with their fowling-pieces leveled at a flock of wild fowl which had just alighted in the long grass and were making a bountiful supper.

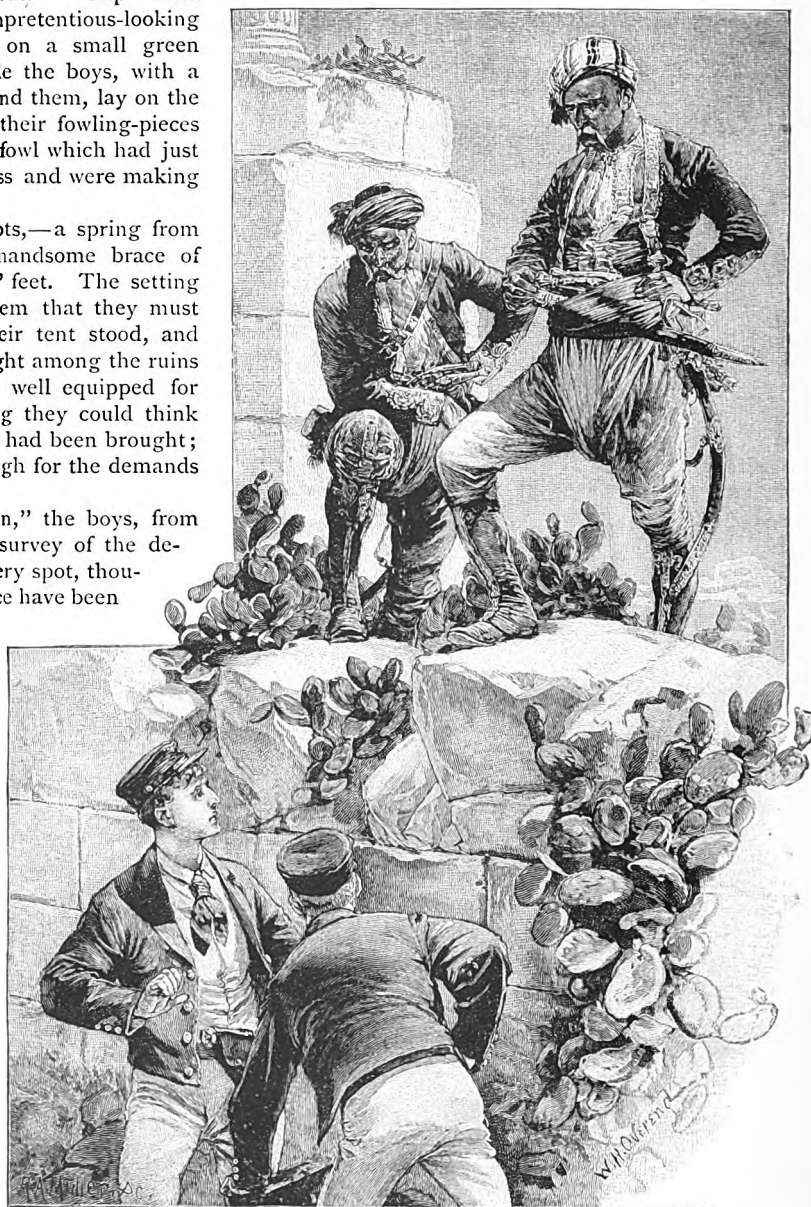
Two simultaneous shots,—a spring from the setter,—and then a handsome brace of birds was laid at the boys' feet. The setting sun soon admonished them that they must climb the hill where their tent stood, and prepare for their first night among the ruins of Ephesus. They were well equipped for camping out. Everything they could think of as necessary to comfort had been brought; and there was really enough for the demands of a household.

But before "turning in," the boys, from their fine lookout, took a survey of the deserted city. From that very spot, thousands of people might once have been seen, while hundreds of vessels rode upon the beautiful reach of water beyond. Now, not a human being was in sight, and the water was as desolate as an Adirondack lake. A feeling of lonesomeness, almost of dread, stole over the boys. But presently the moon arose and bathed every object in a soft and beautiful light; the lads welcomed her joyfully, and, their feeling of awe subsiding, they were soon as soundly asleep as if in their hammocks on the frigate.

Early in the morning the lads were astir and busy at their preparations for breakfast. "Nip" and "Tuck"

were braying loudly for their morning meal, while "Scott," the setter which the English consul at Smyrna, had kindly loaned to the boys for their ex-

pedition, was barking vociferously. Under Fred's supervision, the game of the night before was soon sizzling over the camp fire. Ben, having silenced the appeal of the donkeys with a plentiful



"GAZING DOWN UPON THEM STOOD TWO MEN WHOSE HOSTILE CHARACTER COULD SCARCELY BE MISTAKEN." (SEE PAGE 58.)

supply of wheat cut from a field at the foot of the hill, prepared a special breakfast for the dog, and at last came at Fred's call to enjoy the fowl, hot from

the frying-pan, with its appetizing accompaniment of hard-tack and coffee.

As they breakfasted, Fred, who was quite an enthusiast in history and archæology, gave Ben all the points as to the former grandeur of Ephesus. He told him that there once stood, where now were only crumbling walls and moldering blocks and columns, a city imperial in magnificence, and one of the wonders of the ancient world; that its streets were as thronged with merchants and its docks with shipping, as are those of the great city of Liverpool to-day; that it was the capital of Ionia, the pride of Alexander, and as favorite a resort for travelers, as is the Paris of our times. He told of its theater which seated more than fifty thousand people, and its *stadium*, or race-course, where foot and chariot races were run and which would hold one hundred and fifty thousand spectators. He declared that in its prosperity the port of Ephesus rivaled the greatest harbors of modern times in vast breakwaters and miles of quays; and last of all he pointed to the spot at the head of the old harbor where once stood the marvelous temple of Diana, one of the "seven wonders of the world," four hundred and twenty-five feet long by two hundred feet wide, graced with one hundred and twenty-seven columns, each sixty feet high,—a temple of which it was said that the sun in all his course saw nothing more magnificent.

By eight o'clock, everything was ready for the day's work, and the boys set out in great glee. Fred rode "Nip," while Ben bestrode "Tuck." Thus mounted, with their guns strapped across their backs and navy revolvers in their belts, they looked as formidable as young Bashi-bazouks.

The donkeys were turned toward the old theater, which Fred, who was quite an artist, wished to sketch, while Ben, who had a taste for architecture, made a note of its measurements.

"This is our first, or rather second, halting-place," said Fred, as they drew up under an old arch, where there was a good shade for the donkeys. It had evidently been a part of the foundation of the outer works of the great theater. "What a fine place for sketching!" he continued, as he drew forth his drawing materials, and quickly threw the whole outline upon a page of his sketch-book. "There was little chance of a panic in such a theater as this," he mused, as his imagination restored it to its original form. "Do you see, Ben; it was open at the top like a Spanish bull-ring; the stage was almost level with the floor; while the marble seats rose to a great height in a place hollowed out of the hill in the form of a horseshoe."

"Think of it," he continued, as Ben, who had been taking the dimensions of the front part of the theater, joined him on the stage, "this theater

would have held the whole population of our city of Washington, and you could put every man, woman, and child of Fall River in this auditorium now, and still have room enough for the largest crowd that ever greeted Patti in London or New York. There used to be more people present at the Olympic games in Ephesus than any exposition or carnival of our day could possibly call together. I say, Ben, let's sing a song on this old stage—(it will hardly be a Greek chorus),—and when we get home we can boast that we have given a performance in the biggest theater in the world." So, with no audience save the dog, the donkeys, and the birds, the boys sang with a rollicking vehemence that might—or might not—have called forth a storm of applause in the time of Xenophon; but it is quite possible that their song was the only one which had wakened the echoes of the old theater for fifteen hundred years.

"Come," said Ben, at length; "we must n't waste any time; we have a great deal to see. We might spend a month exploring among these old ruins and then not see half of them. Let us start now for the Temple of Diana; it is some distance away, and we must be more expeditious."

"Nip" started off at a vigorous pace, and "Tuck" kept up as well as he could; while "Scott," in an ecstasy of delight, chased the birds along the way.

A long trench constantly impeded their progress. It was so very crooked, they were frequently obliged to force the donkeys to leap it, and this was no small task.

"This," said Fred, "must have been the trench which Mr. Wood, the celebrated English architect, cut in his search for the Temple of Diana. Even the site of the building had been lost for centuries. Mr. Wood read several ancient accounts of the temple, and, from the descriptions given, by opening this trench he found the street or rather colonnade, leading to its very porch. Following along, taking the course indicated by the ancient authors, he came at last to the foundations of the temple. He found a great many inscriptions and fragments which were sent to England in a man-of-war, and are now in the British Museum."

At this point the lads put spurs to the donkeys, whistling, as they hurried on, to Scott, who was not yet tired of chasing birds. They could only glance at St. Luke's tomb, which Mr. Wood also discovered, and which bears on a small, simple tablet a sculptured ox, the symbol of that Apostle.\* Past the ruins of theaters, and gymnasiums, through the Magnesian gate, down by the ancient Custom-house, and along the wall of the inner harbor they rode, and presently dismounted where

\* The *ox* as the symbol of St. Luke is based on *Ezekiel* i., 10.

the Temple of Diana once glittered in brilliant beauty.

"Here we are!" exclaimed Fred.

"Is this all there is of the great temple?" inquired Ben rather ironically. "I have seen better-looking ruins than this up the Hudson; it does n't compare with the stone mill at Newport."

"Well, all ruins are chiefly interesting on account of their history," was Fred's laconic rejoinder. "It was the most wonderful building of ancient times. Each of its one hundred and twenty-seven columns was the present of a king; there were beautiful folding doors of cypress-wood, and there was a staircase made of a single vine from the Island of Cyprus. Besides being a religious temple, it was the great treasury of Western Asia; there were times when it contained nearly as much wealth as the Bank of England holds nowadays. Alexander the Great offered to devote the spoils of his Eastern conquests to it, if he were allowed to place his name over the entrance; but the offer was declined. The Ephesians were so enthusiastic about it that the ladies of Ephesus contributed their jewelry toward the cost of building it."

As Fred concluded, he leaped down upon the marble pavement several feet below.

"Come down here, Ben!" he called, "maybe we can find something worth taking home."

The boys were soon in a long narrow pit which uncovered a strip of the ancient floor, and Fred was digging vigorously with the end of a tough root. Ben joined him with a commendable show of energy.

"What if we should find a little silver shrine of Diana, such as we read about in the Bible?" proposed Ben.

"I fancy all the silver about this building went to the mosques of Constantinople and the cathedrals of Italy, hundreds of years ago," replied Fred; but just then a shower of dirt disclosed a small object which upon examination proved to be a gold coin.

"Luck has begun!" shouted Fred, much elated. Soon an exclamation of astonishment escaped both boys as something, which they had taken for a small square stone, broke away from the bank and fell at their feet.

"Perhaps it's a treasure-box!" cried Ben.

"It could n't be possible," said Fred, "that a treasure-box of that size could have escaped all the hands that have robbed this temple. But anyhow, we've made a discovery," he continued, as he raised the object and began to dig away the rust.

In a moment, Fred found himself cutting into solid silver; the box, too, proved to be very heavy. "If we can get this box away," resumed Fred, "our fortune is made. Maybe it holds some relic or

even jewels that were sacred to the goddess Diana. It is heavy enough to be full of gold."

While our heroes were debating as to the possible contents of the box, a growl from "Scott," and a slight sound on the edge of the pit, caused the boys to look above them; and there they beheld a startling spectacle. Gazing quietly down upon them, stood two men whose hostile character could hardly be mistaken. They were profusely and heavily armed; pistols and daggers protruded from an apron-like arrangement in front of them, while sabers in gleaming scabbards hung at their side. They were dressed in the picturesque costume of Bashi-bazouks, and their pistol-stocks and dagger-hilts fairly glittered with the clusters of pearls, corals, and precious stones which decorated them. They were powerfully built men, evidently mountaineers, and probably brigand chiefs, Fred thought. The men were so passive that the boys had time to think a little about the situation, while their observers stood regarding them with the utmost coolness, as though they already had them pinioned captives. Singularly enough, they were without rifles; this the boys noted at once. Either they had none at all, which was improbable, or they had left them at some point close by.

"We must get out of this pit first," said Fred, under his breath. "Then we can make a dash for our guns, and if they send a pistol-shot after us, we'll pepper 'em back. Don't let them get hold of you, Ben, for you see what giants they are."

If the brigands, for such they undoubtedly were, had any suspicion that two youngsters like Fred and Ben would dare do anything but peaceably surrender, they failed to show it. Obviously they had been accustomed to having things their own way; as yet they had been content with making an imperative sign for the boys to come out of the pit. Their cool audacity aroused Ben's anger, which was all that was needed to overcome his first and natural trepidation. With the agility of trained sailors, the boys swung themselves out of the pit about a dozen yards from where the brigands stood.

"Now is the time!" cried Fred, as they made a dash for their guns, which the brigands had not yet discovered.

There were two sharp reports — and two pistol-balls sung so close to our heroes' heads that they could feel the thrill of the atmosphere along their track. Another, and still another shot followed, the last carrying away a piece of Fred's collar and grazing Ben's right shoulder.

Suddenly the firing ceased, and the brigands started after the boys at a tremendous pace. Evidently their ammunition was gone, and by this time they had discovered the boys' plan and their





brigands, when they recovered their rifles they could easily pick off the boys at a long range, while the middies had nothing but their shot-guns with which to return their fire. While they held the brigands directly under their guns and made no demonstration toward the horses, the boys knew they were safe. Now, the real generalship of the fight came in. It required but a moment. A bright idea flashed upon Fred. Directly to the left of where they held the brigands under cover of their guns was the pit where they had discovered the silver box.

"Ben," said he, "we will fall back toward the pit. We'll make them think we are going after that box. In that way we shall flank them; then we'll make another run and slip in between them and the horses. We'll keep them deceived until they are nearly out of range, and then we'll make a jump to intercept them."

The boys fell back about forty yards, the brigands plainly not discovering the ruse. The field of action now represented a triangle, with the horses at the apex and the boys and the brigands at the angles of the base. Suddenly down came the guns, and our heroes sprang for a point between the brigands and their horses. So completely had the robbers been deceived that the boys had full thirty seconds' start before the enemy saw through their maneuver. This time there were no pistol-shots to risk. Though hindered by the weight of the guns, the boys ran better than before. No base-ball player ever made his home-run more grandly than did they win the advantage which was to bring them victory. At last they gained the desired position and again formed in line of battle. The sabers of the brigands flashed from their scabbards as though they were about to charge.

"Fire kneeling! kneel! aim! fire!" was the command from Fred, according to the military formula. Two barrels were emptied, and the left arm

of one of the brigands fell powerless at his side. "Aim! fire!" was repeated, and another round sent the brigands scampering.

It was an easy matter now to fall back to the horses. Their uplifted revolvers warned their antagonists that an advance from them would be dangerous. When the boys reached the aqueduct, they coolly placed their guns beside the rifles, and while Fred kept watch Ben went around the pier and led up the horses. They decided that it would be better to ride in all haste to Ayasalook and report the matter immediately to the governor of the place. Should they delay, the brigands might be reënforced. Gathering up their arms, they leaped into the saddle and, boy-like, could not refrain from giving the brigands a parting salute of two guns as they gave rein to their horses and dashed over the plains of Ephesus.

They told their story in French, to the governor, at the same time informing him that they belonged to the United States Navy. He at once offered them a detachment of cavalry and the use of the captured horses; and that evening they rode back to their camp. When they reached the Temple of Diana, they once more dismounted and leaped eagerly into the pit to recover the silver box. But the brigands had been too sharp for them there, though. "Nip" and "Tuck" were found where they had left them, and everything about the camp was undisturbed.

"Fred," solemnly observed Ben, as the donkeys were again loaded and they were about to start for Smyrna, "great was Diana of the Ephesians, no doubt, as the people in the Bible story declared; but if those fellows had once captured us, it would have been the *eighth* wonder of the world if we got away with whole skins."

"Or whole pockets," added Fred; and with a sigh of relief, the middies joined their vessel in Smyrna harbor, and abandoned all further digging and searching at the shrine of Diana.

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## FIRE! FIRE!

BY ESTHER B. TIFFANY.

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OH, Birdie, fly! for the maple-tree,  
Where your nest is hid so cunningly,  
With scarlet flames is ablaze, I see.

For Autumn, that wanton, gold-haired boy,  
Roams wild, with a flaming torch for a toy,—  
And he fires the trees with a reckless joy.

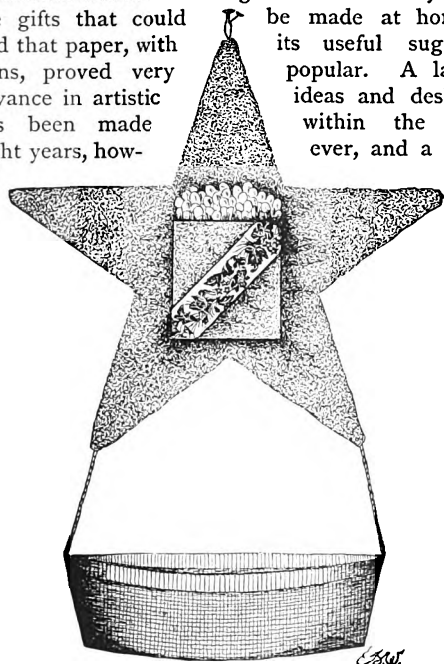
On the maple's mantle the bright sparks fall,  
On the creeping woodbine along the wall;  
On the sturdy oak-trees, stanch and tall.

Oh, Birdie, fly! to the Southland hie,  
For the woods are blazing beneath our sky,  
And your home is on fire, Birdie,—fly!

## HOME-MADE CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

BY ELLA S. WELCH.

WHAT to make for a Christmas present, is the puzzling question for many a girl and many a boy at the holiday season. Every one knows that a gift that comes with the giver's own loving care and labor wrought into it, has more real significance, and is often more appreciated than the costly presents that any one with money can buy. Some years ago—in November, 1877—ST. NICHOLAS printed an article describing more than seventy simple gifts that could be made at home; and that paper, with its useful suggestions, proved very popular. A large advance in artistic ideas and designs has been made within the last eight years, how-



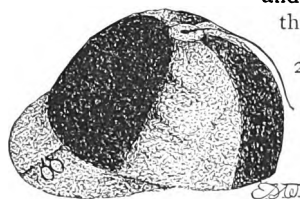
1. THE STAR MATCH-RECEIVER.

collection of hints for Christmas presents is offered in the following pages. All of the articles here named can be made by industrious young folk possessing taste and discrimination; and gifts, both useful and ornamental, may thus be prepared, at a very moderate expense for material, but in a way that will well express affectionate good-will.

## 1. THE STAR MATCH-RECEIVER

is an attractive and useful wall decoration combining a match-holder, burnt-match receiver and striking-surface. Cut from heavy pasteboard a star measuring six inches in diameter; cover with

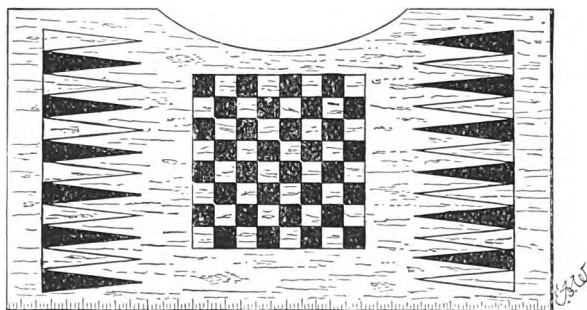
red plush drawn smoothly over it and glued to the back of the star. Cut away one end of a small tin box, and cover the two sides and the cover with red plush; run a band of fancy ribbon diagonally across its face. Paste a piece of sand-paper on the lower end, and attach this box to the star by strong thread passed through holes in the back of the box, and corresponding holes in the star. Ten cents will purchase half a foot of the light wire used as a seed protector around bird-cages; cut and fold this in boat form of the required length; overhand the ends with red silk, and attach it by this to the star.



3. JOCKEY-CAP TWINE-HOLDER.

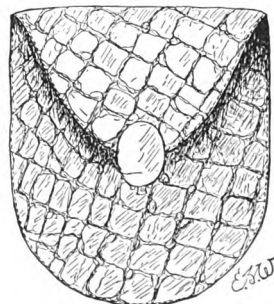
## 2. A CUTTING-BOARD

can be made by any bright boy handy with tools, from a strip of half-inch pine, thirty-



2. A CUTTING-BOARD.

six inches long and twenty-three inches wide. Saw out a curved piece on one side, and plane the whole board nicely. Outline with a lead pencil the checker-squares, backgammon points, and yard-measure; get a small quantity of

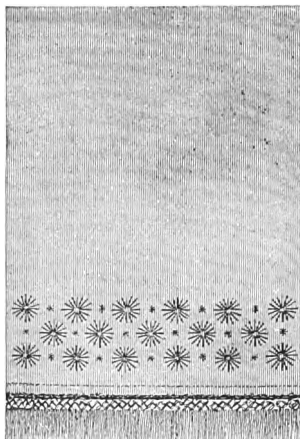


4. ALLIGATOR POCKET-BOOK.

black-walnut stain from any paint or drug store, and with a small brush go over the board, tracing the outline and making each alternate square or point in solid color, as shown in the diagram.

## 3. JOCKEY-CAP TWINE-AND-SCISSORS HOLDER.

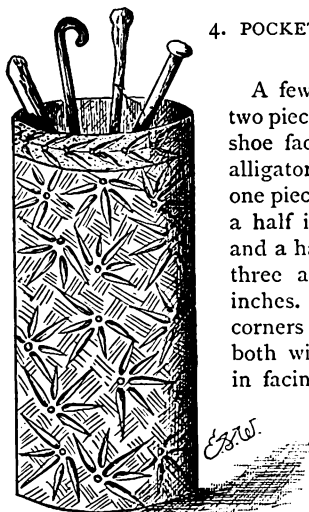
Cut out six wedge-shaped pieces of paste-board for the crown of the cap, a small perforated piece for the top and a larger piece of proper shape and dimensions for the visor bottom. Cover the six wedge-shaped pieces with plush on one side and silesia on the other, making three in dark colors and three in light—say red and yellow, dark red and light blue, or purple and white. Overhand them together, leaving a small hole where they join at top; cover the perforated round piece for the button, and sew it on at the top. Cover the visor with two pieces of plush, lapped in the middle, so as to form a pocket for the scissors; cover the entire under part with plush also. Sew the bottom piece on at the back only; fasten at the front with a loop and button. Place the ball of twine inside, passing the end through the hole at the top.



5. WINDOW-SHADE.

## 4. POCKET-BOOK OF ALLIGATOR SKIN.

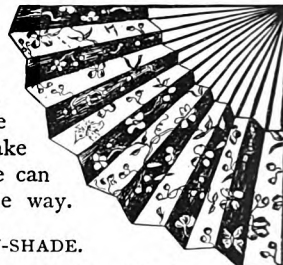
A few cents will purchase two pieces of "scrap," at any shoe factory where goods of alligator skin are made. Cut one piece to measure five and a half inches long by three and a half wide, and another three and a half by three inches. Round off the lower corners of each piece; line both with the soft kid used in facing the tops of ladies' shoes. (This may be done on the machine at home or at the nearest shoe factory.) Lay the smaller piece



6. UMBRELLA-STAND.

er, and stitch them around the top; then place the lining on the larger piece, and join the back and front by stitching them all around, as nearly to

the edge as possible. If you try to do this on your home machine, use a large needle and heavy silk. The clasp, which may be bought for a few cents at any pocket-book manufactory, should now be fastened on, and an eyelet hole worked in the flap to make it secure. A card-case can be made in the same way.



## 5. WINDOW-SHADE.

Purchase a sufficient quantity of holland of desired tint,—“aqua marine” or “cream” are pretty colors,—and run a hem  $1\frac{3}{4}$  inches deep across the lower part of the shade. With an ordinary-sized tea-cup, outline as many dotted circles as you desire the pattern to include; then with a thimble outline smaller dotted circles in the center of the larger ones; draw lead-pencil lines from the center to the circumference. With a long needleful of silk, work these outlined circles on both sides of the holland, securing the ends so that they will not be seen. The linen fringe to match the holland may be purchased at any shade store; stitch it by machine, across the bottom of the shade, slip the curtain stick through the hem, and screw in a couple of curtain-rings with cords to match the fringe attached. A more elaborate shade may be made by using one of the many “transfer patterns,” to be found at any fancy store. This may be transferred to the curtain by means of a

hot iron laid on the back of the pattern.

## 6. AN UMBRELLA-STAND.

Take a piece of stove-pipe of proper length; cover the outside with Lincrusta Walton, procurable by the yard at almost



8. SCRAP-BASKET.

any paper-hanger's; gild or bronze this with the liquid prepared for such purpose. Paint the inside of the pipe a dark red, and fit in a wooden bottom.

## 7. A FAN BOOK-MARK.

Cut off one corner of a full-sized, linen-lined envelope (to be found at any stationery store), so as to have it fit over the corner of the book-leaf

ESW.  
7.  
A FAN  
BOOK-  
MARK.

like a cap. Outline the lines and figures with a lead-pencil, then go carefully over them with ink. For variety, draw on some bright little flowers or vines, a monogram, Christmas greeting, or such other ornament as taste may suggest.

#### 8. SCRAP-BASKET.

Get or make two pasteboard boxes of the desired height, one of them two inches smaller in diameter than the other. Place one within the other, fastening the bases together, and join at the top with a two-inch strip of pasteboard sewed strongly around the tops. Sew a neat cretonne panel on each side, with a band of plush at top and bottom and a plush ball and tassel at each corner. Line with silesia to match the plush. Or, the panels may be of satin with flowers painted in.



9. LETTER-RACK.



10. A PAPER-RACK.

#### 9. LETTER-RACK.

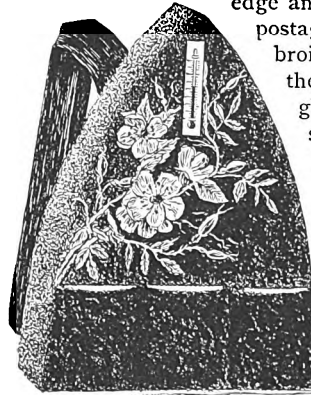
Select two smooth and strong wooden butter-plates such as are supplied by your grocer; cut one down for the pocket, as the picture shows; place the edges together and glue a strip of black muslin over them. Give the whole two coats of black paint. Paste on daisies cut from cretonne or, better, paint them on — if you can; varnish the whole rack inside and out with white varnish; add hanging ribbons to match the daisies.

#### 10. A PAPER-RACK.

Get a wooden box — a starch or soap box — from your grocer. Take it apart, and plane and smooth it carefully. Use the bottom of the box for the back of the rack. Cut one of the end pieces to a width of six inches, for the shelf; saw the brackets for the sides of the shelf from the side-pieces of the box, and cut the lid down to the right dimensions for the slanting front of the rack. Ebonize all the parts with the "ebony liquid" used by cabinet-makers; nail shelf, brackets, and slanting front securely; putty the nail-holes and blacken them, so that they will not be noticed. Cover the front of the rack with some neat border design in Lincrusta Walton, gluing it on, and gilding it, or leaving it the natural color, as desired. Put strong cord or fancy wire through the back of the rack to hang it up by.

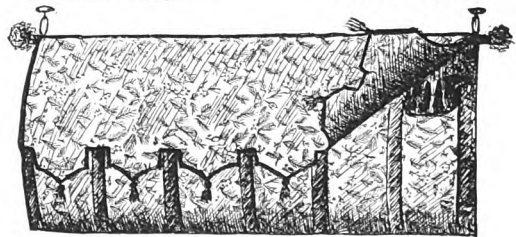
#### 11. FLAT-IRON PAPER-WEIGHT.

Cover the face of a common flat-iron with plush, cut an inch larger all around than the size of the iron. Fasten on the thermometer — (which can be bought at a slight expense) — as indicated in the engraving; stitch a narrow piece of plush at the lower end of the iron, turning down the upper edge and stitching in three sections for postage-stamp pockets. Paint or embroider a few flowers on the face of the plush. Before covering the rim, glue upon it a layer of cotton, sprinkled with sachet powder. Draw the plush smoothly over the cotton, and glue over the inner edge of the iron. Cover the inner edge with plush, and gild or paint in black such part of the handle or iron as is not covered with plush.



11. A FLAT-IRON PAPER-WEIGHT.

#### 12. A COVERED SHOE-CASE.



12. A COVERED SHOE-CASE.

For the back of this case cut a piece of cretonne 33 inches by 28; also one of the same dimensions for the cover. Stitch these together. Cut the cover piece in points; stitch a piece of

narrow braid around these points. Cut another piece of cretonne 57 inches by 22 for the pockets; mark it off into six equal parts, and form the pockets by folding in box plaits

fastening them by two rows of stitching between each pocket.

Hang the case on a brass rod, or a broom-handle covered with cretonne, with a tuft of

worsted or a cretonne rosette at each end.

Fasten it at the back, and hang it by loops. This case may also be used without a rod, sewing a half dozen loops at regular intervals to hang it by.



13. CHRISTMAS BANNER.

### 13. CHRISTMAS BANNER.

Over a piece of heavy brown paper of the size of the proposed banner, stitch a piece of light sea-green cotton flannel for the central panel, and very dark cotton

flannel for the bands at bottom and top. The pendant balls are made with the dark flannel over round pieces of pasteboard. Suspend them on gilt cord; a heavier cord, to match, should be used for hanging the banner. Sew a piece of natural holly in the central panel; cut the letters from white paper; glue white cotton on their faces, and then sew the letters to the dark bands. Glue or stitch small bits of cotton all over the banner to suggest snow. Larger pieces should be glued at the top of the bands and upon the pendants.

### 14. A PHOTOGRAPH CASE.

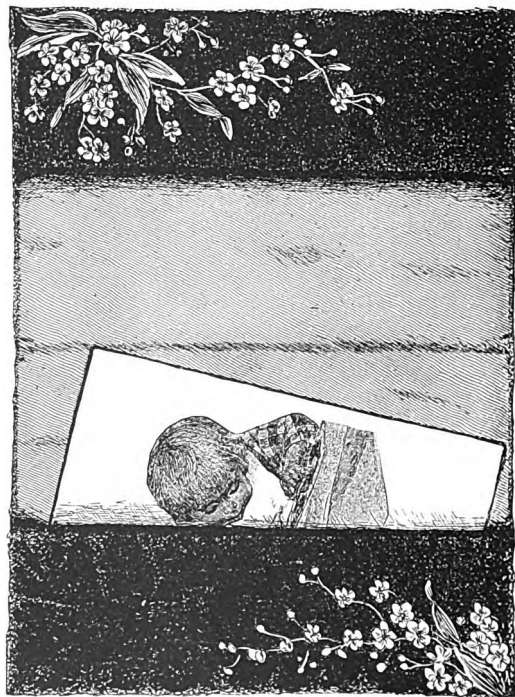
capable of holding several dozen cabinet or imperial cards may be made by folding a piece of plush together and cutting it two inches larger than the card. Cut out a piece of wigan for lining, a trifle smaller, and baste it on the plush; then baste the plush, and line the edges with satin, hemming this on with very fine stitches. The pockets are of plush, one-quarter the width of the case; turn the edges of these and hem them to the back. Decorate the pockets with "Forget-me-nots," or some other appropriate flower.

### 15. SCRAP-BASKET.

Get four bamboo sticks from some furniture factory, or four rustic sticks if bamboo is not obtainable; gild the rustic sticks if these are used. Purchase a fancy straw basket, as shown in engraving; line it with satin. Make the lambrequin of plush of the color of the lining; cut the lower edge in squares and point each square. Embroider a spray of flowers in the space between the sticks. Line it with satin and attach to each point a tassel made of crewel. Fasten the lambrequin over the inner edge of the basket so as to conceal the top of the lining. Mount the basket on the sticks, tacking it on from the inside.

### 16. POCKET PIN-CUSHIONS.

To make the pansy, cut three pieces of purple velvet, and three of yellow silk, line with bits of white wigan, and join as nearly as possible in pansy form. Cut a back to fit the whole, cover



14. A PHOTOGRAPH CASE.

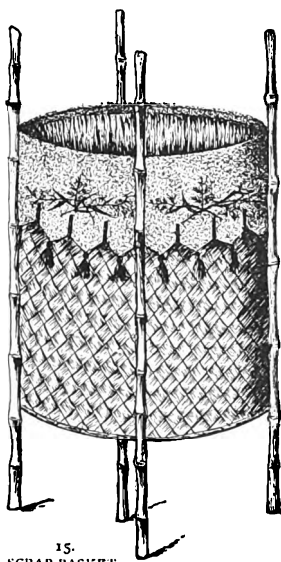
this with purple velvet, and join it to the pansy with a layer of cotton between, sprinkled with sachet powder. A few lines of yellow paint on the purple leaves, and purple on the yellow leaves will give more of the pansy look. The star is formed of twelve diamond-shaped pieces of card-board — six for the front and six for the back, alternately covered with dark and light plush or velvet. Over-

hand the parts together, and join the back and front of the star, placing a layer of scented cotton between.

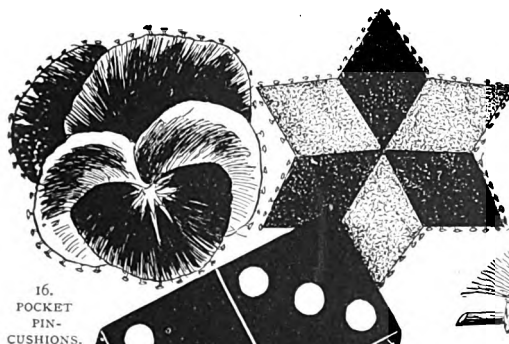
The domino is made of black satin ribbon, cut to just the size of a domino. Work the dots in with white silk; glue both faces to stiff card-board; make a narrow edge of black satin, overhand the dominos together; fill with bran and sachet powder before closing up one end.

#### 17. A CARD-RECEIVER

may be made by cutting three pieces of rattan, each nine inches long, and joining them at the top by tying them together with strong thread. Spread two of them far enough



15. SCRAP-BASKET.



16. POCKET-PIN-CUSHIONS.

apart at the bottom to the mentioned easel-piece as a rest. Cut the envelope—a perfect square—from a piece of Panama canvas; bind the edges with narrow brown satin ribbon, and work some little pattern in the corners with brown silk; fold and overhand the lower parts together into envelope-shape, and fasten it on the easel. Ravel out a piece of the canvas and tie a bunch of the raveling at the top and at each foot of the easel with a ribbon bow.

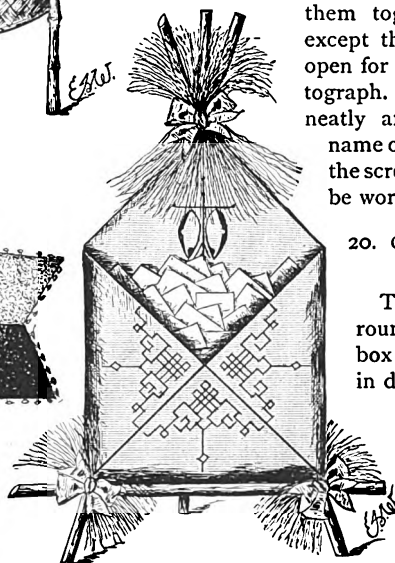
#### 18. TRUNK-TAG.

Take a "scrap" of alligator skin, and cut two strips, each five and a half by three inches; clip the

corners to a "tag" shape. Cut out the center of the upper strip, leaving a margin half an inch wide; stitch this margin to the under strip on three sides, leaving the clipped end unstitched; fasten on this end a little strap and buckle for attaching the tag to the trunk handle. Cut several blank cards to fit the frame, and slip them in, ready for use.

#### 19. PHOTOGRAPH-SCREEN.

Cut out eight pieces of pasteboard, each  $8\frac{1}{2}$  inches by  $6\frac{1}{2}$ . In four of these pieces cut away the centers to form the mats or inside of the screen. Cover each mat neatly with wine-colored satin, letting it overlap the opening in each mat about half an inch; slash and baste around each opening. Cover the back of the mats with silesia and hem the satin on this. Cover the other four pieces with satin on one side and silesia on the other; overhand them around the edges. Baste the mats and backs together, silesia inside, and overhand them together on all sides except the top, which is left open for slipping in the photograph. Decorate each mat neatly and gracefully. The name of the person to whom the screen is to be given may be worked on the outside.

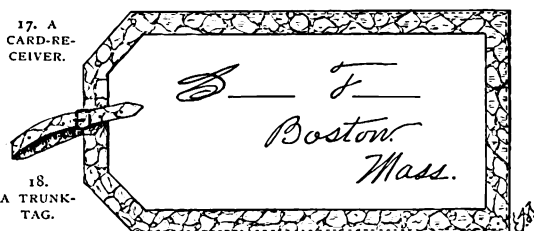


20. CUSHION FOR HAIR-PINS.

To the bottom of a round box—say a collar-box—about four inches in diameter and one and a half high, glue a piece of pasteboard as a rim. Do not use the cover. Fill the box with curled

17. A CARD-RECEIVER.

18. A TRUNK-TAG.



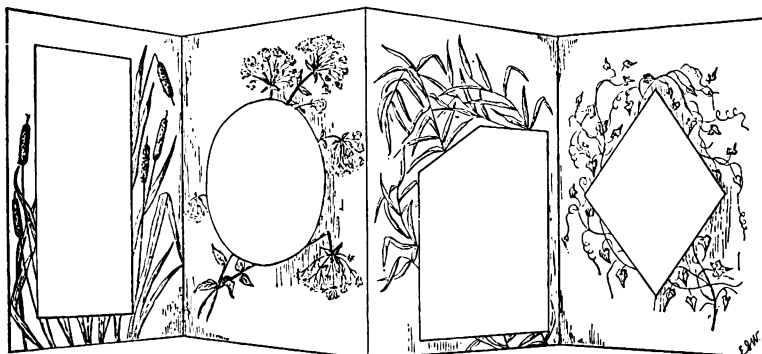
hair. Crochet, from straw-colored Saxony worsted, a cover to fit snugly over the box and thus form the crown of the hat; crochet a rolling rim on this and draw it over the pasteboard. Tie a ribbon around the crown as a hat-band, with a bow on one side, as shown in the diagram.



## 21. KNITTING-NEEDLE CASE.

Cut two pieces of silk or cashmere, each eleven inches long by nine wide; use white wigan for

on strips of either white ribbon or bright worsted braid. Fasten the ribbon ends in the notches; make bows at each end and one in the center.

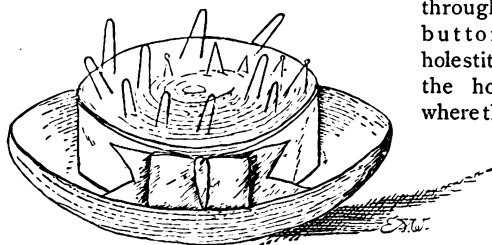


19. PHOTOGRAPH-SCREEN.

interlining; baste the lining on; make the little caps and straps of wigan, cover them with plush, and then sew them in place, as here indicated. Baste on the outer cover, turn the edges, and sew the case together. A button and loop should fasten it on the outside when rolled up.

## 22. TRIPLE WORK-BAG.

Make three little well-proportioned plain bags of silk, or any choice material (three and a half by four and a half inches is a good size); stitch a place in the top of each to run a double cord through; button-hole stitch the hole where the



20. CUSHION FOR HAIR-PINS.

cord passes through, and join the bags together. This idea may be followed out for bags of all sizes from small silk ones for the work-basket to large calico ones used for rags and patches.

## 23. RINGS AND HOOP FOR BABY.

Buy a small wooden hoop at a toy store; smooth and trim it nicely, and cut in it four notches at equal distances apart; get a quantity, say two dozen, of small ivory or wooden rings from an upholsterer's, and slip these in equal quantities

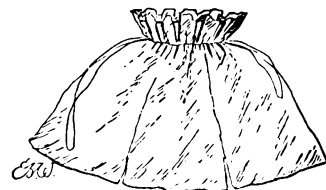


22. TRIPLE WORK-BAG.

to keep boiled eggs warm until ready to be eaten, may be made of plush lined with chamois skin. Cut three pieces of plush and three of silk, into

## 25. AN EGG COSEY,

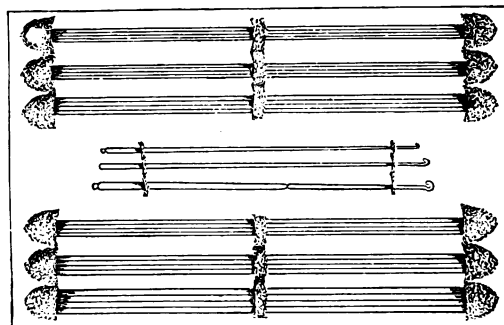
The spiders are made of putty painted black, and with legs of fine wire. These webs can be purchased ready-made, but are perhaps rather too expensive for the nature of the gift.



the shape shown in the diagram, and large enough, when joined, to snugly cover an egg; join the plush and lining together by overhanding the

## 24. COVER FOR SHAVING-PAPER.

Cut two pieces of thin card-board, eight inches by ten. Embroider on the upper cover a cobweb, as in engraving, first outlining it with a pencil, and then going over the lines with long stitches. Bits of willow fastened around this make a rustic setting for the web. Line the under side of the cover with

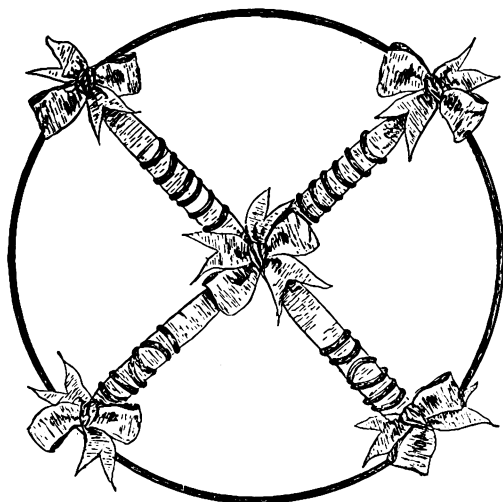


21. KNITTING-NEEDLE CASE.

chamois on the plush. The silk forms the inner lining. Any ornamentation can be applied in the way of embroidering or painting.

#### 26. INKSTAND.

Into the center of a toy row-boat fit a small glass inkstand. Fasten a couple of brass hooks on each side as pen-racks. The bow and stern of the boat can be used for holding stamps and loose pens. The boat can be left plain or may be decorated, according to taste.



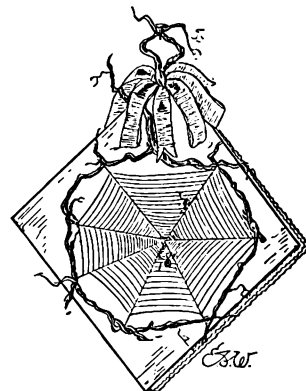
23. RINGS AND HOOP FOR BABY.

#### 27. PEN-WIPERS.

Pen-wipers in the form of little hats (*fig. a.*) are pretty and are easily made. For No. 1, cut two pieces of light cloth, bell-shaped; overhand the edges together, and turn it up to form a rim; run a narrow ribbon around the crown, and stitch a couple of little feathers in this band. Fit four pieces of chamois skin inside the crown, tacking them in at the sides as pen-wipers. No. 3 is made in the same way without turning the rim, and adding, perhaps, a bit of painting on one side. No. 2 is a tiny fez; make this of dark-red plush or velvet; cut a round piece for the crown, and a broad piece, slanted at the back to fit. Baste them over pieces of wigan of similar shape and then join together. Fasten a tassel of black silk at top. Fasten inside for a pen-wiper a tuft of chamois-skin made like a heavy shade tassel.

For *fig. b.* select two good clam-shells, bore a hole in the hinge of each, gild both shells and glue some sea-weed, if you have it, on one section, or, if not, paint some Christmas motto in its place. Tie the shells together, first placing leaves

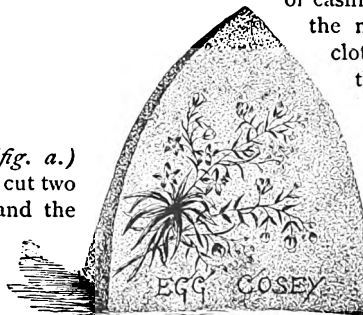
of chamois inside as pen-wipers. In *fig. c.*, the lily is made of white felt, for which twenty-four pieces should be cut as nearly the shape of the lily petals as possible; then cut out a half-dozen pieces of dark-green felt for leaves, making the veins on one leaf with a lighter shade of green silk. Sew the petals to this leaf to form the lily, taking a little plait in each leaf before sewing, so as to make it stand out. Make the stem of wire wound around with green arrasene. The plain leaves are sewed on the back and can be easily replaced with new ones when soiled. Old kid can be used in place of chamois-skin.



24. COVER FOR SHAVING-PAPER.

#### 28. SEWING CONVENIENCES.

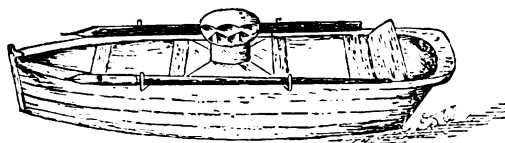
Make the pin-cushion, needle-book, and scissors-case of such silk, satin, or cashmere as you may have at hand. Make the emery pouch of brown silk or cashmere over an acorn; cut the nut out so as to fill the cloth with emery, but glue the natural acorn-top to the silk nut. Fasten to each article a strip of ribbon, or silk braid, half a yard in length; join these at the top with a bow, and sew a large safety-pin on the under side of this bow for the purpose of pinning the combined articles to the dress of the user.



25. AN EGG COSEY.

#### 29. KEY AND BUTTON-HOOK RACKS.

Rolling-pins of all sizes, from the toy pin of a few inches to the ordinary kitchen size, can be



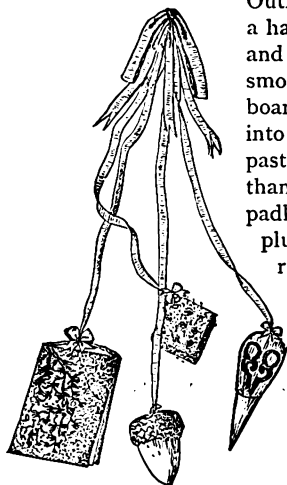
26. AN INKSTAND.

utilized for making key-racks. Gild and otherwise decorate the rolling-pin; insert brass hooks at regular intervals and suspend by bright ribbons.

The bars of music may be drawn on the gilding with pen and ink; if the verse is not desired, cover the body of the pin with plush to match the ribbons used.

Another rack may be made in imitation of a padlock, as in the engraving. Outline a padlock six and a half inches long by four and a half wide, on a well-smoothed, half-inch pine board. After sawing this into shape, cut a piece of pasteboard a trifle larger than the face of the wooden padlock, and cover it with plush; tack it temporarily to the wood until

ing side; use white wigan to interline it, and thin silk for the real lining; turn in the edges and overhand the sides together. Insert a small pocket in the upper right-hand corner for the order of dancing; trim both pockets with soft lace. Let the bow at the bottom and ribbon at the top match in color and material; paint a

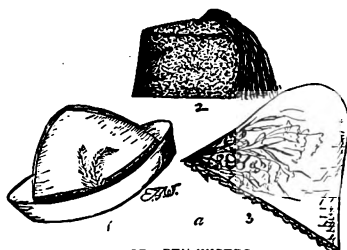


28. SEWING CONVENIENCES.

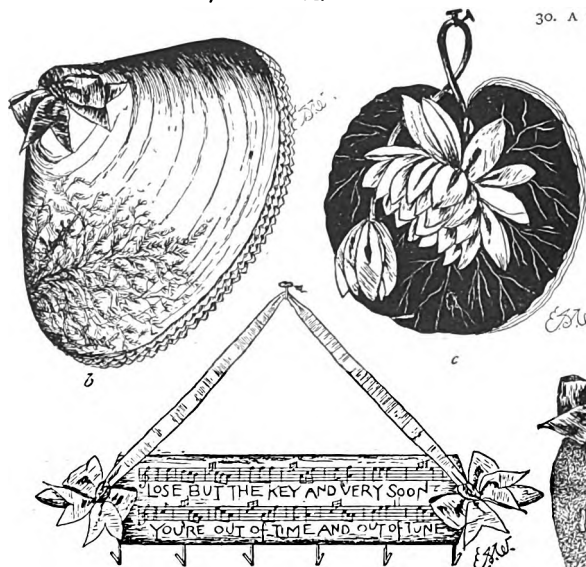
the brass hooks are screwed in place, then draw out the tacks, cut a blank key-hole from white paper, gild it and glue it in place, gild the handle of the padlock, and decorate with a bow of satin ribbon to match the plush. These key-racks can be hung on any peg or nail within easy reach, and are often a real convenience to the owner.

### 30. A HANDKERCHIEF POCKET

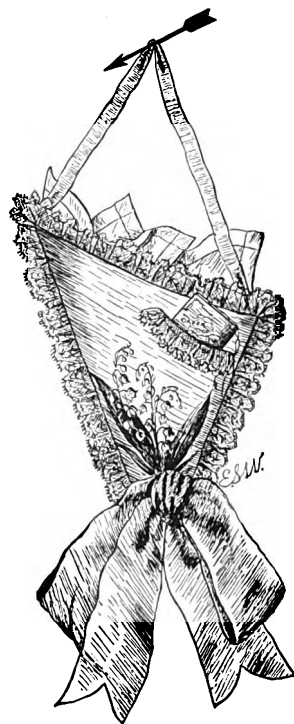
to be worn with a party dress, and in which the handkerchief and order of dancing may be placed, should be made of white satin, or of any material to match the dress. Fold the goods so that it measures six inches across the top; and eight and a half inches on largest or slant-



27. PEN-WIPERS.



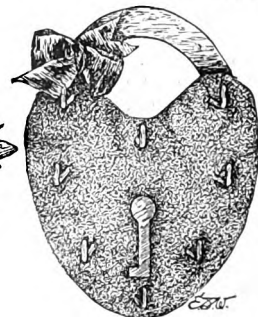
29. KEY AND BUTTON-HOOK RACKS.



30. A HANDKERCHIEF-POCKET.

spray of flowers above the bow, or use either natural or artificial ones; accompany the gift with a little fancy pin, for fastening it to the dress.

Several articles



more elaborate than those here shown, and yet not too elaborate for home manufacture, may be seen in any fancy store,

## THE BROWNIES AND THE BICYCLES.

BY PALMER COX.

ONE evening Brownies, peeping down  
From bluffs that overlooked the town,  
Saw wheelmen passing to and fro  
Upon the boulevard below.  
“It seems,” said one, “an easy trick.  
The wheel goes ’round so smooth and quick.  
You simply sit and work your feet  
And glide with grace along the street;  
The pleasure would be fine indeed  
If *we* could thus in line proceed.

“Last night,” another answer made,  
“As by the river’s bank I strayed,



Where here and there a building stands,  
And town and country-side join hands,  
Before me stood a massive wall  
With engine-rooms and chimneys tall.  
To scale the place a way I found,  
And, creeping in, looked all around;  
There bicycles of every grade  
Are manufactured for the trade;  
Some made for baby hands to guide,  
And some for older folk to ride.

“Though built to keep intruders out,  
With shutters thick and casings stout,  
I noticed twenty ways or more,  
By roof, by window, wall and door,

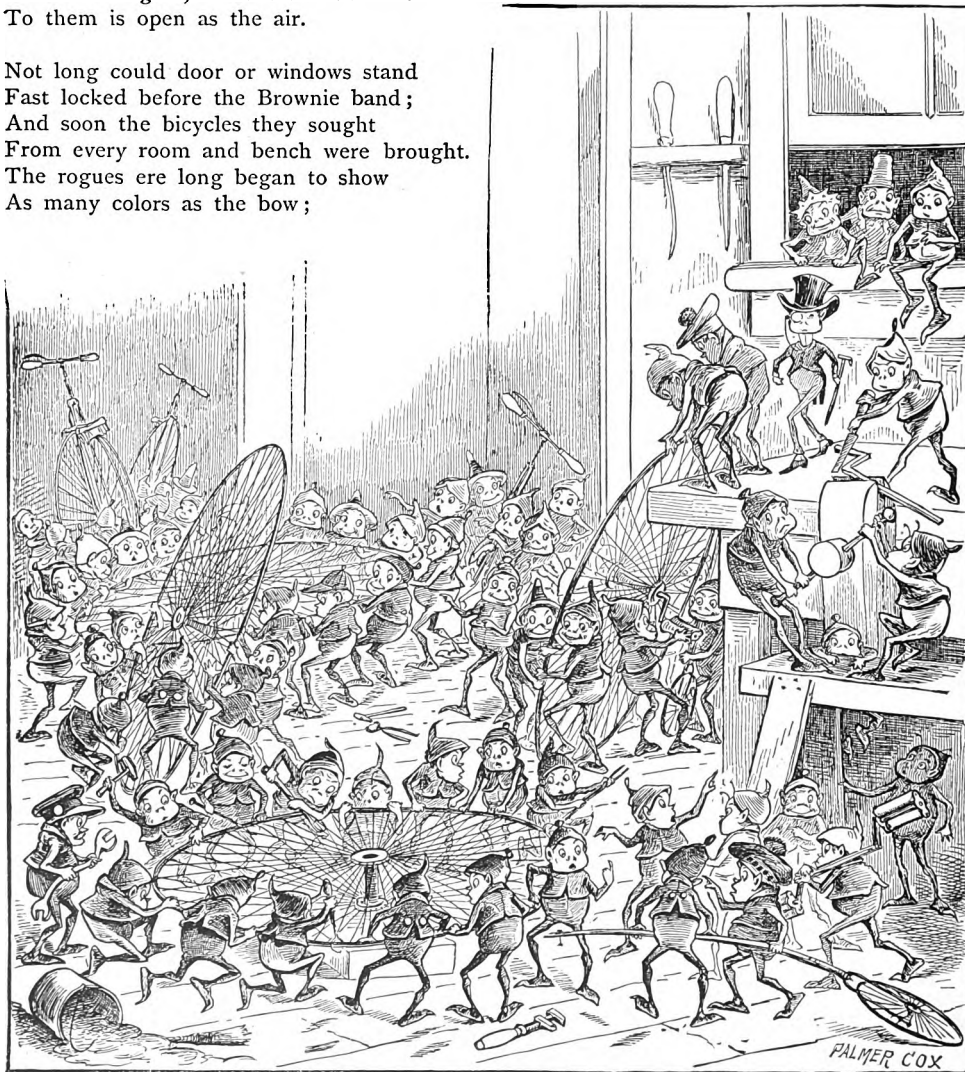
Where we, by exercising skill,  
May travel in and out at will.”

Another spoke, in nowise slow  
To catch at pleasures as they go,  
And said, “Why let another day  
Come creeping in to drag away?  
Let’s active measures now employ  
To seize at once the promised joy.  
On bicycles quick let us ride,  
While yet our wants may be supplied.”  
So when the town grew hushed and still,  
The Brownies ventured down the hill,  
And soon the band was drawing nigh  
The building with the chimneys high.

When people lock their doors at night,  
And double-bolt them left and right,  
And think through patents, new and old,  
To leave the burglars in the cold,  
The cunning Brownies smile to see  
The springing bolt and turning key;  
For well they know if fancy leads  
Their band to venture daring deeds,  
The miser's gold, the merchant's ware  
To them is open as the air.

Not long could door or windows stand  
Fast locked before the Brownie band;  
And soon the bicycles they sought  
From every room and bench were brought.  
The rogues ere long began to show  
As many colors as the bow;

But whether red or green or blue,  
The work on hand was hurried through;  
They took the wheels from blacksmith fires,  
Though wanting bolts and even tires,  
And rigged them up with skill and speed  
To answer well their pressing need.  
And soon, enough were made complete  
To give the greater part a seat,



For paint and varnish lately spread  
Besmeared them all from foot to head.  
Some turned to jay-birds in a minute,  
And some as quick might shame the linnet;  
While more with crimson-tinted breast  
Seemed fitted for the robin's nest.

And let the rest through cunning find  
Some way of hanging on behind.  
And then no spurt along the road,  
Or 'round the yard, their courage showed,  
But twenty times a measured mile  
They whirled away in single file.







JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HERE we are again, my merry friends, but where do we find ourselves? Where, but face to face with *November*,—to my mind the most trying child of all the year's twelve.

You see November is just like some of you young chaps who are too old to go with boys and too young to go with men. You feel queer and out of place, in spite of yourselves. So does November. He is not quite strong enough for winter and he has too much "go" in him for autumn. He scorns to be warm, and he is afraid to be cold. His very name shows his contrary state of mind. He's *no* vember! You just try to be no vember, and see where you find yourself,—especially if you are not quite sure what a "vember" is.

And right here comes the point of my discourse. I want you to help this poor troubled fellow. Be patient with him. Put all the cheer into him you can, and be kind, generous, gracious, and jolly, so as to make every one at home say: "Why, what a delightful, pleasant month November is!—charming indoors and out!"

And now let us hear from our friend, S. B. H., who knows all about those

## MOON-RAINBOWS.

BERGEN POINT, N. J.

DEAR JACK: Many different appearances are seen in the night-sky, and called lunar rainbows, which come from various causes. A lunar rainbow is like a solar rainbow, only paler, and more colorless. The rainbow is such a curve that if it were carried out it would make a perfect circle. Now, as a fact too difficult to explain here, the center of this circle, the eye of the observer and the moon must lie in a straight line, the bow on one side of the heavens, where rain is falling, the moon on the other, and the observer between. Now, Jack, you can never see a bow which is more than half a circle, because the line running from the moon and through your pulpit cannot strike higher than the horizon, so only half the circle can be above the horizon. A rainbow was once seen from a balloon, so high up as to show the whole circular bow.

A triangular prism of glass bends aside the light that falls through

it. Ordinary light, you know, is made up of blue and green and yellow and red light, and all sorts of between shades. The prism not only bends the ray of light, but it bends the blue part most, the green next, the yellow next, and the red least; so that if we catch the ray on a piece of paper, after it has come through the prism we shall have, not the one little white ray that went in, but a band of colors—blue, green, yellow, and red. Rain drops, ice crystals, and even fog, have the same power as the prism.

In a rainbow, a part of the rays from the moon, besides being bent aside, as they enter the rain drops, are bent back from the farther side and spread out into color.

A fog-bow, like a rainbow, is on the opposite side of the sky from the sun or moon. Mr. Whympy, an Alpine tourist, tells of a wonderful fog-bow he once saw. He, with four companions, had been climbing over the ice-fields. Suddenly all four were lost down one of the fathomless ice-clefts, and he was alone in the awful solitude. He looked up to the sky, and there a great bow spanned the heavens, and within it were two large white crosses.

The bows described in the childrens' letters are not lunar bows, but the whole or parts of halos or coronas around the moon. Such circles are caused by the light's coming to the eye through prisms of ice or fog, the light is *bent aside* or refracted, and spread out by the ice or the fog, but not *bent back* or reflected, as by the rain drops in the case of the rainbow. In a halo the light comes through ice-crystals; these are commoner in winter, and in the far north. In a corona it comes through fog; these are more frequent in our climate. A halo you can tell from a corona, because the innermost color of the ring is red, while in the corona it is blue. Your readers can make a little corona for themselves by sprinkling some lycopodium powder on a piece of glass, and looking through it at a light.

The rings R. L. F. saw around the sun were halos; the "sun-dogs" or "mock-suns" were parts of halos, caused by a very peculiar condition of the ice-crystals, which makes only round spots in certain parts of a halo visible. I think he must have made a mistake as to the time of day when he saw them.

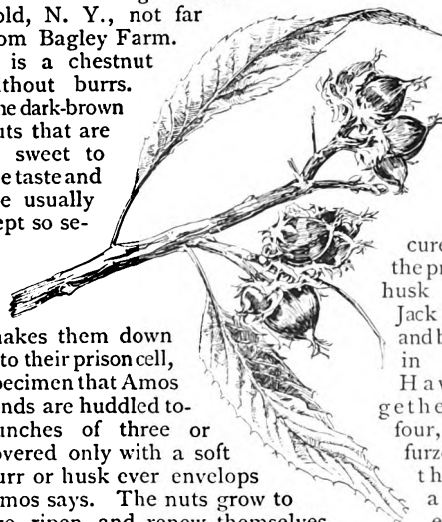
The full explanation of all these curious bows and spots can be made, and worked out like an example in arithmetic, but it is too difficult to be given in a few simple words. Yours truly,

S. B. H.

## CHESTNUTS WITHOUT BURRS.

ONE of my young friends,—a city boy who spends his summer on a fine farm among the Catskills,—sends a picking from a curious chestnut-tree in the village of Freehold, N. Y., not far from Bagley Farm.

It is a chestnut without burrs. The dark-brown nuts that are so sweet to the taste and are usually kept so se-



shakes them down into their prison cell, specimen that Amos sends are huddled to bunches of three or covered only with a soft burr or husk ever envelops Amos says. The nuts grow to size, ripen, and renew themselves year, and are as good to eat as if they had been encased all summer in the warm, prickly jacket that their brothers always wear. Does any-

cure in the prickly husk until Jack Frost and bursts in this Hawley gether in four, and fure; no them, a good each if they had been encased all summer in the warm, prickly jacket that their brothers always wear. Does any-



## EDITORIAL NOTE.

## OUR NEW COVER.

WE hope ST. NICHOLAS will not seem like a stranger to you because it comes this month in a new and shining dress. Indeed, it should seem more familiar,—more like an old friend than ever,—because its new garb is so becoming and so beautifully symbolizes the spirit and the purpose of the magazine.

The cover which appears for the first time this month was designed by Mr. Sidney L. Smith, who was for some time associated with the La Farge Decorative Art Company of New York City. The beauty of the drawing speaks for itself, and can hardly fail to give pleasure and satisfaction. But it would be wrong to regard the design as a mere piece of decoration. The view through the graceful archway suggests the youthful outlook upon the world of nature and civilization;—and the morning of life is further symbolized by the sunrise, in which Apollo, who, in the old mythologies, was the

god of youth and music and light, is driving the chariot of the sun. In the upper right-hand corner, a little winged figure with a horn of plenty may well represent the unceasing abundance of stories, sketches, and verses that ST. NICHOLAS offers to its readers; and in the opposite corner, three similar figures display the book and the palette (the seal of The Century Co.), which stand for the work of author and artist combined. The same idea is suggested by the scroll and the pen and crayon in the lower right-hand corner, and that part has also a special interest because, in the little circle there shown, there is to appear, each month, the sign of the Zodiac for that month. This time, we have Sagittarius, *the Archer*—which is the sign of the Zodiac for November; next month it will be Capricornus, *the Goat*; for January, Aquarius, *the Water-carrier*; and thus on the cover, month by month, you can find the succession of the twelve signs that in old times symbolized the circuit of the year.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

CANTON, N. Y., July 31, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will not Lieutenant Schwatka kindly tell the many readers of his interesting papers, how the weight of the roof of an Eskimo *igloo* is sustained? Do the native builders understand the principles of the arch and vaulted dome and employ them in shaping and piling their snow bricks, or are the blocks of snow simply frozen together? Many a boy in our north country has tried to make a snow hut like those in the pictures, not always with success, and we should like to know just how it is done.

Yours truly,

NELSON L. ROBINSON.

The roof of an Eskimo *igloo* is like the half of an egg-shell, it being impossible to say where the walls cease and the roof begins. Not only does this perfect dome sustain its own weight of six or eight inches of *building* snow (in the snow-blocks), but it can sustain, besides, two or three feet of loose snow, and the additional weight, even, of two or three people working on the roof. That the native builders understand thoroughly and practically the principles of the arch and dome is proven by their perfect construction of domed *igloos*, and by their making the dome more pointed in the fall and spring (when the snow is weaker and more liable to tumble in), and flatter in the winter, when the material is good. In any other shape than that of a dome the *igloo* would not hold together for a minute, as the blocks are *not* frozen together, at least until a day or two after the *igloo* is completed.

One of the reasons why boys fail in building snow houses in our country is because the snow is not of the proper consistency. The thermometer must have been down to 40° F., and several gales must have "packed" the snow before even an Eskimo would use it. In fact, until the snow is of proper consistency the *igloos* are built of ice, as explained in the September ST. NICHOLAS. There would be very few days in the year in the coldest parts of the United States when even an Eskimo could build a good *igloo*. And then, too, even if everything were favorable, *igloo*-building is an intricate art, and until the boys here can show a sealskin diploma or shall have graduated at a cold-weather kindergarten in the Arctic, they can hardly hope to be successful.

FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There is a game that young folks can play which consists in letting one person describe a thing without naming it, and asking the others to guess what it is. Here is an instance:

I am the child of the night and the child of the day. Some dread me, some hate me, some find me a good companion. I have walked for many a mile, but no one ever heard my footfalls. Sometimes my master sends me on before him; but, as he travels as quickly as I do, he sends me back, sometimes, and I have to follow in the rear. It is impossible to estimate my exact height. Nobody has ever looked into my eyes; nobody has ever incurred my anger. I sometimes in my haste run over people, and am sometimes tram-

pled under foot by them. When my master writes, I always hold a pen by his side, and when he shaves I generally take a razor, too. I have traveled a great deal, and am very old. When Adam walked in Eden, I, too, was there; and when any new member of Parliament goes to the House of Commons, I nearly always accompany him. Robinson Crusoe was disturbed by my approach when I visited him on the island of Juan Fernandez. Although I have no eyes, I could not live without light. I am of very active habits, although I have not the will or ability to move. Tell me my name.

The answer is, "A Man's Shadow."

Yours truly,

LULU M. B.—, Webster, Mass.

## PATTY'S THANKSGIVING.

WRITTEN BY A LITTLE GIRL.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Patty, as she sat beside the window looking out on the dull, wet street, "other girls have Thanksgiving dinners, with turkey and plum pudding, and mince pies and all sorts of things. I wish I could. So!"

Her book went down on the floor with a bang, and she sat for a long time with her head in her hands, thinking.

Patty lived in a shabby little house, a little way out of the city. Her father and mother were poor, and had four other children besides Patty, so that Patty could not have a great many things that she wished, and the two things that she wished most just now were a Thanksgiving dinner and a wax doll.

"I guess I will go out for a little while; there is nothing else to do," said Patty, at length, getting slowly out of her chair and picking up her book.

"I wish a big turkey and a plum pudding would drop down from the sky; but I am selfish to wish for a big dinner when I know father and mother can't afford it. And the children need a great many things; so I will try to give up cheerfully," and Patty sighed, for she had looked forward for a long while to the good time they were going to have at Thanksgiving, and it was a great disappointment to her that they could not have it after all.

She put on her hood and cloak, and went out into the street. She soon reached the city, and straightway forgot everything else in her pleasure at looking at a group of dolls all dressed up as ladies and gentlemen, grandmas, children and babies, seated around a Thanksgiving dinner-table, which was covered with good things.

Just then a little hand slipped into hers, and a little voice said:

"Will oo peas lif' me up so me tan see de pity dollies?"

Patty looked down in surprise, for standing beside her on the sidewalk was a little boy of about three years old. He had light curly hair and dark brown eyes, and was dressed in a coat and cap of gray fur, with velvet gaiters, and shiny new rubbers. She stooped down and lifted him up so he could see.

"Did you come here all alone. Where is your mamma?" asked Patty.

"My mamma is at home. I tumbled all by myself to see de pity dollies. I tood n't wait for nursy," explained the little fellow.

"Where is nursery?" asked Patty.  
 "I dess see's dorn to walk," answered the baby, with his eyes fixed on a very fine doll at the end of the table.

"Where do you live?" asked Patty again.  
 "I lives wiv my papa," he answered, with his eyes still on the doll.

"But where does he live?" inquired Patty, finding it rather hard to get any information from the little boy.

"He lives wiv me, and my name is Harry, an' his name is Papa," said Harry, and seeing she could not get anything from him, Patty put him down on his feet, and taking his hand, led him down the street.

"I 'se tired and I want to doe home," he wailed at last, when they had gone a little way.

"Harry, be a good boy and don't cry, and I'll take you home as soon as I can," said Patty, gathering the little fellow up in her arms and wiping away the tears that were beginning to fill the large brown eyes. "We will go into this drug store and perhaps the man will know where you live." The man was very kind, but had never seen the little boy before. He asked him a great many questions, just as Patty had done, but could get no better answers than she had received.

"I wants my mittings, my han's is cold," said Harry; "they are in mine potel."

As Patty drew out the little red mittens, she felt a piece of paper. She drew it quickly out and, opening it, she saw these words: "Harry Harding, No. 164 Blank street."

How joyfully Patty read that piece of paper! — Thanking the man, she hurried across the public square, only stopping a few minutes to let Harry look at the boys and girls skating. She had not much trouble in finding the house, which was one of the largest on the street, a stately brick house with wide stone steps leading up to the door. She went up the steps, feeling as if a load was off her mind, and rang the bell.

It was opened directly by a servant, who looked very stiff and pompous; but the moment he caught sight of Harry all his stiffness vanished, as he threw his hands over his head, shouting wildly, "He's found, mum! he's found, mum! it's Master Harry himself, mum: come quick, mum!" and he set off at a very fast walk to a door at the end of the hall. Before he could get to it, however, a door opened, and in another moment Harry was in his mother's arms. At the servant's outcry the whole family came running to the spot. They were just going out again to search for the little wanderer. But all wraps were laid aside now, and sitting by a cheerful fire in the large parlor, Patty told her story. And at last she found herself riding home in a fine carriage with Mr. and Mrs. Harding, who could not thank Patty enough for what she had done for them.

Two days before Thanksgiving a large carriage drove up to the Robbins' door, from which was taken a great hamper of good things from the Hardings. The man put a large box into Mrs. Robbins' hands, into which she peeped, and with a smile at Patty she whisked it into the closet, and helped her daughter unpack the hamper. Patty kept giving little screams of delight as one thing after another was taken out of that hamper. First came a large turkey, with a great many vegetables; then a loaf of frosted cake and a plum pudding in a bag; and last, some mince and apple pies, and oranges and nuts and raisins.

"Mother, let's not tell the children, but have it for a surprise," cried Patty, when at last the hamper was empty.

"So we will, Patty!" said Mrs. Robbins; "it will be a great surprise to them all."

So on Thanksgiving morning Patty and her mother went to work and set the table and cooked the turkey and vegetables. When Patty came to the table with the rest, she was as much surprised as anybody, for at her place was the long box that had been given to her mother.

Opening it, she saw a lovely wax doll, and on a card were the words, "For Patty Robbins, from her grateful little friend, Harry Harding."

And I think in all the city there was not a happier little girl than Patty, as with her doll in her arms she watched her father carve the Thanksgiving turkey.

In answer to the question which we asked of Oscar Treadwell in the August Letter-Box, as to the definition of "scrap cat," he writes:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A "scrap cat" is one made out of paper to put in a scrap-book. I send my love. GLENBROOK, CAL. OSCAR TREADWELL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One question that I would like to ask is, how, in Miss Alcott's "Spinning-wheel" story about the lunch-party, eight girls could partake of one mince pie so freely as to cause any of them to have bad dreams. For my part, it does not trouble me to eat a quarter or even a half a pie, and our pies are not all crust and no fruit, either.

If my letter is too long, please cut out any part but that about the pie. Yours truly, ADDA W.

A FRIEND OF ST. NICHOLAS sends this picture as a timely offering to the November Letter-Box.



"HERE WE COME!"

PORTLAND, ME., 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I have taken you nearly six years, I have never before written a letter to you. I suppose you will think what I am going to write is very strange for a girl of sixteen years to think about. It is of my strange love for fire-arms, machinery, swords, boats, and the sea, that I wish to tell you.

Ever since I was a little mite of a girl I have been very fond of the sea. I like to go to the beach and watch the waves as they roll up on the beach or break against the rocks. I am never sea-sick, and enjoy a sail out of sight of land better than I do among the islands of Casco Bay.

A boat of any kind was always my delight, from a saucy little tug-boat to a stately ship; and living so near the water, I see all kinds. They seem like living things to me. There is one steamer that is my especial pet, and that is the steamer "Tremont," which runs between Portland and Boston. Every visitor we have I take down to see the "Tremont."

When I was quite small, I used to go with my sister down to the depot and watch the trains as they went back and forth. The engine used to be a source of wonder and admiration to me.

Whenever I hold in my hand an old sword, it thrills me as I think what stories it would tell if it could speak. There came into my possession, the other day, two swords,—one was taken away from a dying Confederate at the battle of Fredericksburg, and the other, a beautiful one, with a hilt of gold and ivory, and engravings on the blade, belonged to an officer in the war of 1812.

When I have been over to Fort Preble, I have enjoyed looking at the immense cannons mounted on top of the fort, and the neat piles of cannon-balls by the side of each one. Everything at the fort is always in "apple-pie" order.

There is one thing that I have always wished, and that is that I could have lived during the civil war, and have gone into the hospitals to help take care of the wounded soldiers. I would rather read stories of the civil war than any novel. I enjoyed reading "Recollections of a Drummer-Boy," which you published two years ago, very much, and I wish somebody else would write some more stories of the war for ST. NICHOLAS.

When I was very young I was very much afraid of the dark, but

if I carried my flag with me through the dark rooms, I felt that nothing could hurt me, and to this day I love the dear old flag of my country better than anything else in the world.

Now, I have written about the things which are uppermost in my mind, and I hope you will not think they are too silly to print.

Your interested reader,

LENA E. R.

PLAINFIELD, June, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your interesting and useful magazine considerably lightened one of my cares this month. My pupils are required to write a letter before receiving their promotion, and I have hitherto found it a trying ordeal for us both.

The idea occurred to me this year to suggest that they all write a letter to ST. NICHOLAS, whose monthly visits to our classroom had been so eagerly looked for. I promised to send the most interesting to you for publication, and I was delighted to see them begin their work without one grumbling word. I found difficulty in selecting from twelve, but I forward to you two that seemed to be best suited for publication.

I hope you will find room for them, and reward forty-five anxious boys and girls, who will watch the Letter-box, and be almost as delighted to see the work of their class-mates in print as they would be at sight of their own.

Yours truly,

C. A., Public School, Plainfield, N. J.

NO. I.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., June, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: At the beginning of school last year, the scholars in each class commenced to save up money to buy a picture. The money that we would have spent for candy, we saved and brought to the teacher, until we had enough to buy the picture. Our picture is George Washington. It is about two feet by three. In the corner of the room we have a cabinet, which the scholars have bought in the same way. We have some rare specimens in it. It has four shelves, and all of them are full of specimens.

The principal of our school takes different papers and magazines for every class, for the scholars to read. Our magazine is ST. NICHOLAS, and this is the way I get it to read.

Our teacher is very much interested in flowers; we bring them to her, and she presses them. We have seventeen different wild flowers pressed.

Yours truly,

J. A. S.

NO. II.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., June, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been studying about flowers, and I think it is very interesting. I will describe how we found the dog-tooth violet.

On the seventeenth of May, about six girls, myself included, went into the woods, and we came upon some very pretty yellow flowers, behind two large chestnut trees. We did not know what they were at first, but after we took a good look at the petals and stamens, we found that they were the dog-tooth violets.

We have read the ST. NICHOLAS, every Friday, from September to May. I think it is very interesting. Your constant reader,

S. S. Y.

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA, June 29, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you ever since February, and think you are just superb.

I am not able to take you, but a kind friend of mine gives you to me every month, and I am just as happy as I can be when it comes. I hope you will put my letter in the Letter-box; if you do I think I will be the happiest boy living. I hope you will never die, and that I can take you always. Your constant reader,

CHARLIE B.

We present our sincere thanks to the young friends whose names are given herewith, for the pleasant letters received from them:

Louise M. Gehn, Constance Lodge, A. Stone, J. C. C., W. A. T., Esther M. V., Carrie Louise Walker, Julian A. Keeler, A. L. T., Mary B. Eyre, Mary Page Buskett, Daisy, Gertie, Charlie and Marion, Dannie Bigger, Ruth, Ralph T. Hoyt, Kate M. Drew, H. F. Mayer, Helen Smith, John H. Easter, Ella L. G., Helen Perry, P. A. Baynes, T. J. Baynes, May Relay and Grace Foster, Mamie A. S., Allie Duden, Annie and Harry Foster, Helen M., Ellinor D. Runcie, Celia Loeb, Laura and Grace, Lizzie Brinsmade, May L., Daisy R., M. H. and L. A., L. V. Price, Fred G., E. V. D., Louise B. Cluett, Jennie M., Woodruff, Maggie Clarke, Tom C., Kittie L., Eugene Heald, M. Y. Demerick, Edith Houghton, Sammie Noyes, Florence Derby, Rodney E. Derby, Kingsley S., Phil Carr, F. S., Marion Roberta Stuart, Mollie Orr, Bessie G. Brand, Frederick Dabney Miller, Kilian Van Rensselaer, Audrey A., Effie A. C., Pierre Brown Mitchell, Elizabeth S., Lilian B. A., James A. Hayne, Polly, Anna, Lucy, Isabella and Jenny, Laura W., Archer Dana Baker.



FIVE years ago the plan of the Agassiz Association was first laid before the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS, and since then Chapters, or local branches, have been organized to the number of 886, and more than 9500 members have been enrolled. The Chapters now standing on our roll are distributed as follows:

Arkansas.....	1	Illinois.....	49	Massachusetts....	91
California.....	24	Indiana.....	28	Michigan.....	19
Colorado.....	8	Iowa.....	18	Minnesota.....	11
Connecticut.....	27	Kansas.....	11	Mississippi.....	3
Dist. of Columbia.	5	Kentucky.....	6	Missouri.....	12
Dakota.....	3	Louisiana.....	1	Montana.....	1
Delaware.....	3	Maine.....	13	Nebraska.....	2
Florida.....	4	Maryland.....	13	New Hampshire....	12

New Jersey.....	38	Rhode Island....	9	West Virginia....	1
New York.....	128	South Carolina....	3	Wisconsin.....	27
New Mexico.....	1	Tennessee.....	3		
Nevada.....	1	Texas.....	8	Canada.....	5
North Carolina....	3	Utah.....	1	Chili.....	1
Ohio.....	41	Vermont.....	10	England.....	6
Oregon.....	1	Virginia.....	5	Japan.....	1
Pennsylvania.....	80	Washington T'y..	2	Scotland.....	2

Total..... 743

Some of the weaker Chapters have disbanded, and others have banded together, making one strong branch out of two or three small ones.

## HISTORY OF THE A. A.

It would seem appropriate, in this initial number of a new volume, to give a brief history of our Association, and an explanation of our purposes and methods, for the benefit of the large number of new friends who now begin to take *ST. NICHOLAS*.

A very few words must suffice: The Agassiz Association is a society for the encouragement of the personal observation of Nature. It is freely open to all, old and young. About one-fourth of our membership is adult. Among the branches of study pursued, are botany, mineralogy, entomology, zoology, ornithology, conchology, microscopy, oology, chemistry, archaeology, ethnology, and physiology. Each Chapter is at liberty to choose whatever branch it may prefer. The smallest number recognized as a Class, or Chapter, is four. Individuals can join the Association on application to the president. Specialists have very generously volunteered their services in the several departments. These gentlemen freely answer any questions in their line, and from time to time conduct special classes through regular courses of observation and study. All who satisfactorily complete these courses receive properly indorsed certificates. A complete and detailed account of the Association may be gained by consulting back numbers of *ST. NICHOLAS* since October, 1880, especially the November issue of each year. For the convenience of those interested, the president has prepared a small volume of something over one hundred pages, known as the

## HAND-BOOK OF THE A. A.

THIS book was made in this way: For two years a record was kept of all important questions submitted to the president. These questions were classified, and the carefully written answers constitute the book, which thus contains information on almost every imaginable point connected with the Association, and much regarding the several departments of study pursued by us.

## A NEW PLAN.

WITH the beginning of another year, we have a very important though simple change to propose to all our Chapters, to which the careful attention of every member is now earnestly invited. After mature deliberation, we are convinced that if all the Chapters give their cordial cooperation, the new plan will add much to the interest of our society, the character of our work, and the extension of our influence.

We refer to the manner of sending in Chapter reports. Hitherto there has been no uniformity. Each Chapter has been expected to send a report once in two months, but the number of Chapters is so great that it has been found impracticable to keep exact account of the day when each report falls due. It has also been out of the question to send reminders to tardy secretaries or to acknowledge in every case the receipt of punctual reports. As to publishing extracts from all the reports received, when we consider that we can not use more than twenty or twenty-five a month in this magazine, it becomes evident that thirty-nine-fortieths of our material has to be laid aside, to the disappointment of the faithful secretaries and the unmentioned Chapters. Now, to remedy all these troubles we propose to divide the whole Association into hundreds, or *centuries*. Chapters 1 to 100 inclusive will constitute the first century; Ch. 101-200, the second century, and so on.

Then we shall assign to each century a special month, during the first week of which we shall expect from each Chapter in that century a carefully prepared *annual* report. All these reports will be acknowledged in the second succeeding issue of the *ST. NICHOLAS*, and such extracts therefrom will be published as may seem of general interest.

## APPOINTMENTS.

THAT there may be no mistake, we will now make the following appointments.

Every Chapter from No. 1 to No. 100 will please send an annual report to the president, which must reach him not later than January 7, 1886. That is, the first one hundred Chapters, or the *first* century, will report in the *first* month. That can not be forgotten. The second century will report in the second month, their reports being due before February 7; and so on until the sixth month, the sixth century reporting in the first week of June.

Then we shall omit two months, July and August, as those are vacation months, and no annual reports need be sent then. The seventh century will report in *Septem*-ber, the eighth in *Octo*-ber, etc.; those also being readily remembered from the *Septem*, *Octo*, etc.

It is not intended that these special annual reports shall prevent Chapters from writing and reporting at other times also. We are always glad to hear from our friends, and shall be glad to have all continue their bi-monthly reports as hitherto, but we will agree regarding the appointed annual reports, that they shall each and all be regularly acknowledged in *ST. NICHOLAS*. More than this, we shall keep them all on file. We have had ten boxes made and carefully indexed, one for each of our one hundred Chapters. Each is labeled also with the name of the month when the reports to be kept

in it are due, so that we shall be able to tell at a glance precisely which Chapters are punctual and which are dilatory.

To illustrate still further, suppose you are secretary of Chapter No. 456. When is your report due? The Chapter is in the fifth century; the report is therefore due the first week in the fifth month, or by May 7th. If duly received, it will be acknowledged in *ST. NICHOLAS* for July, and will also be kept permanently on file.

The advantages of this new plan will be:

- 1st. Increased care and fullness in the preparation of reports.
- 2d. Greater regularity in making returns.
- 3d. Assurance that all reports will be mentioned in *ST. NICHOLAS*.
- 4th. Assurance that all reports will be kept.

## DIRECTIONS.

IN order to insure the complete success of the plan, it will be necessary to observe carefully a few simple directions:

- 1st. Remember your month, and begin the preparation of your report at least two weeks before it falls due.
- 2d. Use paper of commercial note size, and write on only one side of the sheet.
- 3d. Put the number of your Chapter and your full address at the beginning of your report, just as we print them.
- 4th. Send requests for exchange "Notes" and personal letters on pieces of paper distinct from your reports and from one another. We file them in separate cases.
- 5th. Inclose postage if you wish a personal answer.
- 6th. Make your report as complete and interesting as possible. It is your annual opportunity to tell the Association what you are doing.

## AN INVITATION.

AND now we once more extend to all, old and young, a hearty invitation to join the Association, free of all expense. There is no entrance fee, and there are no "dues." There are a very few States still unrepresented among us. Who will be the first to organize the first Chapters there?

## REPORTS.

289, *Longport, N. J.* Our Chapter, originally organized and known as Cambria Station, Pa. (A), has permanently removed to this place. We have done good seaside work this year. We have thirty-six active members, consisting of both scientists and amateurs, with a considerable backing of honorary members.

Our exercises embrace the answering of referred questions usually pertaining to familiar seaside objects, the discussion of a general subject, voluntary observations and microscopic examinations.

This plan of working draws out much original thought, and we have made some discoveries not yet embodied in books.

"The porpoise." "The effect of the seasons on shells," and "The conch family" are among our subjects of general discussion recently treated.

We find these seaside studies are vast, improving, and outreaching. Even the common, homely things along the beach are vested with new interest. Our youngest members are delighted to collect odd specimens for the meetings.

If we can give inland or other Chapters any information in regard to our specialty, 289 is always yours to command.—Mrs. S. L. Oberholtzer, Pres.; Ellis P. Oberholtzer, Sec.

761, *Paterson, N. J. (A).* All the members are very enthusiastic over the work, and, moreover, their enthusiasm seems to increase with each meeting.

We have a cabinet, and about seventy specimens.

Several of the members have made excursions to the Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth Avenue, New York City. This building does not seem to be generally known, and I am sure there are many living near New York City who are in quest of just such a place. It is free to the public every day but Monday and Tuesday, and I think even then members of the A. A. would be admitted. We have a letter from Mr. Holder, Prof. of Marine Zoology, who is connected with the institution, saying he would be glad to know any of the members of the A. A., and they would be admitted at any time on presenting his name. There are many stuffed animals with their skeletons; birds, birds' eggs and nests, insects; also a geological hall, in which are specimens of rocks, minerals, shells, etc. We found the Museum very instructive, as we could see there specimens it would be impossible for us to obtain ourselves.—H. C. Crosby, Sec.

416, *Kacine, Wis.* Chapter 416 is still alive, but very feeble. The president and secretary are the only members, the same faithful two. There being only two of us, we have no regular meetings, but have impromptu ones very often. We have done a good deal of collecting this year in oology, geology, and general subjects. We are to reorganize and begin regular meetings again this fall. Four boys have promised to join us, two of them good botanists. Botanists will be quite an acquisition. We are to enter our collections in the Racine Industrial Society's Exposition this year, with a chance of \$12 in premiums. JOHN L. McCALMAN.



## EXCHANGES.

Shells and minerals.—Miss Maude Lord, 75 Lamberton St., New Haven, Ct.

Eggs in sets with data, for Cone's *Field Ornithology*, and Cone's *Birds of the North-west*.—Oscar Clute, Jr., Iowa City, Iowa.

Carnelian and calc-spar, for eggs. Send list.—Chas. Baker, St. Croix Falls, Wis.

Chinese nuts and petrified wood from petrified forest of California, for minerals.—Geo. S. Eddy, Leavenworth, Kansas.

Eggs, insects, and fine fossils, for same.—Harry McMinn, 211 North Thirteenth street, Richmond, Ind.

Eggs blown through one small side-hole, and skins, for same.—I. Grafton Parker, jr., 3529 Grand Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Mounted specimens of *Cicada Septendecim*, and branches containing deposits of their eggs, for birds' eggs, or minerals.—Willie Hugg, 90 North Paca street, Baltimore, Md.

Fine specimens of aragonite, selenite, etc., for minerals. Correspondents wanted.—E. E. Amory, 3525 Grand Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois.

## NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
883	Austin, Texas (A).....12..	Murray Toleman, cor.	W. Hickory and Colorado Sts.
884	Davisburg, Mich. (A) ... 6..	(Address not furnished!)	
885	Westboro, Ohio (A)..... 8..	Homer G. Curles.	
886	Dubuque, Iowa (B) ..... 6..	James T. Carr, 1116 Locust St.	

## DISSOLVED.

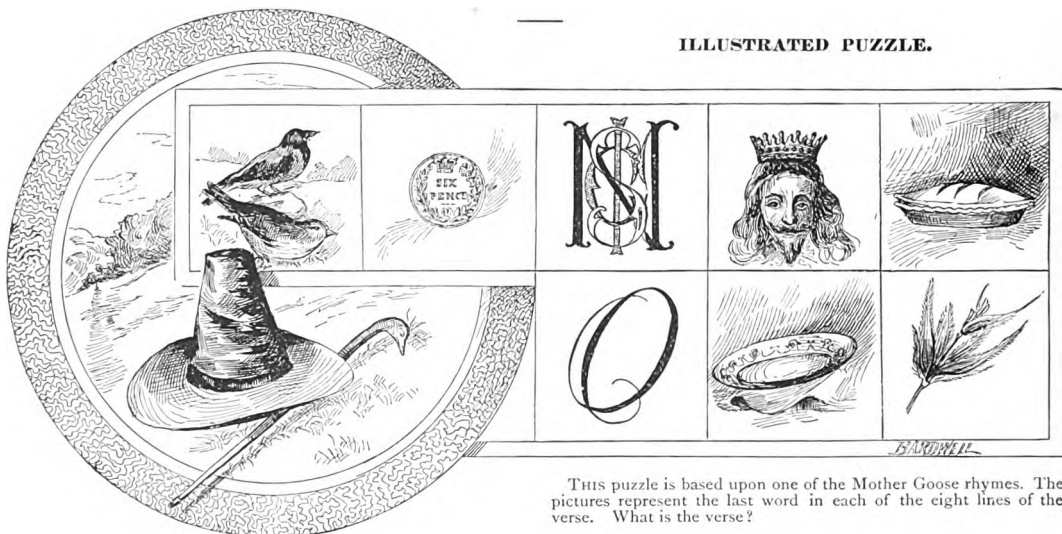
236	Factory Pt., Vt. (A) ..... 4..	Jesse D. Nichols.
670	Wright's Grove, Ill. (A) .. 4..	Myran H. M. Hunt.

The address of the secretary of Chapter 108 is now  
Chas. W. Sprague, 2227 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

Address all communications for this department to the President,  
MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD,  
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.



THIS puzzle is based upon one of the Mother Goose rhymes. The pictures represent the last word in each of the eight lines of the verse. What is the verse?

## DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

I. My primals and finals each name an adjective often heard and read in November.

CROSS WORDS (of unequal length): 1. The capital of one of the Southern States. 2. A large lake. 3. A fine city of Germany. 4. The city in which Raphael was born. 5. A group of islands in the Mediterranean. 6. A city of Pennsylvania. 7. One of the Ionian Islands. 8. A large arm of the North Sea. 9. A chain of mountains in Asia. 10. A town of France located on the Bayse.

II. My primals name objects which beautify the landscape at this season of the year; the finals name the more pronounced colors of the objects.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. To affirm. 2. To instigate. 3. To watch. 4. One of the bones of the arm. 5. Principal. 6. Exigency. 7. Slothful. 8. To relieve from pain. 9. A man's name. 10. A thin covering. 11. Therefore. 12. To pack away.

H. WARE AND DYCIE.

## PI.

Het liwd Nermbove secom ta slat  
Bathene a live fo nair;  
Het hight widn slobw tis dofls sadie,  
Ehr cafe si ulf fo napi.

Het talest fo erh ceas, hes stake  
Het Asutumun cavant neroth:  
Hes sha tub noe storh nomo ot veil,  
Dan hes stum vile noale.

OWEN T. LLOYD.

## A GEOGRAPHICAL DIAMOND.

1. In America. 2. A river of France. 3. A river of Germany, a tributary of the Neckar. 4. The country in which Mount Ararat is situated. 5. The town in which the painter Guercino was born. 6. The name by which a large South American city is often called. 7. In America.

"ALCIBIADES."

## WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

REMOVE one word from another, and leave a complete word. Example: Take part of a church from breathed, and leave a color. Answer, re-spire-d.

1. Take to mistake from a light boat used on rivers, and leave for what reason. 2. Take a number from onens, and leave havens. 3. Take a large cask from to make musical, and leave consumed. 4. Take a conjunction from stigmatized, and leave fostered. 5. Take to be sick from lamenting, and leave the side of an army. 6. Take the coarse part of hemp or flax from packing away closely, and leave to chant. 7. Take a girl's name from an instrument of warfare, and leave to study. 8. Take a domestic animal from frowned, and leave what every boy wants in winter. 9. Take astern from floated, and leave to marry. 10. Take a pronoun from bruised, and leave insane. 11. Take a Chinese plant from purloining, and leave to cast or throw. 12. Take a small winged animal from blunted, and leave a pike. 13. Take rage from desires eagerly, and leave poisonous serpents. 14. Take consumed from household gods, and leave small inclosures. 15. Take to inquire from exposed to genial heat, and leave part of a river.

The removed words are all of the same length, and their central letters, when read downward, will name that which Thanksgiving brings with it.

GILBERT FOREST.

## DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In witless, but not in mad;  
 In naughty, but not in bad;  
 In sandal, but not in shoe;  
 In crimson, but not in blue;  
 In barking, but not in howl;  
 In nestling, but not in fowl;  
 In shouting, but not in cheer;  
 In lucid, but not in clear;  
 In moving, but not in pause;  
 In motive, but not in cause;  
 In fennel, but not in bush;  
 In urging, but not in push.  
 Con this well, and then remember  
 Two pleasant times in each November.

CYRIL DEANE.

## AN ANAGRAMMATICAL WORD-SQUARE.

REVEAL A SNARL, ON VARIED IDEAS.

The letters contained in the above sentence, when properly transposed into words of five letters, will form the answer to the following

## WORD-SQUARE.

1. To entangle. 2. Pertaining to ships. 3. To shun. 4. To exalt.  
 5. Senior. F. L. F.

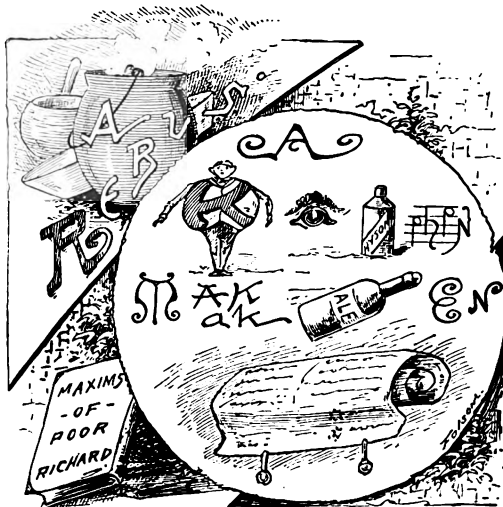
## MAGIC SQUARES.

8	1	2
.	.	.
.	*	*
7	.	9
.	*	*
6	5	4

From 1 to 9, a Swiss coin made of copper; from 2 to 9, certain days in March; from 3 to 9, water serpents; from 4 to 9, mischievous sprites; from 5 to 9, meadows; from 6 to 9, belonging to the goddess of revenge; from 7 to 9, certain kinds of drink; from 8 to 9, blunders.

Outer square (from 1 to 8), to pronounce with a hissing sound. Middle square (dots), an instrument attached to the wheel of a carriage, to measure distance in traveling. Inner square (stars), the longest year.

"L. LOS REGNI."



The answer to the rebus inclosed in the circle is one of Poor Richard's maxims.

## NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirty-eight letters, and embody in a quotation from Benjamin Disraeli the same idea that is conveyed in the following quotation from Seneca:

"Non convalescunt planta, quæ sæpe transfertur."

My 30-10-29 is a plaything. My 11-38-16-1 are part of a table. My 35-26-15-3 is gait. My 21-2-36-7-33-20 is something which accompanies a Greek tragedy. My 18-25-8-32 is a stair. My 9-13-23 is a large cask. My 4-28-22-27-14-5 is a helmet. My 37-6-19-24-17-31-34-12 is a small cutting instrument.

"CORNELIA BLIMBER."

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

BURIED GULFS AND BAYS. 1. Bonavista. 2. Fundy. 3. Boothia. 4. Tampa. 5. Paria. 6. Panama. 7. Naples. 8. Onega. 9. Venice. 10. Donegal. 11. Bengal. 12. Obe.

HEXAGONS. Across: I. 1. C. 2. Sap. 3. Vapor. 4. Axile. 5. Nod. 6. Nod. 7. L. II. 1. H. 2. Tag. 3. Bulls. 4. Idiot. 5. Nobby. 6. Rue. 7. T.

DIAMOND. 1. P. 2. Hog. 3. Caird. 4. Hansard. 5. Poison-oak. 6. Grandly. 7. Droll. 8. Day. 9. K.

HALF-SQUARE. 1. Carpet. 2. Amerc. 3. Rent. 4. Pet. 5. (H)er. 6. T.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Buttercup.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Latin quotation: "He who begs timidly courts a refusal." Quotation from Herrick ("No Bashfulness in Pegging"):

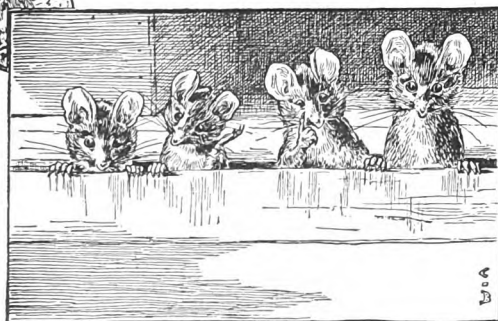
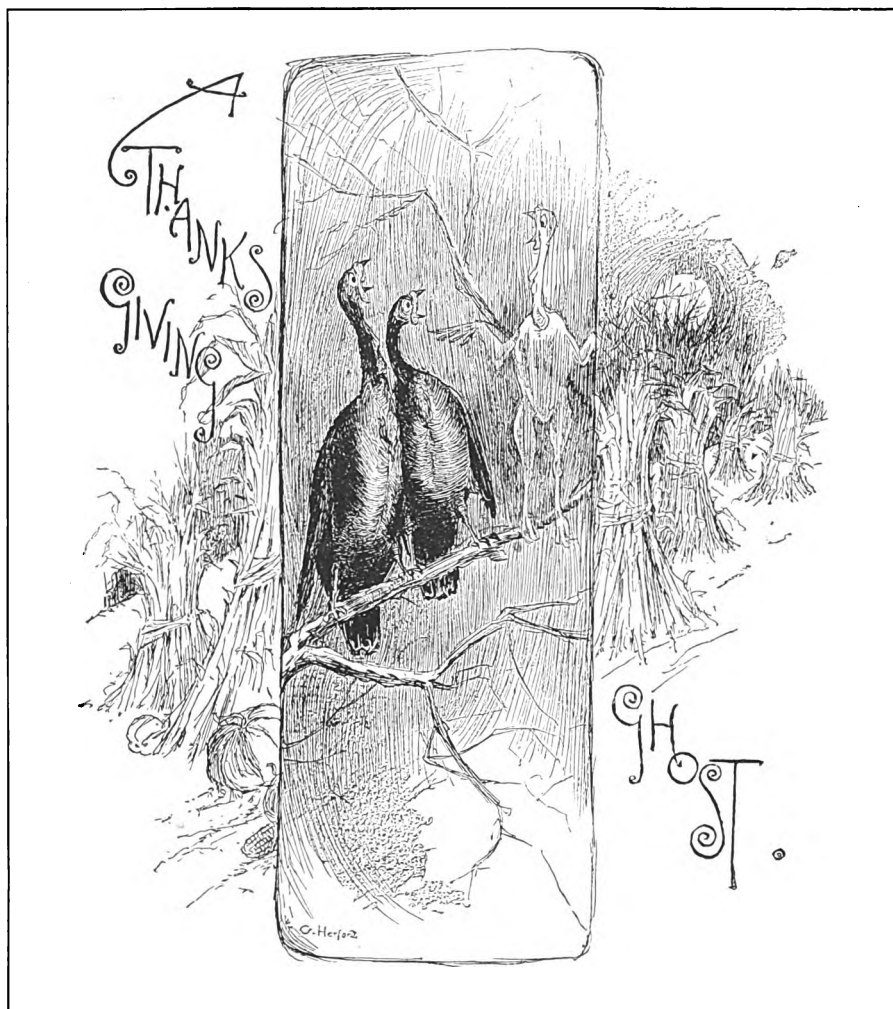
"To get thine ends, lay bashfulness aside;  
 Who fears to ask doth teach to be denied."

THE names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

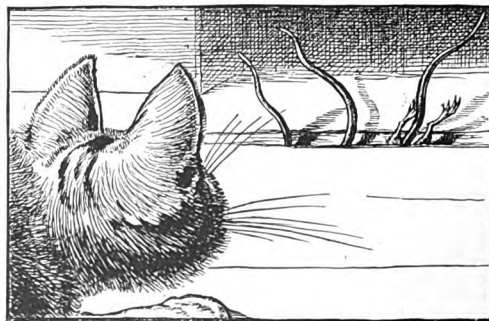
ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, too late for acknowledgment in the OCTOBER number, from "Edipus," 13—Bella and Cora Wehl, Frankfurt, Germany, 11.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before SEPTEMBER 20, from "B. L. Z. Bub"—Maggie and May Turrill—San Anselmo Valley—"Betsey Trotwood"—Hugh and Cis—Fanny R. Jackson—Francis W. Islip.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before SEPTEMBER 20, from Ned L. Mitchell, 1—"Multum in Parvo," 2—Marguerite and Clifford, 1—L. M. D., 2—Rosy L. Witte, 2—Effie K. Talboys, 7—Avis and Grace Stanton Davenport, 4—Paul Reese, 7—"Chingachgook," 2—Jeannie M. Elliott, 7—L. Caroline Harding, 1—Mary Adelaide Sloan, 5—Alice S. Allen, 3—"The Carters," 10—Carnie C. Howard, 6—Gertrude H., 1—Katie, Jamie, and Mamma, 10—Reggie and Nellie, 6—J. H. S., 2—Harry V. R. Livingston, 4—"Whiskers," 1—Miss A. B., 1—Weston Stickney, 1—"Pepper and Maria," 6—F. D., 6—Emma St. C. Whitney, 6—Louise Lesene, 1—Oscar and Charlie, 1—"Family Efforts," 1—Emma W., 1—N. E. T., 2—No Name, Rye, 5—Harrison Allen, Jr., 1—H. E. H., 5—Daisy and Mabel, 6—Fred. A. Hamilton, 3—Meg and Jo, 1—Edith L. Young, 3—Lillie and Ida Gibson, 7—Appleton, H., 8—The Family at Gmünden, 8—George Habenicht, 1—Louise Joynes, 3—Judith, 8—Thomas W. Kimball, 4—Ednah Golding, 3—Laura Hollis Olmstead, 6—Peggy, 1—W. C. Selover, 6—Maud and Katie Bradley, 6—Katie R., 4—Willie Tompkins, 1—Joseph J. Collins, 4—Charles P. T. Tuckerman, 7—Addison K. Smith, 4—"Ajax," 5—Charlie Wilson, 4—Willard K. Purdy, 4—Estelle Whiting, 7—Mary S. E., 1—"Sheppard Family," 9—Gregory R. Shorey, 2—Alice K. Burton, 6.



THE FOUR SAUCY MICE TO TABBY: "HEADS, WE WIN!"



TAILS, YOU LOSE!"







# ST. NICHOLAS.

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VOL. XIII.

DECEMBER, 1885.

No. 2.

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## THE LITTLE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

THE Christmas-day was coming, the Christmas-eve drew near;  
The fir-trees they were talking low, at midnight cold and clear.  
And this was what the fir-trees said, all in the pale moonlight:  
“Now, which of us shall chosen be to grace the Holy Night?”

The tall trees and the goodly trees raised each a lofty head,  
In glad and secret confidence, though not a word they said.  
But one, the baby of the band, could not restrain a sigh:  
“You all will be approved,” he said, “but oh, what chance have I?”

“I am so small, so very small, no one will mark or know  
How thick and green my needles are, how true my branches grow;  
Few toys or candles could I hold, but heart and will are free,  
And in my heart of hearts I know I am a Christmas-tree.”

The Christmas angel hovered near; he caught the grieving word,  
And laughing low he hurried forth, with love and pity stirred.  
He sought and found St. Nicholas, the dear old Christmas Saint,  
And in his fatherly kind ear rehearsed the fir-tree's plaint.

Saints are all powerful, we know, so it befell that day  
That, axe on shoulder, to the grove a woodman took his way.  
One baby-girl he had at home, and he went forth to find  
A little tree as small as she, just suited to his mind.

Oh, glad and proud the baby-fir, amid its brethren tall,  
To be thus chosen and singled out, the first among them all!  
He stretched his fragrant branches, his little heart beat fast.  
He was a real Christmas-tree: he had his wish at last.

One large and shining apple with cheeks of ruddy gold,  
Six tapers, and a tiny doll were all that he could hold.  
The baby laughed, the baby crowed to see the tapers bright;  
The forest baby felt the joy, and shared in the delight.

And when at last the tapers died, and when the baby slept,  
The little fir in silent night a patient vigil kept.  
Though scorched and brown its needles were, it had no heart to grieve.  
“I have not lived in vain,” he said. “Thank God for Christmas-eve!”



## LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

## CHAPTER II.



THE RACE.  
(SEE PAGE 87.)

HERE was never a more amazed little boy than Cedric during the week that followed; there was never so strange or so unreal a week. In the first place, the story his mamma told him was a very curious one. He was obliged to hear it two or three times before he could understand it. He could not imagine what Mr. Hobbs would think of it. It began with earls; his grandpapa, whom he had never seen, was an earl; and his eldest uncle, if he had not been killed by a fall from his horse, would have been an earl, too, in time; and after his death, his other uncle would have been an earl, if he had not died suddenly, in Rome, of a fever. After that, his own papa, if he had lived, would have been an earl; but since they all had died and only Cedric was left, it appeared that *he* was to be an earl after his grandpapa's death—and for the present he was Lord Fauntleroy.

He turned quite pale when he was first told of it.

"Oh! Dearest!" he said, "I should rather not be an earl. None of the boys are earls. Can't I *not* be one?"

But it seemed to be unavoidable. And when, that evening, they sat together by the open window looking out into the shabby street, he and his mother had a long talk about it. Cedric sat on his footstool, clasping one knee in his favorite attitude and wearing a bewildered little face rather red from the exertion of thinking. His grandfather had sent for him to come to England, and his mamma thought he must go.

"Because," she said, looking out of the window with sorrowful eyes, "I know your papa would wish it to be so, Ceddie. He loved his home very much;

and there are many things to be thought of that a little boy can't quite understand. I should be a selfish little mother if I did not send you. When you are a man, you will see why."

Ceddie shook his head mournfully.

"I shall be very sorry to leave Mr. Hobbs," he said. "I'm afraid he'll miss me, and I shall miss him. And I shall miss them all."

When Mr. Havisham—who was the family lawyer of the Earl of Dorincourt, and who had been sent by him to bring Lord Fauntleroy to England—came the next day, Cedric heard many things. But, somehow, it did not console him to hear that he was to be a very rich man when he grew up, and that he would have castles here and castles there, and great parks and deep mines and grand estates and tenantry. He was troubled about his friend, Mr. Hobbs, and he went to see him at the store soon after breakfast, in great anxiety of mind.

He found him reading the morning paper, and he approached him with a grave demeanor. He really felt it would be a great shock to Mr. Hobbs to hear what had befallen him, and on his way to the store he had been thinking how it would be best to break the news.

"Hello!" said Mr. Hobbs. "Mornin'!"

"Good-morning," said Cedric.

He did not climb up on the high stool as usual, but sat down on a cracker-box and clasped his knee, and was so silent for a few moments that Mr. Hobbs finally looked up inquiringly over the top of his newspaper.

"Hello!" he said again.

Cedric gathered all his strength of mind together.

"Mr. Hobbs," he said, "do you remember what we were talking about yesterday morning?"

"Well," replied Mr. Hobbs,—“seems to me it was England.”

"Yes," said Cedric; "but just when Mary came for me, you know?"

Mr. Hobbs rubbed the back of his head.

"We *was* mentioning Queen Victoria and the aristocracy."

"Yes," said Cedric, rather hesitatingly, "and— and earls; don't you know?"

"Why, yes," returned Mr. Hobbs; "we *did* touch 'em up a little; that's so!"

Cedric flushed up to the curly bang on his forehead. Nothing so embarrassing as this had ever happened to him in his life. He was a little afraid

that it might be a trifle embarrassing to Mr. Hobbs, too.

"You said," he proceeded, "that you would n't have them sitting 'round on your cracker-barrels."

"So I did!" returned Mr. Hobbs, stoutly. "And I meant it. Let 'em try it — that 's all!"

"Mr. Hobbs," said Cedric, "one is sitting on this box now!"

Mr. Hobbs almost jumped out of his chair.

"What!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," Cedric announced, with due modesty; "I am one — or I am going to be. I sha'n't deceive you."

Mr. Hobbs looked agitated. He rose up suddenly and went to look at the thermometer.

"The mercury 's got into your head!" he exclaimed, turning back to examine his young friend's countenance. "It *is* a hot day! How do you feel? Got any pain? When did you begin to feel that way?"

He put his big hand on the little boy's hair. This was more embarrassing than ever.

"Thank you," said Ceddie; "I 'm all right. There is nothing the matter with my head. I 'm sorry to say it 's true, Mr. Hobbs. That was what Mary came to take me home for. Mr. Havisham was telling my mamma, and he is a lawyer."

Mr. Hobbs sank into his chair and mopped his forehead with his handkerchief.

"*One* of us has got a sunstroke!" he exclaimed.

"No," returned Cedric, "we have n't. We shall have to make the best of it, Mr. Hobbs. Mr. Havisham came all the way from England to tell us about it. My grandpapa sent him."

Mr. Hobbs stared wildly at the innocent, serious little face before him.

"Who is your grandfather?" he asked.

Cedric put his hand in his pocket and carefully drew out a piece of paper, on which something was written in his own round, irregular hand.

"I could n't easily remember it, so I wrote it down on this," he said. And he read aloud slowly: "'John Arthur Molyneux Errol, Earl of Dorincourt.' That is his name, and he lives in a castle — in two or three castles, I think. And my papa, who died, was his youngest son; and I should n't have been a lord or an earl if my papa had n't died; and my papa would n't have been an earl if his two brothers had n't died. But they all died, and there is no one but me — no boy — and so I have to be one; and my grandpapa has sent for me to come to England."

Mr. Hobbs seemed to grow hotter and hotter. He mopped his forehead and his bald spot and breathed hard. He began to see that something very remarkable had happened; but when he looked at the little boy sitting on the cracker-box,

with the innocent, anxious expression in his childish eyes, and saw that he was not changed at all, but was simply as he had been the day before, just a handsome, cheerful, brave little fellow in a black cloth suit and red neck-ribbon, all this information about the nobility bewildered him. He was all the more bewildered because Cedric gave it with such ingenuous simplicity, and plainly without realizing himself how stupendous it was.

"Wha — what did you say your name was?" Mr. Hobbs inquired.

"It 's Cedric Errol, Lord Fauntleroy," answered Cedric. "That was what Mr. Havisham called me. He said when I went 'into the room: 'And so this is little Lord Fauntleroy!'"

"Well," said Mr. Hobbs, "I 'll be — jiggered!"

This was an exclamation he always used when he was very much astonished or excited. He could think of nothing else to say just at that puzzling moment.

Cedric felt it to be quite a proper and suitable ejaculation. His respect and affection for Mr. Hobbs were so great that he admired and approved of all his remarks. He had not seen enough of society as yet to make him realize that sometimes Mr. Hobbs was not quite conventional. He knew, of course, that he was different from his mamma, but then, his mamma was a lady, and he had an idea that ladies were always different from gentlemen.

He looked at Mr. Hobbs wistfully.

"England is a long way off, is n't it?" he asked.

"It 's across the Atlantic Ocean," Mr. Hobbs answered.

"That 's the worst of it," said Cedric. "Perhaps I shall not see you again for a long time. I don't like to think of that, Mr. Hobbs."

"The best of friends must part," said Mr. Hobbs.

"Well," said Cedric, "we have been friends for a great many years, have n't we?"

"Ever since you was born," Mr. Hobbs answered. "You was about six weeks old when you was first walked out on this street."

"Ah," remarked Cedric, with a sigh, "I never thought I should have to be an earl then!"

"You think," said Mr. Hobbs, "there 's no getting out of it?"

"I 'm afraid not," answered Cedric. "My mamma says that my papa would wish me to do it. But if I have to be an earl, there 's one thing I can do: I can try to be a good one. I 'm not going to be a tyrant. And if there is ever to be another war with America, I shall try to stop it."

His conversation with Mr. Hobbs was a long and serious one. Once having got over the first

shock, Mr. Hobbs was not so rancorous as might have been expected; he endeavored to resign himself to the situation, and before the interview was at an end he had asked a great many questions. As Cedric could answer but few of them, he endeavored to answer them himself, and being fairly launched on the subject of earls and marquises and lordly estates, explained many things in a way which would probably have astonished Mr. Havisham, could that gentleman have heard it.

But then there were many things which astonished Mr. Havisham. He had spent all his life in England, and was not accustomed to American people and American habits. He had been connected professionally with the family of the Earl of Dorincourt for nearly forty years, and he knew all about its grand estates and its great wealth and importance; and, in a cold, business-like way, he felt an interest in this little boy, who, in the future, was to be the master and owner of them all,—the future Earl of Dorincourt. He had known all about the old Earl's disappointment in his elder sons and all about his fierce rage at Captain Cedric's American marriage, and he knew how he still hated the gentle little widow and would not speak of her except with bitter and cruel words. He insisted that she was only a common American girl, who had entrapped his son into marrying her because she knew he was an earl's son. The old lawyer himself had more than half believed this was all true. He had seen a great many selfish, mercenary people in his life, and he had not a good opinion of Americans. When he had been driven into the cheap street, and his coupé had stopped before the cheap, small house, he had felt actually shocked. It seemed really quite dreadful to think that the future owner of Dorincourt Castle and Wyndham Towers and Chorlworth, and all the other stately splendors, should have been born and brought up in an insignificant house in a street with a sort of green-grocery at the corner. He wondered what kind of a child he would be, and what kind of a mother he had. He rather shrank from seeing them both. He had a sort of pride in the noble family whose legal affairs he had conducted so long, and it would have annoyed him very much to have found himself obliged to manage a woman who would seem to him a vulgar, money-loving person, with no respect for her dead husband's country and the dignity of his name. It was a very old name and a very splendid one, and Mr. Havisham had a great respect for it himself, though he was only a cold, keen, business-like old lawyer.

When Mary handed him into the small parlor he looked around it critically. It was plainly furnished, but it had a home-like look; there were no cheap, common ornaments, and no cheap, gaudy

pictures; the few adornments on the walls were in good taste, and about the room were many pretty things which a woman's hand might have made.

"Not at all bad so far," he had said to himself; "but perhaps the Captain's taste predominated." But when Mrs. Errol came into the room, he began to think she herself might have had something to do with it. If he had not been quite a self-contained and stiff old gentleman, he would probably have started when he saw her. She looked, in the simple black dress, fitting closely to her slender figure, more like a young girl than the mother of a boy of seven. She had a pretty, sorrowful young face, and a very tender, innocent look in her large brown eyes,—the sorrowful look that had never quite left her face since her husband had died. Cedric was used to seeing it there; the only times he had ever seen it fade out had been when he was playing with her or talking to her, and had said some old-fashioned thing, or used some long word he had picked up out of the newspapers or in his conversations with Mr. Hobbs. He was fond of using long words, and he was always pleased when they made her laugh, though he could not understand why they were laughable; they were quite serious matters with him. The lawyer's experience taught him to read people's characters very shrewdly, and as soon as he saw Cedric's mother he knew that the old Earl had made a great mistake in thinking her a vulgar, mercenary woman. Mr. Havisham had never been married, he had never even been in love, but he divined that this pretty young creature with the sweet voice and sad eyes had married Captain Errol only because she loved him with all her affectionate heart, and that she had never once thought it an advantage that he was an earl's son. And he saw he should have no trouble with her, and he began to feel that perhaps little Lord Fauntleroy might not be such a trial to his noble family, after all. The Captain had been a handsome fellow, and the young mother was very pretty, and perhaps the boy might be well enough to look at.

When he first told Mrs. Errol what he had come for, she turned very pale.

"Oh!" she said; "will he have to be taken away from me? We love each other so much! He is such a happiness to me! He is all I have. I have tried to be a good mother to him." And her sweet young voice trembled, and the tears rushed into her eyes. "You do not know what he has been to me!" she said.

The lawyer cleared his throat.

"I am obliged to tell you," he said, "that the Earl of Dorincourt is not—is not very friendly toward you. He is an old man, and his preju-

dices are very strong. He has always especially disliked America and Americans, and was very much enraged by his son's marriage. I am sorry to be the bearer of so unpleasant a communication, but he is very fixed in his determination not to see you. His plan is that Lord Fauntleroy shall be educated under his own supervision; that he shall live with him. The Earl is attached to Dorincourt Castle, and spends a great deal of time there. He is a victim to inflammatory gout, and is not fond of London. Lord Fauntleroy will, therefore, be likely to live chiefly at Dorincourt.

The Earl offers to you as a home, Court Lodge, which is situated pleasantly, and is not very far from the castle. He also offers you a suitable income. Lord Fauntleroy will be permitted to visit you; the only stipulation is, that you shall not visit him or enter the park gates. You see you will not be really separated from your son, and I assure you, Madam, the terms are not so harsh as—as they might have been. The advantage of such surroundings and education as Lord Fauntleroy will have, I am sure you must see, will be very great."

He felt a little uneasy lest she should begin to cry or make a scene, as he knew some women would have done. It embarrassed and annoyed him to see women cry.

But she did not. She went to the window and stood with her face turned away for a few moments, and he saw she was trying to steady herself.

"Captain Errol was very fond of Dorincourt," she said at last.

"He loved England, and everything English. It was always a grief to him that he was parted from his home. He was proud of his home, and of his name. He would wish—I know he would wish that his son should know the beautiful old places, and be brought up in such a way as would be suitable to his future position."

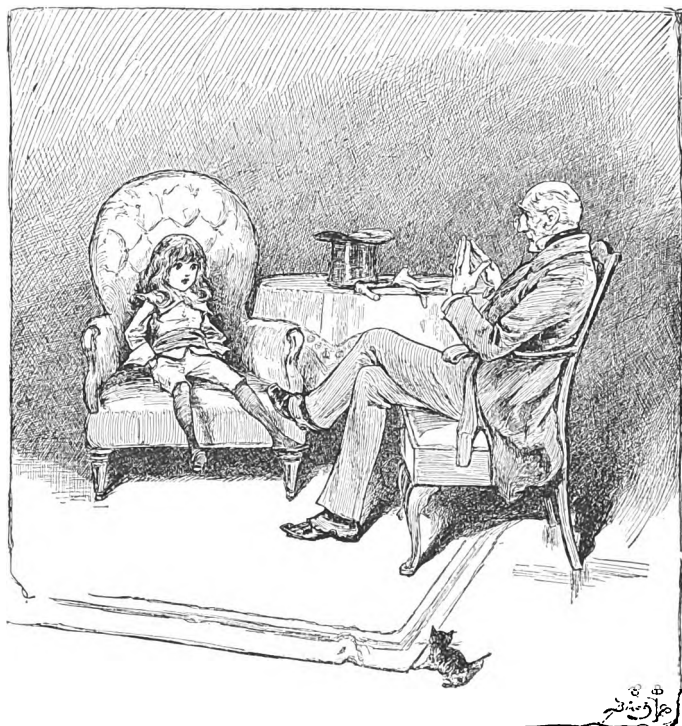
Then she came back to the table and stood looking up at Mr. Havisham very gently.

"My husband would wish it," she said. "It will be best for my little boy. I know—I am sure the Earl would not be so unkind as to try to teach him not to love me; and I know—even if he tried—that my little boy is too much like his father to be

harmful. He has a warm, faithful nature, and a true heart. He would love me even if he did not see me; and so long as we may see each other, I ought not to suffer very much."

"She thinks very little of herself," the lawyer thought. "She does not make any terms for herself."

"Madam," he said aloud, "I respect your consideration for your son. He will thank you for it when he is a man. I assure you Lord Fauntleroy will be most carefully guarded, and every effort will be used to insure his happiness. The Earl of



"'I USED TO THINK I MIGHT PERHAPS BE A PRESIDENT, BUT I NEVER THOUGHT OF BEING AN EARL,' SAID CEDDIE." (SEE PAGE 87.)

Dorincourt will be as anxious for his comfort and well-being as you yourself could be."

"I hope," said the tender little mother, in a rather broken voice, "that his grandfather will love Ceddie. The little boy has a very affectionate nature; and he has always been loved."

Mr. Havisham cleared his throat again. He could not quite imagine the gouty, fiery-tempered old Earl loving any one very much; but he knew it would be to his interest to be kind, in his irritable way, to the child who was to be his heir. He knew, too, that if Ceddie were at all a credit to his name, his grandfather would be proud of him.

"Lord Fauntleroy will be comfortable, I am

sure," he replied. "It was with a view to his happiness that the Earl desired that you should be near enough to him to see him frequently."

He did not think it would be discreet to repeat the exact words the Earl had used, which were in fact neither polite nor amiable.

Mr. Havisham preferred to express his noble patron's offer in smoother and more courteous language.

He had another slight shock when Mrs. Errol asked Mary to find her little boy and bring him to her, and Mary told her where he was.

"Sure I'll find him aisy enough, ma'am," she said; "for it's wid Mr. Hobbs he is this minnit, settin' on his high shtool by the counther an' talkin' pollytics, most loikely, or enj'yin' hisself among the soap an' candles an' pertaties, as sinsible an' shwate as ye plase."

"Mr. Hobbs has known him all his life," Mrs. Errol said to the lawyer. "He is very kind to Cedric, and there is a great friendship between them."

Remembering the glimpse he had caught of the store as he passed it, and having a recollection of the barrels of potatoes and apples and the various odds and ends, Mr. Havisham felt his doubts arise again. In England, gentlemen's sons did not make friends of grocerymen, and it seemed to him a rather singular proceeding. It would be very awkward if the child had bad manners and a disposition to like low company. One of the bitterest humiliations of the old Earl's life had been that his two elder sons had been fond of low company. Could it be, he thought, that this boy shared their bad qualities instead of his father's good qualities?

He was thinking uneasily about this as he talked to Mrs. Errol until the child came into the room. When the door opened, he actually hesitated a moment before looking at Cedric. It would, perhaps, have seemed very queer to a great many people who knew him, if they could have known the curious sensations that passed through Mr. Havisham when he looked down at the boy, who ran into his mother's arms. He experienced a revulsion of feeling which was quite exciting. He recognized in an instant that here was one of the finest and handsomest little fellows he had ever seen. His beauty was something unusual. He had a strong, lithe, graceful little body and a manly little face; he held his childish head up, and carried himself with quite a brave little air; he was so like his father that it was really startling; he had his father's golden hair and his mother's brown eyes, but there was nothing sorrowful or timid in them. They were innocently fearless eyes; he looked as if he had never feared or doubted anything in his life.

"He is the best-bred-looking and handsomest little fellow I ever saw," was what Mr. Havisham thought. What he said aloud was simply, "And so this is little Lord Fauntleroy."

And, after this, the more he saw of little Lord Fauntleroy, the more of a surprise he found him. He knew very little about children, though he had seen plenty of them in England — fine, handsome, rosy girls and boys, who were strictly taken care of by their tutors and governesses, and who were sometimes shy, and sometimes a trifle boisterous, but never very interesting to a ceremonious, rigid old lawyer. Perhaps his personal interest in little Lord Fauntleroy's fortunes made him notice Cedric more than he had noticed other children; but, however that was, he certainly found himself noticing him a great deal.

Cedric did not know he was being observed, and he only behaved himself in his ordinary manner. He shook hands with Mr. Havisham in his friendly way when they were introduced to each other, and he answered all his questions with the unhesitating readiness with which he answered Mr. Hobbs. He was neither shy nor bold, and when Mr. Havisham was talking to his mother, the lawyer noticed that he listened to the conversation with as much interest as if he had been quite grown up.

"He seems to be a very mature little fellow," Mr. Havisham said to the mother.

"I think he is, in some things," she answered. "He has always been very quick to learn, and he has lived a great deal with grown-up people. He has a funny little habit of using long words and expressions he has read in books, or has heard others use, but he is very fond of childish play. I think he is rather clever, but he is a very boyish little boy, sometimes."

The next time Mr. Havisham met him, he saw that this last was quite true. As his coupé turned the corner, he caught sight of a group of small boys, who were evidently much excited. Two of them were about to run a race, and one of them was his young lordship, and he was shouting and making as much noise as the noisiest of his companions. He stood side by side with another boy, one little red leg advanced a step.

"One, to make ready!" yelled the starter. "Two, to be steady. Three — and away!"

Mr. Havisham found himself leaning out of the window of his coupé with a curious feeling of interest. He really never remembered having seen anything quite like the way in which his lordship's lordly little red legs flew up behind his knickerbockers and tore over the ground as he shot out in the race at the signal word. He shut his small hands and set his face against the wind; his bright hair streamed out behind.

"Hooray, Ced Errol!" all the boys shouted, dancing and shrieking with excitement. "Hooray, Billy Williams! Hooray, Ceddie! Hooray, Billy! Hooray! 'Ray! 'Ray!"

"I really believe he is going to win," said Mr. Havisham. The way in which the red legs flew and flashed up and down, the shrieks of the boys, the wild efforts of Billy Williams, whose brown legs were not to be despised, as they followed closely in the rear of the red legs, made him feel some excitement. "I really—I really can't help hoping he will win!" he said, with an apologetic sort of cough.

At that moment the wildest yell of all went up from the dancing, hopping boys. With one last frantic leap the future Earl of Dorincourt had reached the lamp-post at the end of the block and touched it, just two seconds before Billy Williams flung himself at it, panting.

"Three cheers for Ceddie Errol!" yelled the little boys. "Hooray for Ceddie Errol!"

Mr. Havisham drew his head in at the window of his coupé and leaned back with a dry smile.

"Bravo, Lord Fauntleroy!" he said.

As his carriage stopped before the door of Mrs. Errol's house, the victor and the vanquished were coming toward it, attended by the clamoring crew. Cedric walked by Billy Williams and was speaking to him. His elated little face was very red, his curls clung to his hot, moist forehead, his hands were in his pockets."

"You see," he was saying, evidently with the intention of making defeat easy for his unsuccessful rival, "I guess I won because my legs are a little longer than yours. I guess that was it. You see, I'm three days older than you, and that gives me a 'vantage. I'm three days older."

And this view of the case seemed to cheer Billy Williams so much that he began to smile on the world again, and felt able to swagger a little, almost as if he had won the race instead of losing it. Somehow, Ceddie Errol had a way of making people feel comfortable. Even in the first flush of his triumphs, he remembered that the person who was beaten might not feel so gay as he did, and might like to think that he *might* have been the winner under different circumstances.

That morning Mr. Havisham had quite a long conversation with the winner of the race—a conversation which made him smile his dry smile, and rub his chin with his bony hand several times.

Mrs. Errol had been called out of the parlor, and the lawyer and Cedric were left together. At first Mr. Havisham wondered what he should say to his small companion. He had an idea that perhaps it would be best to say several things which might prepare Cedric for meeting his grandfather,

and, perhaps, for the great change that was to come to him. He could see that Cedric had not the least idea of the sort of thing he was to see when he reached England, or of the sort of home that waited for him there. He did not even know yet that his mother was not to live in the same house with him. They had thought it best to let him get over the first shock before telling him.

Mr. Havisham sat in an arm-chair on one side of the open window; on the other side was another still larger chair, and Cedric sat in that and looked at Mr. Havisham. He sat well back in the depths of his big seat, his curly head against the cushioned back, his legs crossed, and his hands thrust deep into his pockets, in a quite Mr. Hobbs-like way. He had been watching Mr. Havisham very steadily when his mamma had been in the room, and after she was gone he still looked at him in respectful thoughtfulness. There was a short silence after Mrs. Errol went out, and Cedric seemed to be studying Mr. Havisham, and Mr. Havisham was certainly studying Cedric. He could not make up his mind as to what an elderly gentleman should say to a little boy who won races, and wore short knickerbockers and red stockings on legs which were not long enough to hang over a big chair when he sat well back in it.

But Cedric relieved him by suddenly beginning the conversation himself.

"Do you know," he said; "I don't know what an earl is?"

"Don't you?" said Mr. Havisham.

"No," replied Ceddie. "And I think when a boy is going to be one, he ought to know. Don't you?"

"Well—yes," answered Mr. Havisham.

"Would you mind," said Ceddie respectfully—"would you mind 'splainin' it to me?" (Sometimes when he used his long words he did not pronounce them quite correctly.) "What made him an earl?"

"A king or queen, in the first place," said Mr. Havisham. "Generally, he is made an earl because he has done some service to his sovereign, or some great deed."

"Oh!" said Cedric; "that's like the President."

"Is it?" said Mr. Havisham. "Is that why your presidents are elected?"

"Yes," answered Ceddie cheerfully. "When a man is very good and knows a great deal, he is elected president. They have torch-light processions and bands, and everybody makes speeches. I used to think I might perhaps be a president, but I never thought of being an earl. I did n't know about earls," he said, rather hastily, lest Mr. Havisham might feel it impolite in him not to have wished to be one,—“if I'd known about



them, I dare say I should have thought I should like to be one."

"It is rather different from being a president," said Mr. Havisham.

"Is it?" asked Cedric. "How? Are there no torch-light processions?"

Mr. Havisham crossed his own legs and put the tips of his fingers carefully together. He thought perhaps the time had come to explain matters rather more clearly.

"An earl is—is a very important person," he began.

"So is a president!" put in Ceddie. "The torch-light processions are five miles long, and they shoot up rockets, and the band plays! Mr. Hobbs took me to see them."

"An earl," Mr. Havisham went on, feeling rather uncertain of his ground, "is frequently of very ancient lineage —"

"What's that?" asked Ceddie.

"Of very old family—extremely old."

"Ah!" said Cedric, thrusting his hands deeper into his pockets. "I suppose that is the way with the apple-woman near the park. I dare say she is of ancient lin-lenage. She is so old it would surprise you how she can stand up. She's a hundred, I should think, and yet she is out there when it rains, even. I'm sorry for her, and so are the other boys. Billy Williams once had nearly a dollar and I asked him to buy five cents' worth of apples from her every day until he had spent it all. That made twenty days, and he grew tired of apples after a week; but then—it was quite fortunate—a gentleman gave me fifty cents and I bought apples from her instead. You feel sorry for any one that's so poor and has such ancient lin-lenage. She says hers has gone into her bones and the rain makes it worse."

Mr. Havisham felt rather at a loss as he looked at his companion's innocent, serious little face.

"I am afraid you did not quite understand me," he explained. "When I said 'ancient lineage' I did not mean old age; I meant that the name of such a family has been known in the world a long time; perhaps for hundreds of years persons bearing that name have been known and spoken of in the history of their country."

"Like George Washington," said Ceddie. "I've heard of him ever since I was born, and he was known about, long before that. Mr. Hobbs says he will never be forgotten. That's because of the Declaration of Independence, you know, and the Fourth of July. You see, he was a very brave man."

"The first Earl of Dorincourt," said Mr. Havisham solemnly, "was created an earl four hundred years ago."

"Well, well!" said Ceddie. "That was a long time ago! Did you tell Dearest that? It would int'ruse her very much. We'll tell her when she comes in. She always likes to hear cur'us things. What else does an earl do besides being created?"

"A great many of them have helped to govern England. Some of them have been brave men and have fought in great battles in the old days."

"I should like to do that myself," said Cedric. "My papa was a soldier, and he was a very brave man—as brave as George Washington. Perhaps that was because he would have been an earl if he had n't died. I am glad earls are brave. That's a great 'vantage—to be a brave man. Once I used to be rather afraid of things—in the dark, you know; but when I thought about the soldiers in the Revolution and George Washington—it cured me."

"There is another advantage in being an earl, sometimes," said Mr. Havisham slowly, and he fixed his shrewd eyes on the little boy with a rather curious expression. "Some earls have a great deal of money."

He was curious because he wondered if his young friend knew what the power of money was.

"That's a good thing to have," said Ceddie innocently. "I wish I had a great deal of money."

"Do you?" said Mr. Havisham. "And why?"

"Well," explained Cedric, "there are so many things a person can do with money. You see, there's the apple-woman. If I were very rich I should buy her a little tent to put her stall in, and a little stove, and then I should give her a dollar every morning it rained, so that she could afford to stay at home. And then—oh! I'd give her a shawl. And, you see, her bones would n't feel so badly. Her bones are not like our bones; they hurt her when she moves. It's very painful when your bones hurt you. If I were rich enough to do all those things for her I guess her bones would be all right."

"Ahem!" said Mr. Havisham. "And what else would you do if you were rich?"

"Oh! I'd do a great many things. Of course I should buy Dearest all sorts of beautiful things, needle-books and fans and gold thimbles and rings, and an encyclopedia, and a carriage, so that she need n't have to wait for the street-cars. If she liked pink silk dresses, I should buy her some, but she likes black best. But I'd take her to the big stores, and tell her to look 'round and choose for herself. And then Dick —"

"Who is Dick?" asked Mr. Havisham.

"Dick is a boot-black," said his young lordship, quite warming up in his interest in plans so exciting. "He is one of the nicest boot-blacks you ever knew. He stands at the corner of a street down

town. I've known him for years. Once when I was very little, I was walking out with Dearest and she bought me a beautiful ball that bounced, and I was carrying it and it bounced into the middle of the street where the carriages and horses were, and I was so disappointed, I began to cry—I was very little. I had kilts on, and Dick was blacking a man's shoes, and he said 'Hello!' and he ran in

"Well," said Lord Fauntleroy, settling himself in his chair with a business air; "I'd buy Jake out."

"And who is Jake?" Mr. Havisham asked.

"He's Dick's partner, and he is the worst partner a fellow could have! Dick says so. He is n't a credit to the business, and he is n't square. He cheats, and that makes Dick mad. It would make



"MR. HOBBS," SAID CEDRIC, "AN EARL IS SITTING ON THIS BOX NOW!"

between the horses and caught the ball for me and wiped it off with his coat and gave it to me and said: 'It's all right, young un.' So Dearest admired him very much, and so did I, and ever since then, when we go down town, we talk to him. He says 'Hello!' and I say 'Hello!' and then we talk a little, and he tells me how trade is. It's been bad lately."

"And what would you like to do for him?" inquired the lawyer, rubbing his chin and smiling a queer smile.

you mad, you know, if you were blacking boots as hard as you could, and being square all the time, and your partner was n't square at all. People like Dick, but they don't like Jake, and so sometimes they don't come twice. So if I were rich, I'd buy Jake out and get Dick a 'boss' sign—he says a 'boss' sign goes a long way; and I'd get him some new clothes and new brushes, and start him out fair. He says all he wants is to start out fair."

There could have been nothing more confiding and innocent than the way in which his small

lordship told his little story, quoting his friend Dick's bits of slang in the most candid good faith. He seemed to feel not a shade of a doubt that his elderly companion would be just as interested as he was himself. And in truth Mr. Havisham was beginning to be greatly interested; but perhaps not quite so much in Dick and the apple-woman as in this kind little lordling, whose curly head was so busy, under its yellow thatch, with good-natured plans for his friends, and who seemed somehow to have forgotten himself altogether.

"Is there anything —" he began. "What would you get for yourself, if you were rich?"

"Lots of things!" answered Lord Fauntleroy briskly; "but first I'd give Mary some money for Bridget—that's her sister, with twelve children, and a husband out of work. She comes here and cries, and Dearest gives her things in a basket, and then she cries again, and says: 'Blessin's be on yez, for a beautiful lady.' And I think Mr. Hobbs would like a gold watch and chain to remember me by, and a meerschaum pipe. And then I'd like to get up a company."

"A company!" exclaimed Mr. Havisham.

"Like a Republican rally," explained Cedric, becoming quite excited. "I'd have torches and uniforms and things for all the boys and myself, too. And we'd march, you know, and drill. That's what I should like for myself, if I were rich."

The door opened and Mrs. Errol came in.

"I am sorry to have been obliged to leave you so long," she said to Mr. Havisham; "but a poor woman, who is in great trouble, came to see me."

"This young gentleman," said Mr. Havisham, "has been telling me about some of his friends, and what he would do for them if he were rich."

"Bridget is one of his friends," said Mrs. Errol; "and it is Bridget to whom I have been talking in the kitchen. She is in great trouble now because her husband has rheumatic fever."

Cedric slipped down out of his big chair.

"I think I'll go and see her," he said, "and ask her how he is. He's a nice man when he is well. I'm obliged to him because he once made me a sword out of wood. He's a very talented man."

He ran out of the room, and Mr. Havisham rose from his chair. He seemed to have something in his mind which he wished to speak of. He hesitated a moment, and then said, looking down at Mrs. Errol:

"Before I left Dorincourt Castle, I had an interview with the Earl, in which he gave me some instructions. He is desirous that his grandson should look forward with some pleasure to his future life in England, and also to his acquaintance

with himself. He said that I must let his lordship know that the change in his life would bring him money and the pleasures children enjoy; if he expressed any wishes I was to gratify them, and to tell him that his grandfather had given him what he wished. I am aware that the Earl did not expect anything quite like this; but if it would give Lord Fauntleroy pleasure to assist this poor woman, I should feel that the Earl would be displeased if he were not gratified."

For the second time, he did not repeat the Earl's exact words. His lordship had, indeed, said:

"Make the lad understand that I can give him anything he wants. Let him know what it is to be the grandson of the Earl of Dorincourt. Buy him everything he takes a fancy to; let him have money in his pockets, and tell him his grandfather put it there."

His motives were far from being good, and if he had been dealing with a nature less affectionate and warm-hearted than little Lord Fauntleroy's, great harm might have been done. And Cedric's mother was too gentle to suspect any harm. She thought that perhaps this meant that a lonely, unhappy old man, whose children were dead, wished to be kind to her little boy, and win his love and confidence. And it pleased her very much to think that Ceddie would be able to help Bridget. It made her happier to know that the very first result of the strange fortune which had befallen her little boy was that he could do kind things for those who needed kindness. Quite a warm color bloomed on her pretty young face.

"Oh!" she said, "that was very kind of the Earl; Cedric will be so glad! He has always been fond of Bridget and Michael. They are quite deserving. I have often wished I had been able to help them more. Michael is a hard-working man when he is well, but he has been ill a long time and needs expensive medicines and warm clothing and nourishing food. He and Bridget will not be wasteful of what is given them."

Mr. Havisham put his thin hand in his breast pocket and drew forth a large pocket-book. There was a queer look in his keen face. The truth was, he was wondering what the Earl of Dorincourt would say when he was told what was the first wish of his grandson that had been granted. He wondered what the cross, worldly, selfish old nobleman would think of it.

"I do not know that you have realized," he said, "that the Earl of Dorincourt is an exceedingly rich man. He can afford to gratify any caprice. I think it would please him to know that Lord Fauntleroy had been indulged in any fancy. If you will call him back and allow me, I shall give him five pounds for these people."

"That would be twenty-five dollars!" exclaimed Mrs. Errol. "It will seem like wealth to them. I can scarcely believe that it is true."

"It is quite true," said Mr. Havisham, with his dry smile. "A great change has taken place in your son's life, a great deal of power will lie in his hands."

"Oh!" cried his mother. "And he is such a little boy—a very little boy. How can I teach him to use it well? It makes me half afraid. My pretty little Ceddie!"

The lawyer slightly cleared his throat. It touched his worldly, hard old heart to see the tender, timid look in her brown eyes.

"I think, Madam," he said, "that if I may judge from my interview with Lord Fauntleroy this morning, the next Earl of Dorincourt will think for others as well as for his noble self. He is only a child yet, but I think he may be trusted."

Then his mother went for Cedric and brought him back into the parlor. Mr. Havisham heard him talking before he entered the room.

"It's infam-natory rheumatism," he was saying, "and that's a kind of rheumatism that's dreadful. And he thinks about the rent not being paid, and Bridget says that makes the inf'ammation worse. And Pat could get a place in a store if he had some clothes."

His little face looked quite anxious when he came in. He was very sorry for Bridget.

"Dearest said you wanted me," he said to Mr. Havisham. "I've been talking to Bridget."

Mr. Havisham looked down at him a moment. He felt a little awkward and undecided. As Cedric's mother had said, he was a very little boy.

"The Earl of Dorincourt——" he began, and then he glanced involuntarily at Mrs. Errol.

Little Lord Fauntleroy's mother suddenly kneeled down by him and put both her tender arms around his childish body.

"Ceddie," she said, "the Earl is your grandpapa, your own papa's father. He is very, very kind, and he loves you and wishes you to love him, because the sons who were his little boys are dead. He wishes you to be happy and to make other people happy. He is very rich, and he wishes you to have everything you would like to have. He told Mr. Havisham so, and gave him a great deal of money for you. You can give some to Bridget now; enough to pay her rent and buy Michael everything. Is n't that fine, Ceddie? Is n't he good?" And she kissed the child on his round cheek, where the bright color suddenly flashed up in his excited amazement.

He looked from his mother to Mr. Havisham.

"Can I have it now?" he cried. "Can I give it to her this minute? She's just going."

Mr. Havisham handed him the money. It was in fresh, clean greenbacks and made a neat roll.

Ceddie flew out of the room with it.

"Bridget!" they heard him shout, as he tore into the kitchen. "Bridget, wait a minute! Here's some money. It's for you, and you can pay the rent. My grandpapa gave it to me. It's for you and Michael!"

"Oh, Master Ceddie!" cried Bridget, in an awe-stricken voice. "It's twinty-foive dollars is here. Where be's the misthress?"

"I think I shall have to go and explain it to her," Mrs Errol said.

So she, too, went out of the room and Mr. Havisham was left alone for a while. He went to the window and stood looking out into the street reflectively. He was thinking of the old Earl of Dorincourt, sitting in his great, splendid, gloomy library at the castle, gouty and lonely, surrounded by grandeur and luxury, but not really loved by any one, because in all his long life he had never really loved any one but himself; he had been selfish and self-indulgent and arrogant and passionate; he had cared so much for the Earl of Dorincourt and his pleasures that there had been no time for him to think of other people; all his wealth and power, all the benefits from his noble name and high rank, had seemed to him to be things only to be used to amuse and give pleasure to the Earl of Dorincourt; and now that he was an old man, all this excitement and self-indulgence had only brought him ill health and irritability and a dislike of the world, which certainly disliked him. In spite of all his splendor, there was never a more unpopular old nobleman than the Earl of Dorincourt, and there could scarcely have been a more lonely one. He could fill his castle with guests if he chose. He could give great dinners and splendid hunting parties; but he knew that in secret the people who would accept his invitations were afraid of his frowning old face and sarcastic, biting speeches. He had a cruel tongue and a bitter nature, and he took pleasure in sneering at people and making them feel uncomfortable, when he had the power to do so, because they were sensitive or proud or timid.

Mr. Havisham knew his hard, fierce ways by heart, and he was thinking of him as he looked out of the window into the narrow, quiet street. And there rose in his mind, in sharp contrast, the picture of the cheery, handsome little fellow sitting in the big chair and telling his story of his friends, Dick and the apple-woman, in his generous, innocent, honest way. And he thought of the immense income, the beautiful, majestic estates, the wealth, and power for good or evil, which in the course

of time would lie in the small, chubby hands little Lord Fauntleroy thrust so deep into his pockets.

"It will make a great difference," he said to himself. "It will make a great difference."

Cedric and his mother came back soon after. Cedric was in high spirits. He sat down in his own chair, between his mother and the lawyer, and fell into one of his quaint attitudes, with his

hands on his knees. He was glowing with enjoyment of Bridget's relief and rapture.

"She cried!" he said. "She said she was crying for joy! I never saw any one cry for joy before. My grandpapa must be a very good man. I did n't know he was so good a man. It's more—more agreeable to be an earl than I thought it was. I'm almost glad—I'm almost *quite* glad I'm going to be one."

(*To be continued.*)

## THE SNOW-STORM.

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

LIGHTLY and whitely  
As wheat from the grain,  
Thickly and quickly  
As thoughts through the brain,  
So fast and so dumb  
Do the snow-flakes come;—  
Swift, swift as the lays drop  
From glad poet-lips,  
Soft, soft as the days drop  
From Time's finger-tips.  
Oh, so many, so many!

Yet no sound from any.  
Oh, so fast, oh, so fast!  
Yet no track where they passed.  
Oh, so fragile, so frail!  
Yet no force can prevail  
To speed them or stay them.  
No prayer can out-weigh them.  
They fall where they must,  
Through the fathomless gray,  
And bring to earth's dust  
What of heaven they may.

## NEW BITS OF TALK FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

BY H. H. (HELEN JACKSON.)

### THE MAGIC CLOCKS.—PART II.

AFTER a long time, almost a year, the old man really did come back. It was in the pleasant spring-time that he had come at first, and the last snow was just melting away when he came the second time.

The children had a big snow-man in their yard; they made him in February, and the cold weather had continued so steadily that he had lasted away into April, much to the children's delight. He was a giant snow-man; fully six feet high. They called him the Colossus of Rhodes, after a picture their father had shown to them of a great statue which stood astride a gulf of water, hundreds and hundreds of years ago.

So splendid a snow-man had never before been seen in the town, and the children had two months' solid fun with him,—piecing him, putting big elbows on him, sticking red woolen caps on his

head, tying comforters around his neck, fastening placards on his breast, such as "Pity the sorrows of a poor blind man," "I am cold," or "Fresh from the North Pole." This last was Helen's device. She also made a bright blue and white flag, out of two old silk pocket-handkerchiefs, and on the white half she worked, in big blue letters, "The Ice Captain." This she sewed on the end of an old hearth-brush handle, and stuck it into the snow-man's right hand. The brush handle was bright red and yellow, and the effect of the whole was very gay.

But the days of the snow-man were fast drawing to a close. In the last week of March he began to sink in stature. Each day he settled down more and more, and grew shorter, and shorter, until even Elizabeth could reach his head by standing on tip-toe. Finally, his right arm fell off and made a big snow pile down by his side; then a mis-

chievous town boy stoned off his head, and the children decided that they would finish up the job of destroying him themselves. So that was what they were at, the morning their old friend the Magic-Clock man returned.

It was just as it had been the first time. They did not hear a footstep, or a sound of any kind, until suddenly they looked around and saw the old

stern to her. She, more than any of the others, believed that the old man was really a magician, and that he would know all she had done during the whole year, and how that very morning, when her nurse hurt her head a little, combing the tangles out of her curly hair, she had spoken so snappishly to her that the little white clock had rung out in as loud and disapproving a tone



man standing at the gate. He had the same big box on his back, and the same pleasant smile on his face, and he looked at them steadily, as before, without speaking.

"Oh, there is the old man!" exclaimed Elizabeth, joyfully.

"I told you he would come," said Frank, and they all ran to the gate as fast as they could go; only Helen lagged a little, and shyly hung her pretty head, for fear the old man would say something

as ever, and poor Helen had thought to herself: "Dear me! I shall never, never learn to keep my temper!"

But, strange to say, there was not one of the children who received so loving and friendly a glance from the old man as that which he gave to Helen. He waited until she had come up before he spoke a word; then, stretching out his hand, he laid it on her curls, and vigorously nodding his head, he said, smiling all the while like a sunbeam:

"Tangle Locks,—magic clocks. How did they go, little one?"

Helen could not speak; but the other three all cried out at once:

"Oh, they are lovely! We thank you ever so much."

Frank, true to his resolution, had already taken firm hold of the old man's coat-tail and begun with his questioning:

"We want to know, sir,——" He did not get any farther with his question. Interrupting him in a kindly but firm tone, the old man said:

"I am going to tell you all you can know about it. The things you were going to ask me are things you can not be told."

"How did he know what I was going to ask him?" thought Frank. "He is a great magician, I do believe. But I think he might tell me what makes the clocks strike, and why they don't need any winding up."

The old man was unstrapping his box from his shoulders. As he set it upon the ground, the children gathered closer around him, with eager looks. They thought he was going to open it, and perhaps give them some new kind of magic gift. But he only smiled, and shook his head.

"No, no," he said, seating himself on the box, "I have nothing for you in my box. It is full of just the same sort of magic clocks that I gave you. I never carry anything else. My only business is to go about the world, giving them to boys and girls. Then, after they have had the clocks a year, I come again to see what use they have made of them."

Here he fixed his eyes on Helen, who grew very red in the face, and tried to hide behind Frank. But the old man reached out a very long arm, and, drawing her forward, took her between his knees, and again patted her golden curls.

"We should like to know, sir," again began Frank, who still kept a corner of one of the old man's coat-tails tightly grasped in his hand. "We should like to know, sir,——"

He did not get any farther in his question. Interrupting him in the same gentle, kindly voice, the old man continued speaking as if he had not heard Frank at all.

"I have not brought you any presents this year, but I am going to tell you something which will be better than any present in the world."

The children all crowded closer, their eyes full of wonder and interest. But Frank did not let go the coat-tail.

"I don't care," he was saying to himself; "he sha'n't slip away from me this time till I find out about the wheels."

"The thing I am going to tell you now," con-

tinued the old man, "is even more wonderful than the clocks. I tell it only to such children as have made good use of their clocks, and have tried to obey the warnings given them. I see that you have done so. I can tell as soon as I look at children's faces whether they have tried or not."

At this Helen lifted up her face, encouraged; and, looking directly into the old man's kind, gray eyes, whispered:

"I have tried very hard."

The old man nodded, and patted her curls, as he went on:

"I did not tell you, when I was here before, anything about these clocks. Now, I shall explain to you what makes them strike."

"Ha!" thought Frank, "now we're coming to it. That's something like!" and in his eager delight he dropped the coat-tail and crowded up closer in front of the old man.

"There is a fairy inside of each clock," said the old man; "a fairy so small that no human eyes can see her."

Helen caught her breath. "Oh, a real live fairy?" she said. "Will she never come out and speak to us?"

"The way they speak is by striking the clocks," replied the old man. "That is all they are there for—to keep watch over all you do, and to call out to you, by striking the clocks, to warn you when you do wrong, and to praise you when you do right. These fairies live in the clocks; but they can come out of them whenever they like. And part of their work has to be done outside of the clocks. Where do you think?"

Here he paused for an answer; but the children were too excited to make any answer.

"Outside the clocks!" ejaculated Frank.

"Yes, outside the clocks," continued the old man. "Outside the clocks; on—your—faces!"

Here he paused and looked smilingly at the children, almost laughing at the bewilderment he saw in their eyes.

"On—our—faces!" repeated Elizabeth, thoughtfully, rubbing her cheek with her hand as she spoke. "Oh, I guess——"

"Yes, you can guess, perhaps," the old man said; "but I shall tell the others, and you will see if you guessed right. The work the fairies do on your faces is this: They are obliged to keep a written record there, of every time the clocks strike."

"Every time!" exclaimed Elizabeth. She thought she must have guessed wrongly. "Our faces would be all marked up then!"

"So they are!" replied the old man, "all marked up; and people who understand the fairies' writing can read the records as soon as they



look at you. That is the way I knew, as soon as I looked at you, to-day, that you had been making a good use of your clocks this whole year — that you had been growing better and better children all the time."

At this the tears rolled down Helen's cheek. "Oh, no," she said; "you did n't read it right on my face; for only this morning I was as cross as ever to my nurse, because my hair was snarled."

"That's nothing!" spoke up Frank. "You did read it right, sir; she's grown to be kind and good almost all the time. We all think so, don't we?" and he looked at the others.

"Yes, indeed," said Elizabeth; and, "Yes, indeed!" echoed James.

The old man nodded. "I'm never mistaken," he said. "There is no such thing as mistaking that kind of writing on faces. Every time the clock strikes for a mean act or a cross word, out flies the fairy and draws a line about the mouth or about the eyes that says, 'mean!' 'cross!' or 'untrue!' just as plain as plain English. And every time the clock strikes for a pleasant, kind, generous, loving, true act or word, out flies the fairy, so happy and glad, and draws the lines which mean, 'pleasant,' 'kind,' 'generous,' 'loving,' 'true,' on the face. And these lines never die out. It is n't like any other writing. Writing in ink or with pencil — all such writing fades; and the paper it is written on is destroyed in a thousand ways, — torn, burned up, lost. All such writing comes to an end, and disappears sooner or later. But the writing on faces never fades. It grows clearer and clearer the longer you live; and you can never get a new face till you die; the one that you are born with must last you to the end of life! And if you allow your face to become written all over with ugly lines, of dishonest, mean, unkind, ill-natured actions, almost before you know it, you will have what is called 'a bad face.' You often hear people say of a man, 'he has a bad face,' or 'he has a good face.' That is what the fairies who write on faces have done, to let the whole world know what sort of a man or woman the person is."

"Some people are born pretty, Nurse says," interrupted Helen, timidly; "she says you can't spoil a pretty face."

"Nurse is mistaken," said the old man energetically. "That is a great mistake. The prettiest face in the world can be made frightful to look at, simply by being written full of hateful actions and

words; and the plainest face in the world can be made to look beautiful by being written full of love and kindness and truth."

"That's like Mamma's face," said Elizabeth.

"Yes! yes!" cried all the children.

"Then your mamma has been all her life doing kind things, and speaking pleasant words," said the old man.

"That's so," said Frank.

"Will being cross a few times, spoil one's face?" asked poor Helen anxiously.

"Oh, no! dear child," the old man answered, "luckily for everybody. If that were so, the fairies would be discouraged with their writing, for they hate to make bad faces. Whatever lines are in the majority, as the days go by, will show on the faces. If there are ten pleasant lines to one ill-natured one, the ill-natured one will be so crossed out that it will not show."

"Ten to one," sighed Helen; "that's a great many."

"Pshaw!" cried Frank, "you have twenty to one, on your face, Helen; you're pleasant twenty times, nowadays, where you are cross once."

The old man gave a queer sort of chuckle.

"You'll do, children," he said, rising, and putting Helen down on the ground. "You'll do! I wish all my children understood it all as well as you seem to."

"But we should like to know, sir," began Frank, catching hold of the old man's coat-tail once more. "Before you go, we should like to know, sir, —"

He did not get any farther with his question. As suddenly as he vanished the first time, the old man had vanished now. Big box, straps, sunny smile, old man, — all gone, like a puff of smoke! Not a sign of a living creature in the street; not a trace of a cloud in the sky.

The children rubbed their eyes, and gazed up and down, and at each other, too astonished to speak.

Frank first found his voice.

"I never saw anything like it!" he said. "It's too provoking. The next time he comes, I sha'n't drop his coat-tail one single second. I'm determined to find out about those wheels."

"I think he's told us all he means to," said Elizabeth. "I don't believe he'll ever come back again."

What is the old man's name?

And where are his clocks to be found? Guess!



ENOUGH FOR TWO.

## SANTA CLAUS ON A LARK.

BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

ON a certain twenty-fourth day of December, about four o'clock in the afternoon, if you had been looking in at the front windows of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Bank, in the city of Smokopolis, you would have seen a big book, lying open on a desk, shut itself up with a sounding smack, spring into the air, and go flying to its place on the shelf of the vault in the rear of the counting-room.

While you were wondering what might be the matter with the big book, you would suddenly dis-

cover that its remarkable antics were due to the agency of a little man whom you had hardly noticed before, whose chubby hands had closed the book, lifted it above his head, and borne it swiftly to its resting-place. Now that the big book is out of sight, you get a better look at the little man, as he skips back from the vault, plucks a pen from one ear and a pencil from the other, lays them down upon the rack of his inkstand, and then steps briskly across the floor again to the anteroom, whence he brings forth a gray overcoat with fur

collar ; into this he quickly plunges, and sets a visorless sealskin cap daintily on his head. All these movements are swift and sure, but noiseless ; you would scarcely hear his step if you were in the counting-room ; he opens the door of the ante-room, and shuts it without any clatter ; he is as spry and as sly and as silent as a humming-bird.

Little ? Well, I should say so ! About five feet three in his high-heeled boots ; plump figure ; ruddy face with no suspicion of beard ; bright gray eyes ; curling chestnut hair ; nose like a Seckel pear, and pursy little bud of a mouth, ready on the shortest notice to blossom into a smile. How old ? I give it up. If I should say that he is twenty, you would believe it ; and if I should put him down at forty, you would not dispute it. He is one of those plump, fresh, cheery people who never grow old.

He has donned his overcoat, and stands pulling on his fur gloves and looking out of the window at the softly-falling snow before any of the clerks have discovered his movements. Then Finch, the paying-teller, looks up quickly and says with a smile : "Hello, Ben ! Off for the night ?"

"Yes, and for the morrow, too," answers the little man in a chirping tone.

"Of course. A good holiday to you, old chap ! You've earned it, if anybody has."

"Thank you, sir. Your saying so will help to make it merry."

"Good-night, Ben !"

"Merry Christmas, Ben !"

Such are the hearty words that follow him as he hurries away. It is evident that he is a favorite among his fellows.

As he walks up the busy street, dodging the porters rushing out of the stores with boxes and bundles, and the shoppers hurrying home with their hands full of parcels, and their eyes still turning to the bright show-windows, he gets ever and anon a bow and a friendly word from the persons whom he meets—greetings which he returns with a sprightly courtesy. Two clerical-looking gentlemen pause and shake hands with him, the one introducing him to the other. It is Doctor Adams of the Third Presbyterian Church who knows the little man, and who tells his companion, after they have parted with him, something of his history. Let us listen :

"Benoni Benaiah Benjamin, that is his name," says the Doctor laughing.

"My, what a name !" answers the other. "Is he a Hebrew, pray ?"

"Oh, no ; he is the son of a Puritan Yankee who settled in Western Pennsylvania years ago. He was an only child, and his father and mother were killed in a railway accident when he was

about twelve years old ; the company gave him a position as train newsboy and kept a kindly watch over him ; he was steady and frugal, saved his money and took a term or two at a commercial college ; then he took a place as bookkeeper in a bank down street, and has now been there ten years. He is a first-class bookkeeper and one of the best known and best loved men in the city. I don't know why he is so popular. He is very quiet, one of the properest little men you ever saw ; never says or does an undignified thing ; never takes a prominent part in public affairs ; never blows his trumpet on the streets when he bestows his alms, so nobody knows what charitable deeds he may do, though there is a general impression that he is a very generous giver. Whatever good he does, he manages to keep well hidden. I don't think I have another man in my church whose influence is, on the whole, more salutary and helpful, than that of little Ben Benjamin."

Meantime the little man, whose ears might have burned if they had not been tingling with the keen Christmas frost, has turned into a broad avenue, and is hurrying homeward. The snow falls faster and faster ; the sleighing, which was somewhat worn, will be thoroughly repaired.

Through the gate that opens before a pretty cottage the little man passes, and lets himself in with a latch-key, at the front door. A kindly-faced old lady comes forward to meet him, takes from his hands his scarf and his cap, and leads him into the little drawing-room, where a bright fire is glowing in the grate. Good Mrs. Snowden has had Ben Benjamin as her sole boarder for ten years, and the business interest of the landlady and the stately courtesy of the hostess are by this time wholly swallowed up in the motherly affection with which she has learned to regard him. He has taken in her heart the place that belonged to her own son, who died just before Ben came to live with her. The rocking-chair that he likes is drawn up by the fire and the evening paper lies within reach on a stand at his elbow. But the little man shows no interest in the news of the day ; his mind is evidently preoccupied. He sits with his feet upon the fender, looking into the blazing coals, and musing while the fire burns.

"It is snowing fast, Mr. Benjamin," the landlady ventures.

"Very fast ; fast enough to make a lovely Christmas counterpane in an hour. An inch or two must have fallen already."

"Will you drive to-night, as usual ?"

"Certainly ; the ponies need the exercise, and I don't mind the snow."

"When Thomas came in, after feeding the ponies," Mrs. Snowden continues, "he said that

an expressman had just brought a barrel addressed to you, to be left at the stable. Christmas gifts for the ponies, I dare say."

"Likely enough!" laughed Ben. "Of course Santa Claus would n't forget *them*."

The maid now announces supper. After it is finished, Ben dons his overcoat and his warm Arctic overshoes, and is ready for his customary evening drive.

"Don't sit up for me," he says carelessly to Mrs. Snowden. "I shall take a long drive to-night, and it may be late before I return."

The landlady lifts her eye-brows slightly; this is unwonted behavior; but her confidence in her *protégé* allows no questioning. So Ben sallies forth, bidding her good-night, and leaving her to speculate on his mysterious performance.

It must, by this time, be as evident to my readers as it was to Mrs. Snowden that there is something unusual on the mind of our hero; and it is impossible any longer to hide the secret which he has so carefully concealed. The truth is that this quiet, kindly, proper little man has determined that to-night, for once in his life, he will go off on a regular lark. He has been cherishing this purpose for three or four weeks. Perhaps the first suggestion of it came into his mind on the afternoon when the first snow fell. He was driving along Elm avenue in his cute little cutter, drawn by the prancing brown ponies that are now so well known in Smokopolis, when he heard, through the resonant air that often accompanies a snow-storm, a little girl standing on a corner say to her companion: "My! would n't he make a lovely Santa Claus!"

"*Would n't* he, though!" exclaimed the other. "He's just the right size."

"And what a jolly little face, too! Only Santa Claus has whiskers, I think."

Ben laughed softly, when he heard it, and then kept thinking it over.

Would n't it be fun to *be* a veritable Santa Claus, and go about giving gifts?—not to take anybody into the secret, of course; to surprise everybody with presents that nobody could account for; or, perhaps, to let them have a glimpse of the messenger, hurriedly depositing his favors and swiftly departing, unheralded and unexplained. The more he thought of it, the more he was fascinated by the notion. But it would not do to attempt it here in Smokopolis; he would almost certainly be discovered. It could only be done in some secluded country place where there were no throngs and no gas-lamps on the streets. Springdale—that was the very place! It was a village thirteen miles north of the city; one long street running east and west, crossed at its western extremity by the Gridiron Railway,

and lying sheltered and secure from the noises of the world in a lovely valley, the abode of peace. The houses on either side the long street were well separated; and there was not enough movement on the street to interfere with such a shadowy visitation as Ben was contemplating. So the plan had gradually shaped itself in his mind.

He would collect, one by one, a large number of gifts, of all sorts, suitable for old and young; on Christmas eve, after dark, he would steal away to Springdale, watch his chances, and make his distribution in ways that might then be opened to him. The barrel which had been delivered, that afternoon, at the stable, contained the store which was thus to be dispensed. He had purchased these gifts in many places; and had kept them in a private closet of his own in the basement of the bank building; the expressman had brought the barrel to the stable by his order. This is the secret that is hidden in the breast of Benoni Benaiah Benjamin, as he bids Mrs. Snowden good-night, and trots briskly down the garden-walk in the direction of the stable where the brown ponies, Dunder and Blixen, who know their master's step, are whinnying to give him greeting. These ponies are almost the only luxury little Ben allows himself; they have been in his possession now for four years; and every day, after banking hours, Ben is whirling along some country road behind them, filling his lungs with the sweet air of the hills and his heart with the pure delight of motion.

Ben opens the stable door and is greeted by an audible horse-giggle from the ponies, as they take from his fingers the accustomed lump of sugar with great gusto, and rub their brown cheeks against his red cheeks in a very loving fashion.

Ben now lights his lantern, casts off his overcoat, seizes a hatchet and quickly unheads the mysterious barrel; then he transfers its contents to his sleigh, carefully placing them so that he may easily lay his hands on them,—dolls in one pile, games in another, books by themselves, toys for the little folk in a separate heap; two or three warm little shawls for the shoulders of old ladies (shawls such as Ben had given to his landlady last winter and found her often rejoicing in), and a variety of miscellaneous articles, of which he hopes to make some fitting disposal. From the bottom of the barrel he pulls out a white cap, made of the fur of the Arctic fox, and a flowing white wig and beard. Arrayed in these disguises, he glances at his face as revealed in the bit of looking-glass that Thomas keeps for his stable toilet, and breaks into a gleeful laugh. Suddenly he checks himself, covers his mouth with his hands, and goes dancing across the stable floor. Such a jolly little Santa Claus as he is, with his keen eyes, his little dump-

ling of a nose, and his red cheeks blooming out of this shock of white hair! His fur coat will complete the costume.

"Hey, Dunder! Ho, Blixen!" he softly cries, as he confronts the ponies. "Did you ever see Santa Claus?"

The ponies answer with a snort, starting back in their stalls, but Ben's voice re-assures them. Quickly now he flings on the harness, from which he removes the bells; and, tucking his gray fur lap-robe carefully around his treasures, he puts his lighted lantern between his feet, underneath the robe, and drives away. Out through the alley, across the street, and down another unfrequented lane he slips swiftly along, and soon is beyond the street-lamps, out in the open country. Dunder and Blixen are in their gayest mood; they fill their nostrils with the winter wind, and spin away right merrily.

It is now about seven o'clock, and there are thirteen miles to cover; but Ben does not wish to reach Springdale too early; the ponies will easily make it by half-past eight. Dearborn Woods, a stretch of forest three miles long, lies just ahead of him; and Dunder and Blixen plunge into its somber arches at a brisk pace. It is a familiar road to them, and they are wont to quicken their gait when they enter its shadows. Now the long-pent-up mirth of the little man can safely effervesce, and his cheery laugh rings through the woods in clear, melodious laughter.

"Oho! ho! ho!" he cries; "is n't this a jolly lark, indeed? Who would ever have suspected you, Benoni Benjamin, of cutting this kind of a caper? What would Doctor Adams and the church folk say if they caught you in this ridiculous rig? But they wont catch you, eh? No; they wont. Ho! ho! ho! The Doctor said one day, in the Bible class, that Ben in Hebrew words means son of something or other, Benoni Benaiah Benjamin, what are you the son of, to-night? I have it. The College boys sing it:

'I'm the son of a son of a  
Son of a son of a  
Son of a gambolier.'

That's what I am? Hey! Oho! ho!"

The little man trolls this merry stave—it happens to be all he knows of the song—over and over again, and laughs and shouts till Dunder and Blixen catch the infection, and, shaking their heads and snorting vociferously, they break into a gallop.—If there had been any elves or goblins in Dearborn Woods that night, they would surely have come forth from their hiding-places at the sound of Ben Benjamin's laughter; but neither they nor any of human kind responded to his mer-

rimint, and when he emerged from the woods and the lights of the farm-houses began to re-appear by the roadside, his jubilation was subdued to a merry little laugh, and the ponies sped over the snow with scarcely a sound.—

The soft falling snow slowly increases in depth as they go northward, and the driver compels his eager coursers to take a more leisurely pace. At this rate, six or eight inches of snow will be added during the night to the well-worn sleighing—more than enough for Christmas uses. Thus far, Ben has neither met nor overtaken a single way-farer; but, as he reaches the top of a long hill, he sees a light approaching from the direction of Springdale. It is Doctor Horton, the physician of that village, going out on some professional errand and carrying his lantern in his buggy.

"Here's a go!" says Ben to himself, "How shall we dodge that lantern? It's some old covey that will want to talk, I'll venture. Look alive there, Blixen; you and Dunder must get me out of this."

The light draws near, and as the horses meet, the Doctor turns the light of the lantern full upon Ben's face. His own eyes are as big as dollars.

"Je-ru-sha!" he exclaims (it is the only expression of the sort he allows himself), "What's this anyhow?"

The passage is somewhat narrow, and Ben is giving strict attention to his ponies. His only answer is a little gurgling laugh.

"Who are you? What's your name? Where on earth did you come from?" cries Doctor Horton hurriedly, his voice quivering a little.

"Oho! ho! ho!" laughed Ben, with a tone as musical and as gay as the horns of Elfland.

"Good-natured laugh!" says the Doctor; "nothing impish in that, I'll guarantee."

In a moment, the travelers are well past each other, and Ben's ponies are trotting down the hill.

"I say!" cries the Doctor, turning on his seat and holding up his lantern.

"Say on!" cries Ben hilariously.

"I've a mind to follow," says the Doctor aloud, turning his horse's head. But Ben's little ponies spring into their best gait, showing the Doctor at once how vain it would be for him with his aged steed, to undertake the pursuit. Down the hill they go at a tearing pace, while the voice of Ben is borne back on the wings of the wind:

"I'm the son of a son of a  
Son of a son of a  
Son of a gambolier."

"Well," ejaculated the Doctor, drawing a long breath, "you are about the spryest little spook

I have met in my travels. None of the Smokopolis boys are likely to be off on this lonely road at this time of night, and you don't belong in Springdale, *that* I know. You're a conundrum, and I give you up. But I don't believe that you are bent on mischief. Too gay a laugh, and too merry an eye for that." And turning his horse's head southward, the Doctor jogs on.

After this Ben meets no travelers until he turns the corner, near the blacksmith shop, at the eastern extremity of Springdale street. Here a belated farmer, upon an empty wood-rack, scans the small establishment inquisitively, but it is dark, and Ben has flung the corner of his lap-robe over his head, so that the gaze of the curious rustic is scantily rewarded. Now he is driving down the village street, and the shafts of light are shot athwart the way, through the falling snow, from the windows of the houses on either side. In default of street lamps, all the villagers open their shutters and draw their curtains, in the winter evenings, that the light of the fireside may guide and cheer the traveler.

It is now nine o'clock, for the deepening snow has somewhat retarded our amateur Santa Claus. But it is a very good time for him to make a *reconnaissance* of the village. Through these open windows he can gain many hints as to the best disposition of his bounty. He will drive carefully and slowly down on one side of the wide street and back on the other, keeping his eyes open and noting the houses; then he will go round again, a little later, and make his distribution.

"Steady, Dunder! Slowly, Blixen!" he says softly: "let's look a minute!" They are stopping before a low, broad cottage, with sloping roof; a white-haired woman is sitting by the evening lamp. "That gray shoulder-shawl will fit you beautifully!" says Ben. A little girl about eight years old is sitting by the side of the old lady—grandmother and granddaughter beyond a doubt: the maiden is working away for dear life on some bit of worsted, and glancing stealthily over her shoulder, now and then, at her father who sits reading on the other side of the table. "Good!" chuckles Ben, who takes in the situation, at a glance; "you shall have one of the work-boxes, little Busy-fingers!" So while the ponies stand, he writes by the light of his lantern, under the lap-robe, on two cards, "For the old Lady," and, "For the fair-haired Girl,"—pins the one on the shawl, and shuts the other into the work-box; makes a bundle of them, and lays them together in a corner of the sleigh. So he goes from house to house, picking out the presents, slipping them into big paper bags that he has provided; one bag for each house,

and piling the bags in regular order in his sleigh. Some of the houses refuse to give him any clew to the age and quality of their occupants; but before he has made the circuit of the street he has found places for all his small wares, and he feels well assured that the greater number of them will be fittingly bestowed. A good half-hour has been taken in this *reconnaissance*; when it is finished he scuds back toward the eastern end of the street to begin the distribution. Very few pedestrians have appeared on the sidewalks, and these he has managed to dodge by skillfully tarrying in the dark places between the houses until they were past. But now, a boy of ten, carrying a bundle, and whistling blithely, plunges out from the walk and cries:

"Let me ride?"

Ben is too good-natured to refuse, and the boy fastens himself to the side of the sleigh, clinging to his bundle.

"Slick little team you have there," he says.

"Well, I reckon!" answers Ben in his tuneful falsetto.

"Can they go?" asks the boy.

"Yes, pretty well for little fellows."

Ben wishes to answer no more questions, so he quickly reverses the order of the colloquy and becomes inquisitor himself.

"What's your name, boy?"

"Jack Kilbourne."

"Any relation to Jack the Giant-Killer?"

"Oh, yes; I'm his great-grandfather's second cousin," answers Jack, promptly.

"Oho! ho!" laughs Ben. "You're an old one, you are! Any younger ones at your house?"

"Yes, *sir*! We've a new boy baby there not four weeks old. And then there's Sis; she's been up to Grandma's now for a month, and she's comin' down to-night on the 'commodation. There's the whistle, now!"

"Is she coming alone?"

"Yes; Uncle Tom's put her on the train, and Papa will meet her at the depot."

"What's her name?"

"Lil."

"How old is she?"

"'Bout five or six, I guess."

"Where do you live?"

"Right up there; big white house; left hand side."

All the while, Jack's eyes have been on the ponies; he has not once raised them to the driver's face, and he could have seen but little if he had, for they have been passing a space vacant of houses, where all was dark. But now, just as they are drawing near to Jack's home, the ruling passion of the boy seizes its last chance to utter itself:

"Let 's see 'em go!"

Nothing loth, Ben whistles to the ponies, and they spring at once into a rattling pace. Jack is delighted, but his delight is only momentary; they are opposite his house in ten seconds, and the ponies are reined in to let him dismount. He lifts his eye to the face of the charioteer just as the light from the window strikes it, and the look of amazement that overspreads his countenance tickles Ben to the very end of his toes.

"Oho! ho! ho!" laughs the little man; while the boy suddenly relaxes his hold upon the sleigh and tumbles backward into the snow. Quick as a

"S-s-a-anta Claus!"

"Santa Claus? Where was he? How do you know?" asks the mother, her anxious look relaxing into an expression of curiosity and amusement.

"Right out here in the street. I rode up with him from down there by Billy Townsend's house."

"Rode with him?"

"Y-y-es 'm! I caught on his sleigh an' rode with him. He had the cutest little ponies!"

"What did he say to you?" queries Mrs. Kilbourne, beginning to laugh.

"D-don't know what he did say," stammers Jack; "it scared everything out o' my head when



"OHO! HO! HO!" LAUGHS THE LITTLE MAN, AS THE BOY TUMBLES BACKWARD INTO THE SNOW."

flash he picks himself up and peers through the storm at the flying apparition.

"Je-mi-ma Cripps!" gasps Jack; "if that is n't the old fellow himself, then I hope I may never see him!"

The boy rushes into the house, while the little man speeds away to the upper end of the street to set forth on his benignant errand.

"W-w-what d' ye think I saw just now?" cries Jack, bursting into his mother's room, his teeth fairly chattering.

"Sh-h! my son, you 'll wake the baby. But what was it?" asks the pale lady hurriedly, perceiving the boy's excitement.

I saw him. Never looked up at all to see who it was till we were right opposite our house, 'n' then the light shone right into his face. My! what a cunning little chap. I don't believe he 's more 'n that high,"— and Jack measures with his hand a stature less than his own,— "and his face and his eyes look as if he were about five years old, and his hair and whiskers look as if he were about five hundred; and he had a little fur cap and a fur coat, I think; and he laughed,— you ought to have heard him laugh!"

"What made him laugh?"

"To see how s'prised I was, I guess. He asked me 'f I was any relation to Jack the Giant-Killer,



'n' I told him I was his great-grandfather, or something. I thought he was poking fun at me, 'n' I thought I 'd give him as good as he sent. Cracky! If I 'd known who it was that I was talkin' to, I 'd have been a little more pertickler 'bout what I said. He was a jolly little chap, anyhow."

"O Jack!" cries his mother, "your imagination must have made most of this. I can hardly believe that you have really seen anything quite so strange as you describe."

"Now, Mother Kilbourne!" replies Jack, deeply grieved, and somewhat indignant; "I guess I have eyes and ears; and I guess I know what I see with my eyes, and hear with my ears; and I tell you, it is just exactly as I've told you. I never b'lieved in Santa Claus before; but when a fellow hangs on to his sleigh and rides with him a quarter of a mile or so, then he *knows*; and there's no one talking."

"Well, my son, it is very curious, I admit. But I wish your father would come. He must have had time to walk here since the train arrived. Is it still snowing hard?" asks the lady as she rises and walks slowly to the window, and, shutting her face between her hands, gazes out into the storm.

"'Deed it is!" answers Jack. "Snow's most up to my knees now. Sis will have a gay time wading though it."

"Your father will be obliged to carry her, I fear," replies Mrs. Kilbourne. "I think," she adds, after a moment, "that he must have stopped by the way at Judge Gray's; I know that there was some matter of important business between them. Our little Lil will be very tired, I fear."

Jack sits looking into the glowing grate, and asking his mother all sorts of questions about the legend of St. Nicholas; who he was, anyhow; if he was really a man; and when he lived; and how long ago; and what he did; and what about the Bible stories that tell of spirits and angels that appeared to men—a sharp fire of puzzling questions, which his mother answers, dubiously and absently; for her heart is a little troubled about the child for whose coming she waits impatiently.

Meanwhile Ben is speeding upon his errand of good-will with many a merry experience. Halting his ponies in front of each favored house he seizes the parcel prepared for its inmates, runs to a lighted window, taps on the pane, holds aloft his treasure in full sight, makes a low bow, skips to the door and lays it down upon the sill, and then jumps into his cutter and is off in a twinkling. The children run to the window half in terror, half in transport; they gaze after the vanishing sprite, with their hearts in their mouths; then they go timidly to the door and take with undissembled glee the goods so mysteriously provided for them. As for the

older folks, they are as much puzzled as the children; no one can find any clew to the identity of this unearthly visitant. If Ben could have looked into all these homes, and could have heard the admiring outcries, and could have known how much of surprise and curiosity and innocent mirth and thankfulness his pranks were producing, he would have been fully satisfied with the success of his experiment. Finally he arrives in front of Mr. Kilbourne's gate, for he has reserved a part of his bounty for the children whose descriptive list Jack has given him. There is a light tap on the window which opens upon the veranda, and Mrs. Kilbourne starts. There he is, in full view, bowing low, waving his parcel in the air, then bounding away with the spring of an antelope.

"There, Mother Kilbourne!" cries Jack, his teeth chattering again; "n—now what have you to say?"

"Blessings on us!" exclaims the pale lady; "what does it mean?"

They reach the window, like all the rest, just in time to see the ponies trot away, and to verify Jack's description in every detail.

"Well, I never!" cries Mrs. Kilbourne. "Run to the door, Jack, and see what he has left!"

A rubber rattle for the baby, a volume of "Baby World" for Lil, and "Historic Boys" for Jack,—these were the gifts drawn forth from the paper bag with great delight and wonderment.

"Now you'll own up, wont you, Mother?" demands Jack triumphantly. "I did n't imagine it all, did I?"

"No, Jack; you are a good reporter; your account was very accurate."

"Well, how do you explain him?"

"I can't explain him," answers the mother. "I have n't the least idea who he is—some good being, I'm sure."

"Right you are!" says Jack, in a tone the solemnity of which strangely contrasts with his school-boy phraseology. "But here come Father and Lil!"

The boy runs to admit the tardy comers, but his father is alone. "Where's Lil?" cries Jack, as he opens the door.

"Is n't she here?" demands Mr. Kilbourne anxiously.

"No, sir; we thought you went to the station after her."

Mr. Kilbourne pushes into the room, where the pale mother stands, trembling and anxious.

"We shall find her soon," he says. "Did n't that Johnson boy bring you my note?"

"What note? No! Nobody brought any note," cries Mrs. Kilbourne.

"The young rascal! I sent him with a line to

tell you that I could not leave my office at that hour, and that Jack must go to the train for Lillie."

"And so the poor child found no one waiting for her there. Where can she have gone?"

"Wait!" cries the father. "I'll telephone to Wilkinson at the depot. That's where she is beyond a doubt. He has taken her into his office to keep her till we arrive."

rather pale, with an anxious look about his eyes; but, for his wife's sake, he says cheerfully:

"Well; Wilkinson says that he saw a little girl step off the rear end of the train; the conductor helped her off and told her to run into the waiting-room; Wilkinson had some baggage to look after, and when he was through with that, the child was out of sight. He supposed that some one had come for her."

"O my poor little lamb!" cries the mother, piteously. "Where is she? Out in this merciless storm! What shall I do?"

"Don't cry, Mother!" says Jack, cheerily. "She's down the street somewhere; she's gone into some-body's house."

"They would have sent us word," says Mrs. Kilbourne, hopelessly.

"Well, we'll find her, anyhow," says Jack.

Mr. Kilbourne has been thinking hard with knitted brows and compressed lips. Now he speaks: "Jack, you stay here, and take care of your mother. I'll go down street. As soon as I get word of her, I'll call to you from the nearest telephone."



"THERE HE IS—THE SAME LITTLE MAN, AND HE TOSSES LIL ABOVE HIS HEAD!"

Mr. Kilbourne rushes to the telephone.

"Hello, Central! Give me the Gridiron depot. That you, Wilkinson? Kilbourne's talking. Did my little girl come down on the accommodation train from Smokopolis?—What?—Did n't what?"

Mr. Kilbourne turns away from the telephone

He gently leads the trembling lady to the sofa, and turns to go.

Hark! the gate is opening! There is a quick footstep on the porch,—on the veranda! Mr. Kilbourne pauses; Mrs. Kilbourne springs to her feet. There he is—the same little man, and Lil

is in his arms ! He tosses her above his head ; he lets her gently down upon the veranda ; he makes the same low bow ; he springs from the porch and runs away.

Mr. Kilbourne rushes to the door.

"Hello !" he cries. "Who are you, my friend ? Say ! — wont you let me ——" ?

But the little man is in the sleigh and the ponies are in motion. All they hear is Ben's laugh as he drives away. "Oho ! ho ! ho !"

Mr. Kilbourne picks up the little girl, who stands half dazed upon the porch, and hurries into the house. Her mother clasps the child in her arms and covers her face with kisses. Poor little bairn ! Her garments are wet and her curls are matted with snow, but her eyes are bright.

"Was n't it beautiful for Santa Claus to bring me home ?" she cries.

"Yes, my darling ; where did he find you ?"

"Oh, up here in the road. Papa was n't there when the train stopped, an' I was in *such* a hurry to go home, I started right off ; an' I went along down that way, an' then I turned into the street."

"The little midget !" exclaims Mr. Kilbourne, "she went off up Long Lane !"

"There was n't any houses," continues the little wanderer, "so I kept going on, an' on ; an' it snowed so I could n't see ; an' by and by I came to another road, —"

"Yes, she must have turned out on the Smokopolis road," shouts Jack.

"An' I kept going on, an' then I was tired, an' I sat down on a log to rest, an' I heard a team coming, — and it was Santa Claus, — and he turned around an' brought me home."

"How did he know where your home was ?" asked the father.

"Oh, he asked me what was my name, and I told him it was Lillie Kilbourne, and he said :

" 'Oh, yes, I know where you live ! I've been to your house once to-night.' "

"How did you know it was Santa Claus ?" asked her mother.

"Why, I saw him, did n't I ? When he lifted up the robe to tuck me in, there was a lantern between his legs, — he said it was his stove — an' the light shined right up into his face, an' I saw him as plain as anything. 'Sides, I asked him if he was n't Santa Claus, an' he laughed and said, 'That 's what some folks call me !' "

"I don't know whether he is a saint or an angel," says Mrs. Kilbourne, solemnly ; "but this I know, my darling, he has been a messenger of good to us."

"But what did he mean when he said he had been here before to-night ?" asks Mr. Kilbourne.

Now it is Jack's turn to talk. While his mother strips off the wet garments and puts the little girl into her warm bed Jack rehearses to his father, open-eyed with wonder, the tale of the evening, with which we are familiar. His father listens, questions, shakes his head, and gives it up.

Many of the gossips of Springdale wondered that night, and the next day, and are wondering still, over this mystery, but they are not likely soon to unravel it, for the ponies went leisurely back that night to Smokopolis. It was about one o'clock when they began munching their oats in their comfortable stalls ; the wig and the beard that had formed so perfect a disguise were hidden in the granary ; the little man let himself softly in at Mrs. Snowden's front door, and went noiselessly to his room. It was a happy heart that beat, on that early Christmas morning, in the breast of Benoni Benaiah Benjamin ; but the secret of its happiness will never be discovered, for his laughing lips will not open to reveal it, even in his dreams.

## HOW FISHES CLIMB HILL.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

MOUNT LINCOLN is one of the very highest peaks in the Green Mountain range. Its base is clothed in a coat of the richest green ; but, up near the summit, the trees have been blasted by the rigorous storms of winter ; and at the very top all that is left is a congregation of gigantic gray boulders, moss-covered and worn, lying piled one upon another, and even deserted by the soil

that so firmly clasps them in the valley below. From these weather-worn rocks, a beautiful scene stretches away ; green valleys, like rivers of verdure, extend to the north and south, as far as the eye can reach. Away to the north lies Canada, while the silvery thread almost at our feet is Lake Champlain.

In summer, Mount Lincoln has many visitors ;

but during the winter it is clothed in a great white cap of snow that lasts on into the spring months.

The melting of this winter covering provides water for innumerable streams that start down the mountain-side, at first slowly, then gradually gaining force, until finally, at the base of the mighty slope, they rush foaming along, leaping from rock to rock, as if in glee at their escape

steady-going streams which turn great mill-wheels, or float rafts of lumber, and seem to settle down

to the sterner duties of life; for these little brooks appear almost like living creatures, so changeable are they in their moods.

Many of these dashing brooks are famous trout-streams; and not long since I followed one from the valley up the mountain; and a rough tramp I found it! The brook, that, if it had run in a straight line, would have been only three miles long, was really ten or twelve in its whole course



THE NATURAL TRAP THAT CAUGHT THE SALMON FOR THE BEARS.  
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

from the great snow-cap above. As the brooks descend, they are joined by others, and finally, in the valley below, they merge into solemn,

and it constantly wound in and out, now among rocks almost impassable, and now through underbrush which seemed determined to make hat and coat part company.

In fact, nature seemed to do her best to protect the little fishes that lived in the dark deep pools and

eddies. The higher I climbed up the mountain, the more fish I found; the stream became a succession of falls, some of which were three feet or more in height—the brook in its track forming steps down the mountain—and I began to wonder how the fish came to be up there.

In one pool, out of which led a direct fall of three



TROUT TRYING TO LEAP THROUGH THE DAM.

feet, there were numbers of the richly tinted little creatures that, to have attained their position, must either have swum up the falls or gone around by land. After catching a number, I began to frighten the others to see what they would do. Some dashed at the little fall and disappeared, while others darted over and swam down stream. Still farther up I found the speckled game, until finally, the passage became so difficult, that I was obliged to turn back.

In the village, I chanced to mention the subject to a friend who owned a mill on the same stream; and he told me that the fishes' ascent was a puzzle to him, until one day his boy called him out to the

dam, where the riddle was solved. The dam was nearly four feet high, and to relieve the stream, several auger-holes had been bored in it, allowing a small stream of water to jet forcibly out and go splashing down into the clear pool below. As my friend approached the spot, and looked through the bushes, several large-sized trout were seen moving about under the mimic fall, evidently in great excitement, and darting into it as if enjoying the splash and roar of the water.

Suddenly, one of the fish made a quick rush that sent it up the falling stream, so that it almost gained the top; but by an unlucky turn it was caught and thrown back into the pool, where it darted away, evidently much startled.

Soon another made the attempt, darting at it like the first, and then rapidly swimming up the fall, but only to meet the fate of its predecessor. This was tried a number of times, until finally, a trout larger than the others made a dash, mounted the stream, and entered the round hole. The observers were almost ready to clap their hands, but it was not successful yet. As the water stopped flowing for a moment, they saw that though the athletic trout had surmounted the fall, the hole was too small for it to pass through, and there the poor fish was lodged. The lookers-on hastened to relieve it, and found that its side or pectoral fins were caught in the wood, but by pushing the fish ahead, which you may be sure they did, they liberated it, and it darted away into the upper pond.

Here, then, was the explanation. The trout climbed the mountain by swimming up the falls, darting up the foaming masses, and adopting every expedient to accomplish their journey. For these fish deposit their eggs high up stream, so that the young fry, when hatched, may not be disturbed by predatory fish and other foes living in the lower waters.

The salmon, the cousin of the trout, is famous for its method of going up stream; it darts at falls ten or twelve feet high, leaps into the air and rushes up the falling water in a marvelous manner. So determined are the salmon to attain the high and safe waters, that in some localities nets are placed beneath the falls, into which the fish tumble in their repeated attempts to clear the hill of water. Other than human hunters, moreover, profit by these scrambles up-hill. Travelers report that on the banks of the Upper St. John River, in Canada, there was once a rock in which a large circular well, or pot-hole, had been worn by the action of the water. At the salmon season, this rock proved a favorite resort for bears; and for a good reason. Having an especial taste for salmon, the bears would watch at the pot-hole, and as the salmon, dashing up the fall, were



thrown by its force into the rocky basin, the bears would quickly scrape them out of the pot-hole, and the poor salmon would be eaten before they had time to wonder at this unlooked-for reception. The Dominion Government finally authorized a party of hunters to destroy the pot-hole, and thus break up the bears' fishing ground.

Some of the South American cat-fishes are also so determined to go up stream that they adopt quite remarkable methods. As they are incased in a stiff armor, they can not jump, so they very deliberately leave the water, and using their side fins, which are provided with sharp spines, as feet, they crawl around the falls and enter the water above.



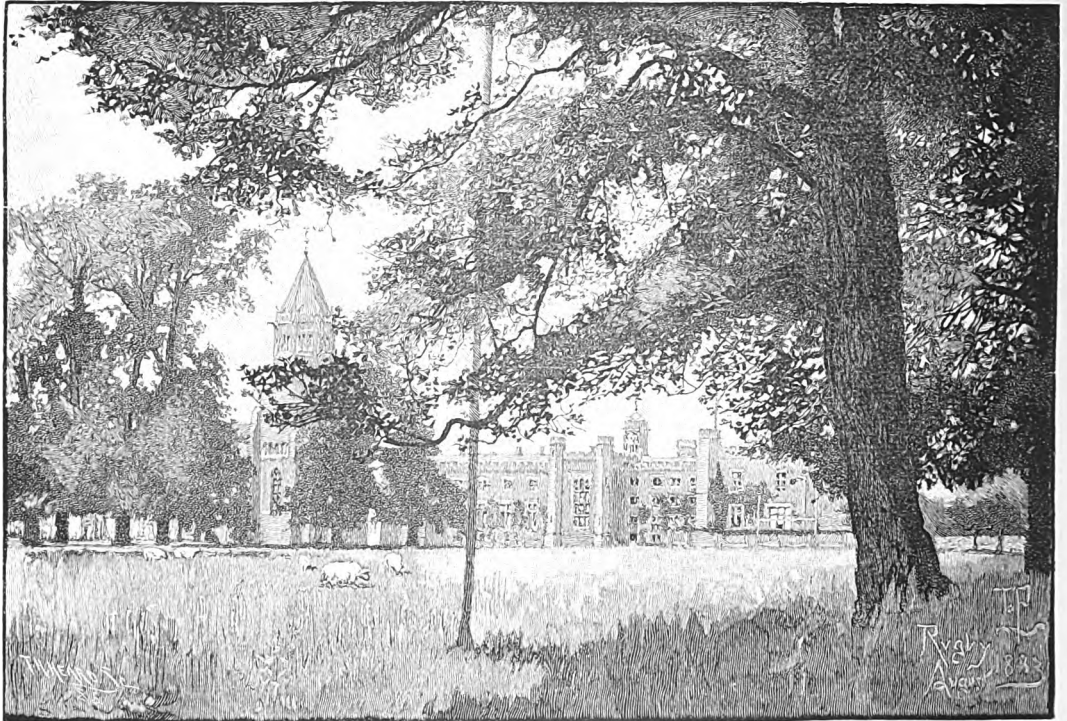






## SCHOOL-LIFE AT RUGBY.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.



RUGBY SCHOOL IN SUMMER.

I THINK every one who reads and loves Mr. Thomas Hughes' celebrated story of "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby" ought to know at least the name of Laurence Sheriff. If it had not been for Laurence Sheriff, that book probably would never have been written. He was not a very great or famous man. He was a London grocer. But before he died, and just about the time when Shakespeare as a little boy was toddling through Stratford streets, Laurence Sheriff made a will, in which he gave a certain sum of money and part of his lands, that a school might be built in his native town of Rugby. It was to be a free school, he said, only for the children living in that part of the country, and it was to be ruled by "an honest, discrete, and learned man."

And so Rugby School was founded. But for a long time the school was so badly managed and the number of scholars so small that no one could have imagined how great it was one day to become.

After a while, however, matters began to improve.

Some of the Sheriff property in London became very valuable, and as soon as there was enough money to engage more masters, more boys came to be taught. But now the same thing happened here that has occurred in nearly all the great public schools of England: sons of parents who were rich enough to pay for their education, were sent to Rugby, and before long they outnumbered the free scholars for whom the school was really founded. It was just about a hundred years ago that Rugby affairs were so much bettered. At that time, boys began to come to the school, not only from the little village that bore the same name, and from the other towns and villages of Warwickshire, but from all parts of England, so that when Doctor Arnold was made Head-master, Rugby School was quite a large institution.

Who does not know of Doctor Arnold, "the strong, true man, and wise one too," of Tom Brown's wonderful story? He was really and indeed as "honest, discrete and learned" a

school-master as Laurence Sheriff could have wished to see, and his life and work were among the chief influences that have made Rugby what it now is.

Perhaps some of you, when reading about them have fancied that Tom Brown's adventures at Rugby were as unreal as those of Alice in Wonderland or of Puss in the Country of the Marquis of Carabas. But if you were to go to Rugby you would find, not only the same old battlemented towers, the same little studies, and the same tall elm-trees shading the play-grounds, but almost all the same old customs, during play and school-hours, of which Mr. Hughes writes. As in his day, the boys live in eight large "houses," fifty or sixty boarding in each, and each one being, as I suppose you know without my telling you, "The best 'house' in the school, out-and-out!" There are plenty of Rugby boys who think now just as old Brooke thought in his day. It is no wonder this feeling is so strong. The boys who live in the same "house" have their games together, and always meet one another during the most sociable hours of the day; that is to say, when they are gathered around the breakfast and dinner table, or when they have a little free time at their disposal after "lock-up."

Even without seeing them, you must already feel at home in those cosy little dens, politely called "studies"; and Mr. Hughes' book has made you equally familiar with the dormitories, with their rows of wash-stands and beds, where the boys sleep at night. At half-past six in the morning, those bedrooms are lively enough, and sleepy little boys pull on their clothes, and unwilling fags\* hold themselves ready to run on the messages of that great man, the sixth-form boy.

After this comes chapel at seven, followed fifteen minutes later by first lesson, and then by breakfast at a quarter-past eight. Second and third lessons are held between a quarter after nine and half-past one, when the great bell begins to toll for dinner. There are two more lessons after dinner; and in the evening, when tea is over, the boys prepare their lessons, the younger pupils having tutors four evenings in the week, but the elder scholars always studying by themselves in their rooms.

On the afternoons of Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, there are no lessons. Foot-ball or cricket or a long run across country takes their place. There is another half-holiday on every third Monday. No one knows exactly why this should be, but it is a very old custom, and one with which the boys, at all events, have never found fault. It is called "middle week." Work, to which it has

pleased both boys and masters to give the name of pleasure, is really harder on half-holidays during the Christmas and spring terms than at any other time. For at once, after "calling-over," or "C. O." in the school slang, all, except those who are declared by physicians to be too delicate, must join in the game of foot-ball or else run with the hares and hounds. It is as much their duty to do so as it is for them to go to their classes.

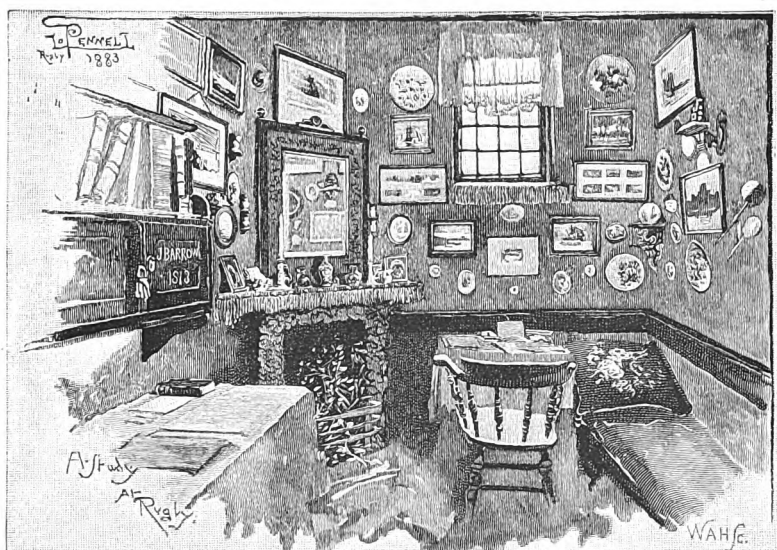
Foot-ball is the great Rugby game, and is played principally during the Christmas term. "A Rugby boy," says a late head of the school-house, "looks forward to it in the summer and regrets it in the spring. He honors good foot-ball players and despises poor players. He will talk foot-ball in season and out of season." Rugby foot-ball is quite different from the Eton and Harrow game. It is much rougher, though Rugbeians now sigh over it, and declare that it is not played half so viciously as it used to be! It is true that it has been shorn of some of its terrors since the days of the mighty contests between the Upper Bench, or first twelve of the sixth form, and the rest of the



THE GATEWAY AT RUGBY.

school, when the game became a battle, and the head-master had to interfere and stop the match, because it was so little like play. That was in the brave days of old. Those old ways have been changed. Not very long ago rules were made declaring that, "Though it is lawful to

\* "Fagging" is a special feature of English school-life. The "fag" is a boy in one of the lower classes of the school, who does "menial service" for another boy in one of the higher classes, or "forms," as they are called.



A RUGBY BOY'S "STUDY."

Now, though I have told you that the Rugby game is different from the foot-ball usually played, I shall not attempt to describe that difference. It would be more than useless, when Tom Brown, who knew the game so well, has already given his enthusiastic and glowing account of a great school-house match. He has made Rugby classic ground in the annals of foot-ball. And still to be seen there are the "beautiful line of elms," and "the island in the farthest corner," and the "gigantic gallows,"

hold any player in a maul, this holding does not include attempts to throttle or strangle, which are totally opposed to all the principles of the game."

And again:

"No one wearing projecting nails or iron plates on the soles or heels of his boots or shoes shall be allowed to play." This gives a pleasant idea of what the game once was. The very terms "mauling" and "scrimmage," still in use, show what the game now is in its milder form. You remember, I do not doubt, East's proud description: "Quite another thing from your private-school game. Why, there's been two collar-

and the three trees which are such a "tremendous place when the ball hangs there," as East said to his new friend Tom. You remember, too, how,



THE QUADRANGLE AND THE CLOISTERS.

bones broken this half and a dozen fellows lamed; and last year a fellow had his leg broken!"

after dinner on every half-holiday, the boys in their white trousers come trooping out to the

play-ground for "punt-about," or practice-kicking; how, after "calling-over," at three o'clock, there is heard the cry "To the goals!" and how, the next minute, all fall to with good-will. "And then follows rush upon rush and scrimmage upon scrimmage, the ball now driven through into the school-house quarters, and now into the school-goal." And any boy, who, after reading all that eloquent description, can not understand what the game is like, will not be helped by any words of mine. The only thing for him to do is, to go to Rugby on a Saturday afternoon and see a match for himself.

The principal matches of the year are, those between the sixth form and the whole school, and that between the "Old Rugs" and the "Present,"—when old Rugbeians, some gray-haired men, go to Rugby to meet their young successors in the game they have not ceased to love.

The next most important amusement—or shall I say work?—is hare-and-hounds. Every boy is obliged to go on these runs just as he is obliged to play foot-ball, unless, of course, his physician has forbidden him to take this exercise. There are what are called "house" runs and "Big Side" runs, or those in which the whole school is represented. In the former, the smaller boys are helped by the older, so that they have an easy enough time; but on the latter, "every man for himself" is the rule of the day. The ambitious little fellows who on these occasions think they can keep up with the older and bigger runners, are almost certain to share the fate of Tom Brown and East and the Tadpole. And Tom's experience is, I think, that of every Rugbeian. The runs are necessarily made every year over the same ground, and in whichever direction the boys go, they must cross plowed fields or green meadows, with sheep scattering to every

side; they must leap over hedges and brooks, mount little hills and jump ditches. And fortunate they are indeed, if the sun shines and the grass is dry and the roads hard; for, in rainy England, in the winter and the early spring, the chances are that rain or fog will add to the trials of a run. These are



A RUGBY CLASS-ROOM.

well described in the following lines, a few of many written about the sport:

" Jumping ditches,  
Scrambling hedges,  
Crossing over  
Swampy sedges;  
Over meadow,  
Swamp or fallow,  
Sometimes in the  
Mud we wallow;

Now on road,  
Now on grass,  
Through a spinney \*  
Then we pass,  
First a farm,  
Then a mill,  
Now go toiling  
Up a hill."

It is hard work, of course. Tiresome as the runs still are, the boys find real pleasure and satisfaction in them. There is, for example, all the pride of coming in first, of gaining a reputa-



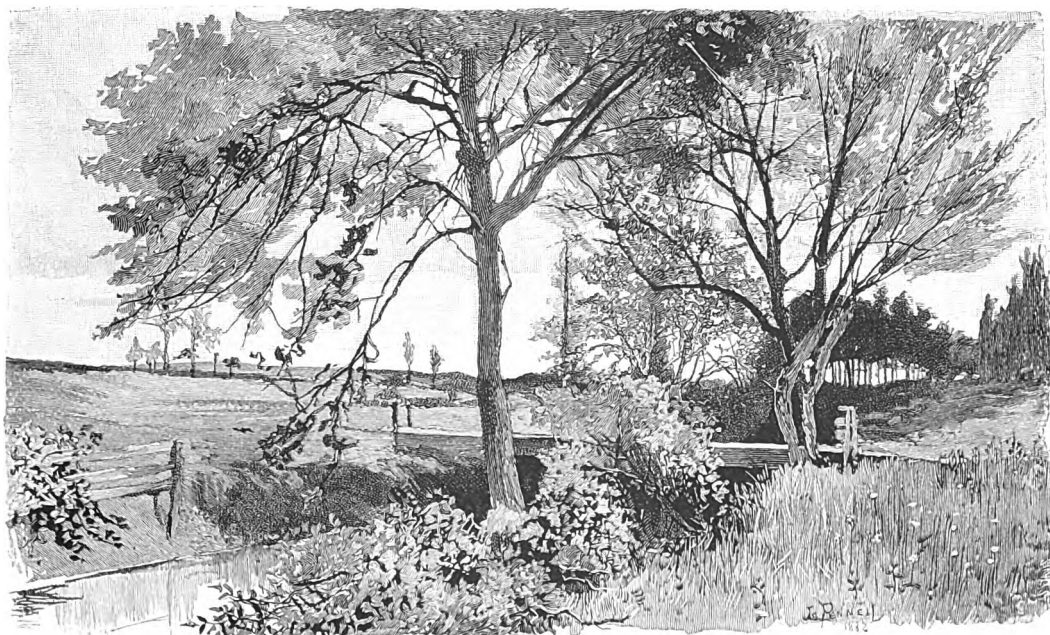


entry or the towers of Warwick Castle rising in the distance; there are strolls by the "peonied and lilled brim" of the Avon, Shakespeare's river; and there is excellent swimming in the fine new bath in school close, or else in a shady secluded pool of the little river, where, however, there is always danger of its being interrupted by the present "Velveteens"—(you remember how the old one caught Tom Brown at his swimming).—And there, too, is Rugby town itself to be explored, though this last amusement, I must add, is not very exciting. A little stir and bustle there is in it once in a while, however, for it holds no less than fourteen cattle fairs during the year, and any young Rugbeian who has a taste for live stock has a good chance to develop it. Besides these pleasures, there are the Library and the Museum, the Gymnasium and the Workshops to be visited. The only limit to the independence of summer half-holidays is the "calling-over" at five.

Do you remember how East, the old boy of six months' standing, made Tom Brown buy a new hat as soon as he arrived at Rugby, so the boys would not make fun of him? Well, Rugbeians

scarlet coats. But now they are only required to appear in dark suits of clothes, tall hats on dress occasions—for all English boys begin to wear tall hats as soon as they leave off skirts—and black and white straw hats at other times. For a boy's first three terms, the ribbon around this hat must be black; after that it can be of whatever color the wearer prefers. These little details, I can assure you, are quite as important in the eyes of Rugbeians as the division of the school into "forms." It is the same with the house colors for foot-ball. A boy would think it as great an offense to wear the colors of any other house than his own as to take his place in a form to which he did not belong.

Another very important custom in which newcomers have to be instructed is that of fagging. They are purposely allowed a fortnight's grace that they may carefully study the duties exacted of them. It is with fagging as with foot-ball and hare-and-hounds. Its greatest days are past. Think of a boy having to warm three or four beds on a cold night by lying in them until the heat of his body had destroyed their chill, and then having to rise at four o'clock in the morning to run

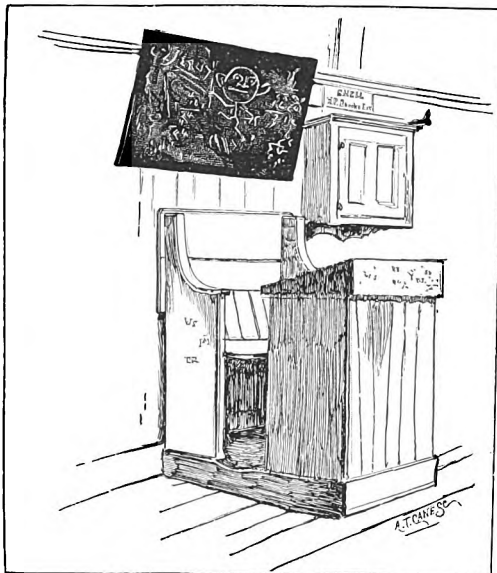


A "SPINNEY," NEAR RUGBY.

are just as particular now. They seem to expect new-comers to have learned beforehand all about the Rugby customs in matters of dress. Once the boys wore little cocked hats and queues, to which those who belonged to the nobility added

two miles to the Avon to attend to the fishing-lines of the sixth-form boys, and then to be back in time for first lesson! Fancy his being obliged to form one of a team of four or twelve in harness, to be raced around the school-yard, or "close," by the præpos-





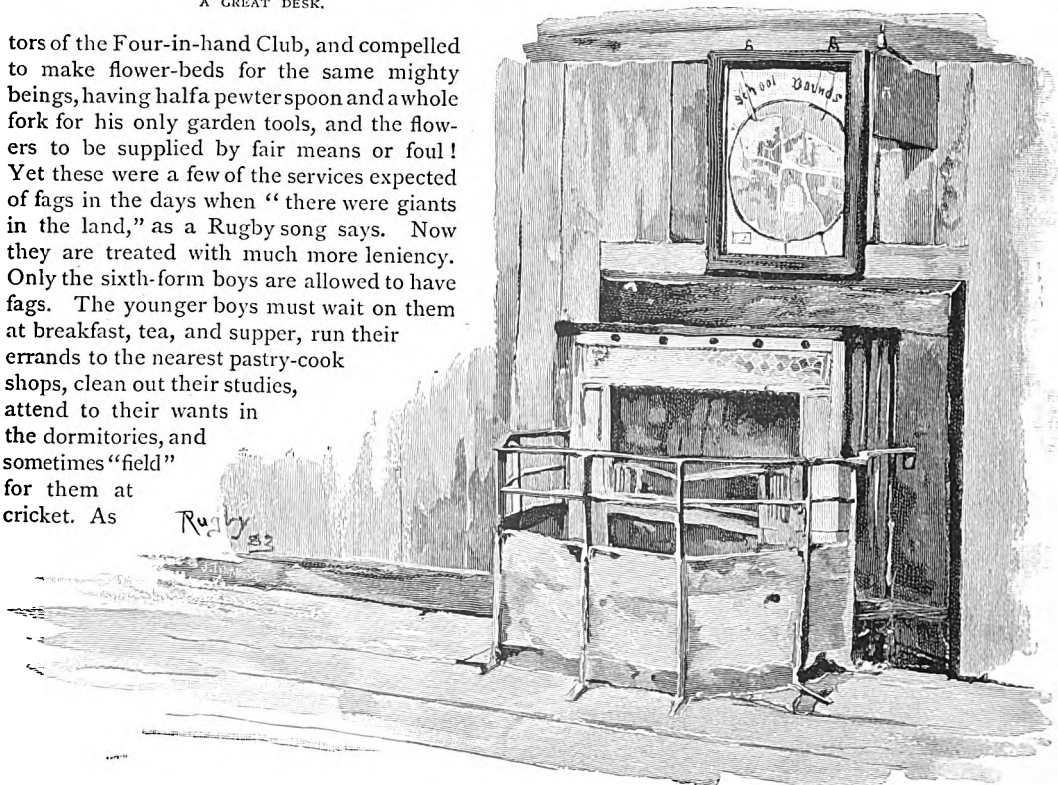
A GREAT DESK.

tors of the Four-in-hand Club, and compelled to make flower-beds for the same mighty beings, having half a pewter spoon and a whole fork for his only garden tools, and the flowers to be supplied by fair means or foul! Yet these were a few of the services expected of fags in the days when "there were giants in the land," as a Rugby song says. Now they are treated with much more leniency. Only the sixth-form boys are allowed to have fags. The younger boys must wait on them at breakfast, tea, and supper, run their errands to the nearest pastry-cook shops, clean out their studies, attend to their wants in the dormitories, and sometimes "field" for them at cricket. As

Rugby

boys must run, the last to arrive having to do the work. It is but for a short time, fortunately, that fagging is really a serious and perhaps tiresome duty. For the rule is that during a boy's first term, he must run at the first call; during his second, he need only answer the second, and so on; so that at the end of his second school year he has comparatively little to do as a fag.

Of course, I have not been able to say all that there is to be said about Rugby. A Rugbeian, indeed, would declare my sketch very imperfect. I have not even referred to the Debating and Shakespeare Societies, nor to the school magazine; I have not described the great day in June when the sixth-form heroes of learning act Latin and Greek plays and the prizemen recite their compositions; nor the school concerts, nor the March Athletic Sports, nor the singing nights. Indeed, if I were to write about all those things, I should fill a volume. And so I have simply tried to give to my young readers, both American and English,



A FIRE-PLACE AT RUGBY.

in several other public schools, when the sixth-form boy or preceptor wants anything, he calls out "F-a-a-g!" in answer to which call all the fagging

a general idea of Rugby, which all Rugbeians will tell you, in the well-known words of old Brooke, is the "best school in England!"

## A MORNING AT RUGBY DURING VACATION-TIME.

BY EDWIN D. MEAD.

RUGBY is the half-way station between Liverpool and London — the place where the fast express trains stop "five minutes for refreshments." I arrived there one summer morning, a few years ago, not by the fast express from Liverpool, but on the slow and very early train from Lichfield. A friend whom I shall call Sparks had agreed to meet me at noon at Rugby School.

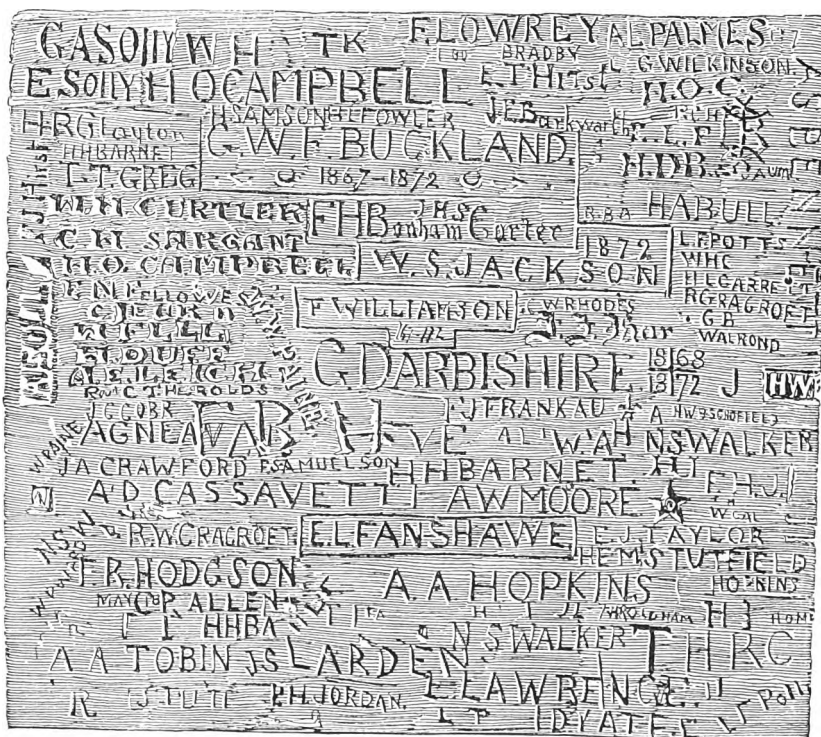
Rugby School is a mile from the station, and the road into the town was dusty and dreary enough. A few common-looking streets with high-sounding names branched from it.

I found the school right in the middle of the town. The old buildings were of yellow brick, and surrounded a quadrangle, with a great battlemented entrance, over which a flag was flying.

On the left was the master's house. Back of the quadrangle were the chapel and a fine new building containing recitation-rooms; and behind all was the great playground, shaded by grand old trees when I saw it, and affording pasture to happy-looking cows and sheep. No boys were to be seen, for it was vacation-time.

The great gate was closed. So were other gates which I tried; but I made my way at last into a maze of rough rooms and alleys, which probably belonged to the cook's department; having wandered about there and tried half a dozen doors without seeing anybody, I stumbled finally into the quadrangle, and walked about the rude old cloisters which surround it and lead to the school-rooms. I heard steps in the halls above, and, going back to the kitchen, I found a woman there who offered

to show me the boys' studies and sleeping-rooms, while I waited for the old carpenter, who had the keys of the chapel. The "studies" are very small



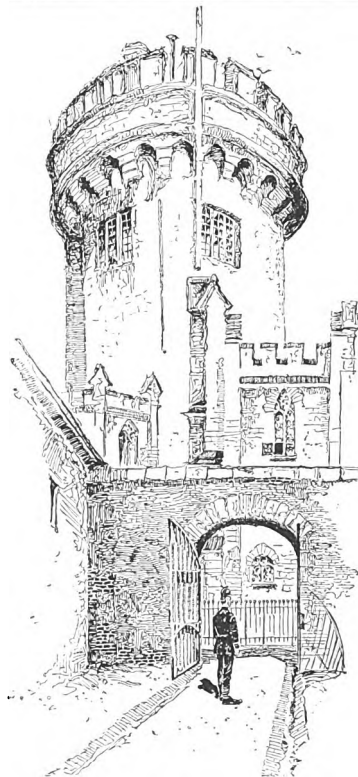
"NOTHING PLEASES AN OLD RUGBY BOY SO MUCH AS TO COME BACK AFTER MANY YEARS AND FIND HIS NAME WHERE HE LEFT IT."

but cozy, and the sleeping-rooms the plainest places in the world, with their rows of little unpainted beds.

The rooms vary in size, and all open into narrow halls. My guide pointed out the room where, in Mr. Hughes' story, Arthur said his prayers, and the room where, in Tom Brown's days, the old scholars used to toss the new boys in blankets. Everything was in the wildest confusion, for the half-yearly cleaning was going on. The studies looked as though rats had been at work in them, for the boys had made a great litter in packing for home. A few rooms were in good order, the books and pictures remaining in place, as the boys were to return to the same rooms in the autumn. The walls showed all sorts of tastes. Pictures of hunts and horses, and dogs, and game held a much more

important place, of course, than they ever have in American schoolboys' rooms. Some of the walls were almost entirely covered with photographs of the royal family, Mr. Gladstone, or Mr. Disraeli and other prominent Englishmen, and of the boys' own fathers, and mothers, and brothers, and sisters, and friends—(especially, as our own school-boys will guess, young lady friends). When the book-shelves were filled, it was always with books of the best kind. I wish that some American boys could see them. The rooms which Tom Brown used to occupy were shown me, but they were not at all unlike the others. I had just finished the tour of the rooms, when the old carpenter appeared to take me to the chapel and to the other places of interest.

He was a gentle, simple-hearted man, and when he found that what I wished to see was rather the Rugby of Doctor Arnold than the Rugby of Tom Brown, his whole soul warmed toward me, and he talked very feelingly of the old days; for he had been there when Arnold was



THE TOWER OF WARWICK CASTLE NEAR RUGBY.

He showed me how the chapel had been altered since Arnold's time. It used to be plain and small, but there are transepts now, and Arnold's grave, which was under the old altar, is now in front of the chancel. I stood and looked at it as you remember Tom Brown looked at it in those last pages of the story. A plain cross of gray marble in the floor, with the name, Thomas Arnold, is all that marks the grave; but in the corner of one of the transepts is a fine monument, with a statue of Arnold in his robe, and bearing an epitaph by Bunsen, the great German scholar, who was one of Arnold's dearest friends. In a little room by the main entrance to the chapel are the table and chair which the Doctor used in the school-room.

The old man said that Mr. Hughes—"Tom Brown," you know—still came to Rugby sometimes; and sometimes Dean Stanley came, and sometimes Matthew Arnold. My visit to Rugby was made some time before Dean Stanley died.

It was Dean Stanley who wrote the well-known

"Life of Doctor Arnold." Stanley was one of the Rugby boys in Tom Brown's own time; one of the boys whom Doctor Arnold loved most; and I remember hearing that once, when he went to Rugby, he told the boys that, if he had done anything or been anything good in life, he owed it almost all to Doctor Arnold. Arnold's life always seemed to him, from boyhood to old age, the model life—a life combining the things most worth living for.

Matthew Arnold, the distinguished poet and critic, is Doctor Arnold's son. Most of the older boys and girls who read this know that, and some



"SALLY HARROWELL'S" SHOP—WHERE TOM BROWN AND EAST ENJOYED SAUSAGES AND ROAST POTATOES, AFTER THE FOOT-BALL MATCH.

Head-master, and was there when the celebrated teacher died.

critic, is Doctor Arnold's son. Most of the older boys and girls who read this know that, and some

of you, I am sure, have read Matthew Arnold's beautiful tribute to his father. The poem is called "Rugby Chapel," and these are the opening lines:

"Coldly, sadly descends  
The autumn evening. The field  
Strewn with its dank yellow drifts  
Of withered leaves, and the elms,  
Fade into dimness apace,  
Silent; hardly a shout  
From a few boys late at their play!  
The lights come out in the street,  
In the school-room windows; but cold,  
Solemn, unlighted, austere,  
Through the gathering darkness, arise  
The Chapel walls, in whose bounds  
Thou, my father, art laid.  
There thou dost lie, in the gloom  
Of the autumn evening."

But it is a long poem, and it does not end in gloom. You can find it in the volume of Matthew Arnold's poems.

I asked the old man to leave me alone in the chapel until my friend came. He would have shown any kindness to one who loved Dr. Arnold; and in a moment the big key had turned in the chapel door, and I was alone in the solemn place. I walked up to the altar. Then I climbed into the old pulpit, where so much of Dr. Arnold's good work was done.

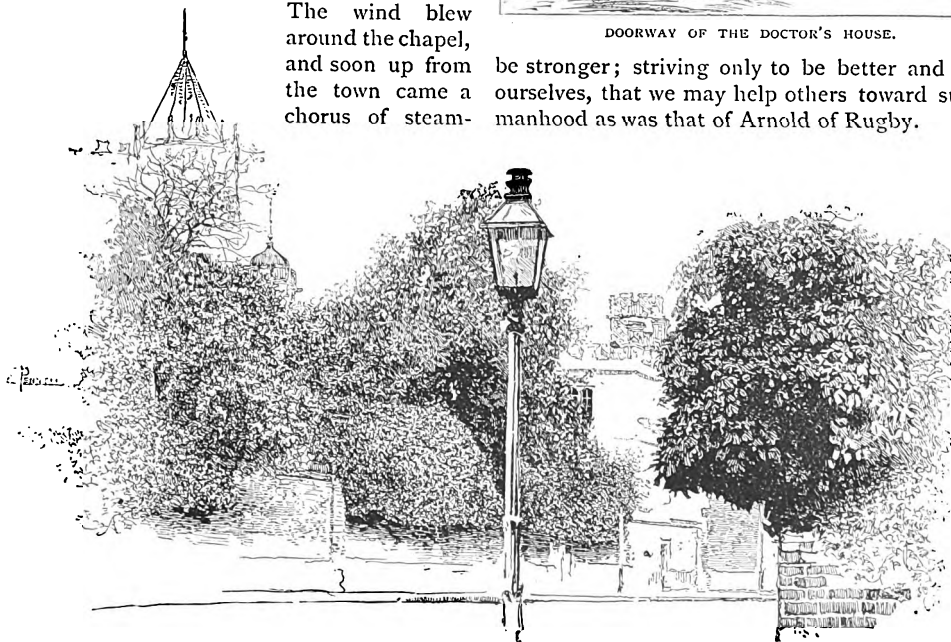
The wind blew around the chapel, and soon up from the town came a chorus of steam-

manfully into the busy world, seeking to carry to our brothers some truth for which they will



DOORWAY OF THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE.

be stronger; striving only to be better and wiser ourselves, that we may help others toward such a manhood as was that of Arnold of Rugby.



OVER THE DOCTOR'S WALL, RUGBY.

whistles to remind me that moments of inspiration and quickened feeling in solemn places are of little worth if they do not nerve us to go out

The bolt turned, and there was the old sexton, with my friend Sparks. We made the tour of the chapel again, we walked over the great play-ground,



and then the man showed us through the school-rooms; the laboratory, the natural history room, the music room, the drawing room, full of casts, and the plain recitation rooms. There was the old library full of musty books, with a bust of Arnold in the hall outside, and inside were portraits of him and of other masters. Finally, there was the little old room where Dr. Arnold used to hear the "sixth form," with its score of rude desks, all covered with the boys' names, cut in very big and very deep letters. Nothing pleases an old Rugby boy so much, the old man said, as to come back after many years and find his name where he had left it. The students seem to have full license in this matter, for half the rooms were cut and marked in a way which many school-teachers would have considered outrageous. But I found this custom repeated at Eton and Harrow.

Another tour of the studies, taken for Sparks's

sake. We saw the little armory, and the dining-room, with its two fire-places, which Tom Brown tells about. We went into the "great school-room," which is n't great and is very plain, with a battered old organ at one end, and the names of the "honor boys," of successive classes, painted on a big board at the other end. Among these names I noticed those of Stanley and Arthur Hugh Clough, the poet, and others known to fame.

Finally we went around into the master's yard, and—as the family was away—we peeped into what used to be Dr. Arnold's parlor and into his study.

That afternoon, Sparks hurried away to Warwick. I went to Stratford-on-Avon, and on the following Sunday we met again in London. We went to hear Dean Stanley preach in Westminster Abbey, and thought of the time when he and "Tom Brown" were boys together and heard Dr. Arnold preach in Rugby chapel.

## PUTTING THIS AND THAT TOGETHER.

BY GEORGE KLINGLE.

GREAT-GRANDFATHER PRITCHET rubbed his spectacles right and left and up and down, and blew upon them, and set them astride of his nose, and took out his nippers and pincers and drivers, and gathered together the machinery of the new, big, bright engine with all the insides and outsides of "a regular steamer,"—which the boys had taken apart. And every one nudged and looked at every one else, for Great-grandfather Pritchett was a great man in his way, and nobody could have helped looking and nudging when smoke-stacks and boilers and shafts and pipes and pistons went into a hempen bag, and Grandfather Pritchett sat on the three-legged stool shaking them up.

"What is that for, please?" ventured young Wilfred, chuckling a bit to himself.

"I'm shaking the engine together," was the reply.

"It will smash every single thing," muttered Johannes.

And Great-grandfather Pritchett looked askew from under the glasses astride of his nose and exclaimed: "Odd! very odd!"

So it was; and every one was sure of it.

"You said you would put it together," muttered Johannes, not very gleefully, "and you are shaking it to bits!"

"How 's that? Is it possible!" ejaculated Great-grandfather Pritchett, eying the bag out-

side; then glancing within, "No; not a bit of it. Boy, you are mistaken! It is but taking form: the parts are but selecting their attitudes; they are but preparing to combine,—to slip into their appointed places."

And the nippers and pincers and hammers and drivers lay coolly on the floor, while Great-grandfather Pritchett shook the bag as before. Johannes bit his lip and turned red in the face, and twirled about on his high heel, and his brothers whispered among themselves, waiting to see what was to come next.

"It will be ruined, Grandfather,—ruined and broken to bits! Please let me have the bag."

"How! Why? For what?" inquired Great-grandfather Pritchett, calmly, as if amazed. "Will it not put itself together?"

"Why, how can it without hands?" "How can it without somebody to do it?" "It takes a head as well as hands to put a steam-engine together!" three voices exclaimed.

Great-grandfather Pritchett looked gravely at his bag.

"A head as well as hands?—in other words a man. That is odd enough, to be sure!—But now answer me this: if it takes a head and hands to put a toy steam-engine together, what must it take to put a man together?—man, who is a mass of wonderful tissues, nerves, muscles, bones; man, who

is sensitive and intelligent—breathing, moving, thinking; man with his wonderful body continually reconstructing itself; so infinitely delicate in mechanism that a pin's point of deviation from the proper arrangement gives anguish; so wonderfully constructed that it moves in all its complicated ways without effort and without pain;—who is to put such a creature together?"

And the three lads answered, "God."

"Now, suppose I put this steam-engine together, and make it run smoothly," inquired Great-grandfather Pritchett, eying the bag, "what will you do for your part, Johannes; for the steam-engine is yours?"

"I shall thank you very much, sir."

Great-grandfather Pritchett stamped his foot with its buckled shoe, and Johannes knew that he had made the right answer.

"There are four of us here whom God has put together. All our joints work; all our hearts pump; our lungs take in the air and puff it out; our

stomachs take charge of our food and deal it about to our wearing bodies; our ears hear, our eyes enable us to see, and our brains carry on a world of business. Which of us has a misfitted joint, or a badly made bit of machinery, or finds anything at all wrong or out of place in his whole body? Why, not one of us; not one of us, though I am not so brisk a runner as I once was—not a soul of us! And whom have we to thank? Put on your hats, boys; the air outside, too, is clear and bright; we shall not spend Thanksgiving morning fitting steam-engines together when we have not thanked God that we are in comfortable working order ourselves. Be quick now, and fly about!"

And Great-grandfather Pritchett stamped hard on the floor with his spry, be buckled foot, till the boys started for their hats; and the boys whisked about as though trying their joints, and Great-grandfather Pritchett hung the hempen bag on a nail, while he and the three younger Pritchetts went to give thanks.

## SKY-SAILING.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

LAZY clouds, so slowly floating,  
That would be my kind of boating,—  
Riding, gliding, high in air,  
Bound for—oh, for anywhere!  
Do you ever sail so far  
That you steer against a star?  
And the moon—Who turns you round  
When on her you'd run aground?  
As the wild-goose quacks it South,  
Can you see inside his mouth?  
When the bluebird brings the Spring,  
Is it pinned beneath his wing?  
Have you ever seen that town  
Where the sun stays when he's down?  
Is his hair all gold and curly?  
How does he get up so early?  
Who lives 'way on yonder hill,  
Always talking when it's still?  
I wonder, oh, I do just wonder  
If you've seen old growling Thunder.  
Can't he stop his children's clatter?  
Is he mad?—Or what's the matter?

MANY queer things you must spy,  
Riding there, so wild and high,—  
Lazy clouds, so slowly floating,  
That would be my kind of boating.



## ONE LITTLE RHYME IN A WORLD OF RHYME.

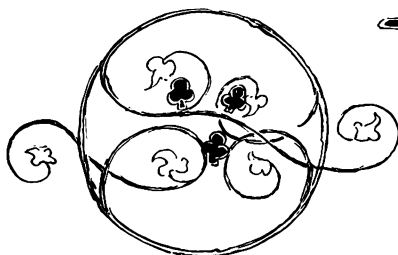
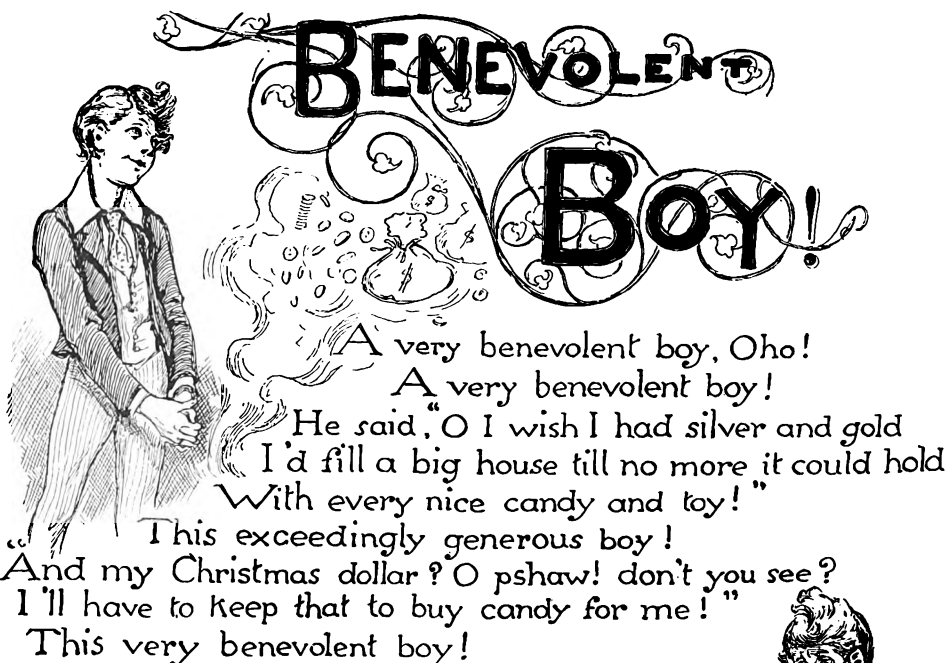
BY ERNEST WHITNEY.

ONE little grain in the sandy bars;  
One little flower in a field of flowers;  
One little star in a heaven of stars;  
One little hour in a year of hours,—  
What if it makes or what if it mars?

But the bar is built of the little grains;  
And the little flowers make the meadows gay;  
And the little stars light the heavenly plains;  
And the little hours of each little day  
Give to us all that life contains.



THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER.



## CHRISTMAS BEFORE LAST;

*Or, The Fruit of the Fragile Palm.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

THE "HORN O' PLENTY" was a fine, big, old-fashioned ship, very high in the bow, very high in the stern, with a quarter-deck always carpeted in fine weather, because her captain could not see why one should not make himself comfortable at sea as well as on land. Covajos Maroots was her captain, and a fine, jolly, old-fashioned, elderly sailor he was. "The Horn o' Plenty" always sailed upon one sea, and always between two ports, one on the west side of the sea, and one on the east. The port on the west was quite a large city, in which Captain Covajos had a

married son, and the port on the east was another city in which he had a married daughter. In each family he had several grandchildren; and, consequently, it was a great joy to the jolly old sailor to arrive at either port. The Captain was very particular about his cargo, and the "Horn o' Plenty" was generally laden with good things to eat, or sweet things to smell, or fine things to wear, or beautiful things to look at. Once a merchant brought to him some boxes of bitter aloes, and mustard plasters, but Captain Covajos refused to take them into his ship.

"I know," said he, "that such things are very useful and necessary at times, but you'd better send them over in some other vessel. The "Horn o' Plenty" has never carried anything that to look at, to taste, or to smell, did not delight the souls of old and young. I am sure you can not say that of these commodities. If I were to put such things on board my ship, it would break the spell which more than fifty savory voyages have thrown around it."

There were sailors who sailed upon that sea who used to say that sometimes, when the weather was hazy and they could not see far, they would know they were about to meet the "Horn o' Plenty" before she came in sight; her planks and timbers, and even her sails and masts had gradually become so filled with the odor of good things that the winds that blew over her were filled with an agreeable fragrance.

There was another thing about which Captain Covajos was very particular; he always liked to arrive at one of his ports a few days before Christmas. Never, in the course of his long life, had the old sailor spent a Christmas at sea; and now that he had his fine grandchildren to help make the holidays merry, it would have grieved him very much if he had been unable to reach one of his ports in good season. His jolly old vessel was generally heavily laden, and very slow, and there were many days of calms on that sea when she did not sail at all, so that her voyages were usually very, very long. But the Captain fixed the days of sailing so as to give himself plenty of time to get to the other end of his course before Christmas came around.

One spring, however, he started too late, and when he was about the middle of his voyage, he called to him Baragat Bean, his old boatswain. This venerable sailor had been with the Captain ever since he had commanded the "Horn o' Plenty," and on important occasions he was always consulted in preference to the other officers, none of whom had served under Captain Covajos more than fifteen or twenty years.

"Baragat," said the Captain, "we have just passed the Isle of Guinea-Hens. You can see its one mountain standing up against the sky to the north."

"Aye, aye, sir," said old Baragat; "there she stands, the same as usual."

"That makes it plain," said the Captain, "that we are not yet half-way across, and I am very much afraid that I shall not be able to reach my dear daughter's house before Christmas."

"That would be doleful, indeed," said Baragat, "but I've been afraid of something of the kind, for we've had calms nearly every other day, and

sometimes, when the wind did blow, it came from the wrong direction, and it's my belief that the ship sailed backward."

"That was very bad management," said the Captain. "The chief mate should have seen to it that the sails were turned in such a manner that the ship could not go backward. If that sort of thing happened often, it would become quite a serious affair."

"But what is done can't be helped," said the boatswain, "and I don't see how you are ever going to get into port before Christmas."

"Nor I either," said the Captain, gazing out over the sea.

"It would give me a sad turn, sir," said Baragat, "to see you spend Christmas at sea; a thing you never did before, nor ever shall do, if I can help it. If you'll take my advice, sir, you'll turn around, and go back. It's a shorter distance to the port we started from than to the one we are going to, and if we turn back now, I am sure we all shall be on shore before the holidays."

"Go back to my son's house——" exclaimed Captain Covajos, "where I was last winter! Why, that would be like spending last Christmas over again!"

"But that would be better than having none at all, sir," said the boatswain, "and a Christmas at sea would be about equal to none."

"Good!" exclaimed the Captain. "I will give up the coming Christmas with my daughter and her children, and go back and spend last Christmas over again with my son and his dear boys and girls. Have the ship turned around immediately, Baragat, and tell the chief mate I do not wish to sail backward if it can possibly be avoided."

For a week or more the "Horn o' Plenty" sailed back upon her track toward the city where dwelt the Captain's son. The weather was fine, the carpet was never taken up from the quarter-deck, and everything was going on very well, when a man, who happened to have an errand at one of the topmasts, came down, and reported that, far away to the north, he had seen a little open boat with some people in it.

"Ah me!" said Captain Covajos, "it must be some poor fellows who are shipwrecked. It will take us out of our course, but we must not leave them to their fate. Have the ship turned about, so that it will sail northward."

It was not very long before they came up with the boat; and, much to the Captain's surprise, he saw that it was filled with boys.

"Who are you?" he cried as soon as he was near enough. "And where do you come from?"

"We are the First Class in Long Division," said the oldest boy, "and we are cast away. Have

you anything to eat that you can spare us? We are almost famished."

"We have plenty of everything," said the Captain. "Come on board instantly, and all your wants shall be supplied."

"How long have you been without food?" he asked, when the boys were on the deck of the vessel.

"We have had nothing to eat since breakfast,"



"IT MUST BE SOME POOR FELLOWS WHO ARE SHIPWRECKED!" SAID CAPTAIN COVAJOS.

said one of them; "and it is now late in the afternoon. Some of us are nearly dead from starvation."

"It is very hard for boys to go so long without eating," said the good Captain. And leading them below, he soon set them to work upon a bountiful meal.

Not until their hunger was fully satisfied did he ask them how they came to be cast away.

"You see, sir," said the oldest boy, "that we and the Multiplication Class had a holiday to-day, and each class took a boat and determined to have a race, so as to settle, once for all, which was the highest branch of arithmetic, multiplication or long division. Our class rowed so hard that we entirely lost sight of the Multiplicationers, and were out of sight of everything; so that, at last, we did not know which was the way back, and thus we became castaways."

"Where is your school?" asked the Captain.

"It is on Apple Island," said the boy; "and, although it is a long way off for a small boat with only four oars for nine boys, it can't be very far for a ship."

"That is quite likely," said the Captain, "and we shall take you home. Baragat, tell the chief mate to have the vessel turned toward Apple Island, that we may restore these boys to their parents and guardians."

Now, the chief mate had not the least idea in the world where Apple Island was, but he did not like to ask, because that would be confessing his ignorance; so he steered his vessel toward a point where he believed he had once seen an island, which, probably, was the one in question. The "Horn o' Plenty" sailed in this direction all night, and when day broke, and there was no island in sight, she took another course; and so sailed this way and that for six or seven days, without ever seeing a sign of land. All this time, the First Class in Long Division was as happy as it could be, for it was having a perfect holiday; fishing off the sides of the vessel, climbing up the ladders and ropes, and helping the sailors whistle for wind. But the Captain now began to grow a little impatient, for he felt he was losing time; so he sent for the chief mate, and said to him mildly but firmly:

"I know it is out of the line of your duty to search for island schools, but, if you really think that you do not know where Apple Island lies, I wish you to say so, frankly and openly."

"Frankly and openly," answered the mate, "I don't think I do."

"Very well," said the Captain. "Now, that is a basis to work upon, and we know where we stand. You can take a little rest, and let the second mate find the island. But I can only give him three days in which to do it. We really have no time to spare."

The second mate was very proud of the responsibility placed upon him, and immediately ordered the vessel to be steered due south.

"One is just as likely," he said, "to find a totally unknown place by going straight ahead in a certain direction, as by sailing here, there, and everywhere. In this way, you really get over more water, and there is less wear and tear of the ship and rigging."

So he sailed due south for two days, and at the end of that time they came in sight of land. This was quite a large island, and when they approached near enough, they saw upon its shores a very handsome city.

"Is this Apple Island?" said Captain Covajos to the oldest boy.

"Well, sir," answered the youth, "I am not sure I can say with certainty that I truly believe that it is; but, I think, if we were to go on shore, the people there would be able to tell us how to go to Apple Island."

"Very likely," said the good Captain; "and we

shall go on shore and make inquiries. And it has struck me, Baragat," he said, "that perhaps the merchants in the city where my son lives may be somewhat annoyed when the 'Horn' o' Plenty' comes back with all their goods on board, and not disposed of. Of course, not understanding my motives, they may be disposed to think ill of me. Consequently the idea has come into my head, that it might be a good thing to stop here for a time, and try to dispose of some of our merchandise. The city seems to be quite prosperous, and I have no doubt there are a number of merchants here."

So the "Horn o' Plenty" was soon anchored in the harbor, and as many of the officers and crew as could be spared went on shore to make inquiries. Of course the First Class in Long Division was not left behind; and, indeed, they were ashore as soon as anybody. The Captain and his companions were cordially welcomed by some of the dignitaries of the city who had come down to the harbor to see the strange vessel; but no one could give any information in regard to Apple Island, the name of which had never been heard on those

der palm-tree, which has been growing there for hundreds of years. It bears large and handsome fruit which is something like the cocoanut; and, in its perfection, is said to be a transcendently delicious fruit."

"Said to be!" exclaimed the Captain; "are you not positive about it?"

"No," said the other; "no one living has ever tasted the fruit in its perfection. When it becomes overripe, it drops to the ground, and, even then, it is considered royal property, and is taken to the palace for the King's table. But on fête-days and grand occasions small bits of it are distributed to the populace."

"Why don't you pick the fruit," asked Captain Covajos, "when it is in its best condition to eat?"

"It would be impossible," said the citizen, "for any one to climb up that tree, the trunk of which is so extremely delicate and fragile that the weight of a man would probably snap it; and, of course, a ladder placed against it would produce the same result. Many attempts have been made to secure this fruit at the proper season, but all of them



"EVERY BOY IN THE CLASS LOOKED UP, SHUT ONE EYE, AND WAGGED HIS HEAD."

shores. The Captain was naturally desirous of knowing at what place he had landed, and was informed that this was the Island of the Fragile Palm.

"That is rather an odd name," said the old Captain. "Why is it so called?"

"The reason is this," said his informant. "Near the center of the island stands a tall and very slen-

der palm-tree of a more robust sort was once planted near this one in the hope that when it grew high enough, men could climb up the stronger tree and get the fruit from the other. But, although we waited many years the second tree never attained sufficient height, and it was cut down."

"It is a great pity," said the Captain; "but I suppose it can't be helped." And then he began to make inquiries about the merchants in the place, and what probability there was of his doing a little trade here. The Captain soon discovered that the cargo of his ship was made up of goods which were greatly desired by the citizens of this place; and for several days he was very busy in selling the good things to eat, the sweet things to smell, the fine things to wear, and the beautiful things to look at, with which the hold of the "Horn o' Plenty" was crowded.

During this time the First Class in Long Division roamed, in delight, over the city. The busy streets, the shops, the handsome buildings, and the queer sights which they occasionally met, interested and amused them greatly. But still the boys were not satisfied. They had heard of the Fragile Palm, and they made up their minds to go and have a look at it. Therefore, taking a guide, they tramped out into the country, and in about an hour they came in sight of the beautiful tree standing in the center of the plain. The trunk was, indeed, exceedingly slender, and, as the guide informed them, the wood was of so very brittle a nature that if the tree had not been protected from the winds by the high hills which encircled it, it would have been snapped off ages ago. Under the broad tuft of leaves that formed its top, the boys saw hanging large clusters of the precious fruit; great nuts as big as their heads.

"At what time of the year," asked the oldest boy, "is that fruit just ripe enough to eat?"

"Now," answered the guide. "This is the season when it is in the most perfect condition. In about a month it will become entirely too ripe and soft, and will drop. But, even then, the King and all the rest of us are glad enough to get a taste of it."

"I should think the King would be exceedingly eager to get some of it, just as it is," said the boy.

"Indeed he is!" replied the guide. "He and his father, and I don't know how many grandfathers back, have offered large rewards to any one who would procure them this fruit in its best condition. But nobody has ever been able to get any yet."

"The reward still holds good, I suppose," said the head boy.

"Oh, yes," answered the guide; "there never was a King who so much desired to taste the fruit as our present monarch."

The oldest boy looked up at the top of the tree, shut one eye, and gave his head a little wag. And every boy in the class looked up, shut one eye, and slightly wagged his head. After which the oldest boy said that he thought it was about time for them to go back to the ship.

As soon as they reached the vessel, and could talk together freely, the boys had an animated discussion. It was unanimously agreed that they would make an attempt to get some of the precious fruit from the Fragile Palm, and the only difference of opinion among them was as to how it should be done. Most of them were in favor of some method of climbing the tree and trusting to its not breaking. But this the oldest boy would not listen to; the trunk might snap, and then somebody would be hurt, and he felt, in a measure, responsible for the rest of the class. At length a good plan was proposed by a boy who had studied mechanics.

"What we ought to do with that tree," said he, "is to put a hinge into her. Then we could let her down gently, pick off the fruit, and set her up again."

"But how are you going to do it?" asked the others.

"This is the way," said the boy who had studied mechanics. "You take a saw, and then, about two feet from the ground, you begin and saw down diagonally, for a foot and a half, to the center of the trunk. Then you go on the other side, and saw down in the same way, the two cuts meeting each other. Now you have the upper part of the trunk ending in a wedge, which fits into a cleft in the lower part of the trunk. Then, about nine inches below the place where you first began to saw, you bore a hole straight through both sides of the cleft and the wedge between them. Then you put an iron bolt through this hole, and you have your tree on a hinge, only she won't be apt to move because she fits in so snug and tight. Then you get a long rope, and put one end in a slip-knot loosely around the trunk. Then you get a lot of poles, and tie them end to end, and push this slip-knot up until it is somewhere near the top, when you pull it tight. Then you take another rope with a slip-knot, and push this a little more than half-way up the trunk. By having two ropes, that way, you prevent too much strain coming on any one part of the trunk. Then, after that, you take a mallet and chisel and round off the corners of the wedge, so that it will turn easily in the cleft. Then we take hold of the ropes, let her down gently, pick off the fruit, and haul her up again. That will all be easy enough."

This plan delighted the boys, and they all pronounced in its favor; but the oldest one suggested that it would be better to fasten the ropes to the trunk before they began to saw upon it, and another boy asked how they were going to keep the tree standing when they hauled her up again.

"Oh, that is easy enough," said the one who had studied mechanics; "you just bore another hole about six inches above the first one, and

put in another bolt. Then, of course, she can't move."

This settled all the difficulties, and it was agreed to start out early the next morning, gather the fruit, and claim the reward the King had offered. They accordingly went to the Captain and asked him for a sharp saw, a mallet and chisel, an auger, two iron bolts, and two very long ropes. These, having been cheerfully given to them, were put away in readiness for the morrow and the work to be attempted.

Very early on the next morning, the First Class in Long Division set out for the Fragile Palm, carrying their tools and ropes. Few people were awake as they passed through the city, and, without being observed, they reached the little plain on which the tree stood. The ropes were attached at the proper places, the tree was sawn, diagonally, according to the plan; the bolt was put in, and the corners of the wedge were rounded off. Then the eldest boy produced a pound of butter, whereupon his comrades, who had seized the ropes, paused in astonishment and asked him why he had brought the butter.

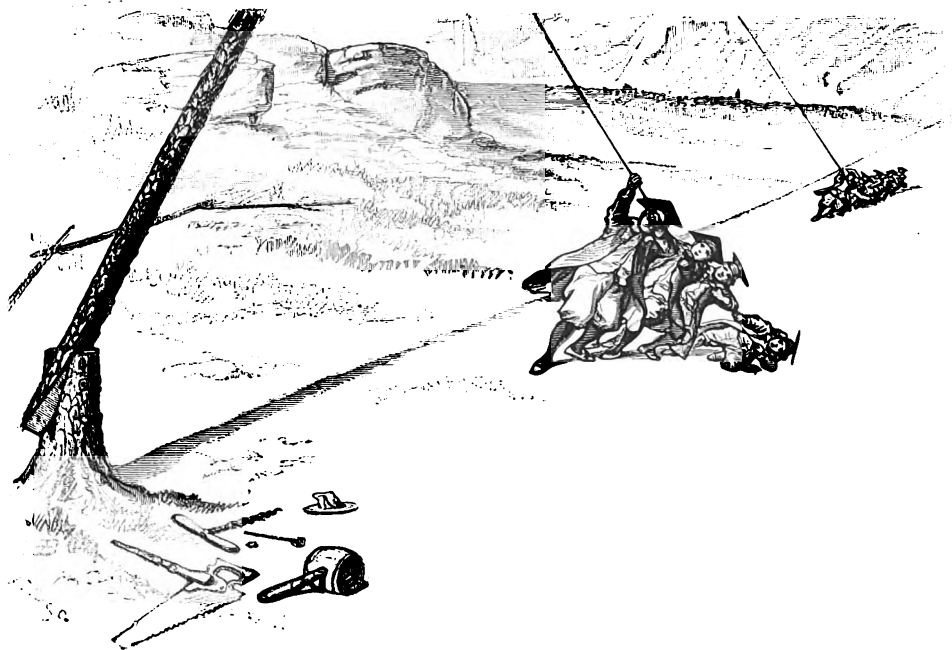
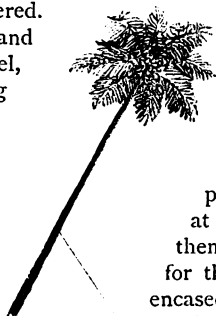
"I thought it well," was the reply, "to bring along some butter, because, when

of the long ropes, while another one with a pole pushed against the trunk of the Fragile Palm. When it began to lean over a little, he dropped

his pole and ran to help the others with the ropes. Slowly the tree moved on its hinge, descending at first very gradually; but it soon began to move with greater rapidity, although the boys held it back with all their strength; and, despite their most desperate efforts, the top came to the ground at last with quite a great thump. And then they all dropped their ropes, and ran for the fruit. Fortunately the great nuts encased in their strong husks were not in the least injured, and the boys soon pulled them off, about forty in all. Some of the boys were in favor of cracking open a few of the nuts and eating them, but this the eldest boy positively forbade.

"This fruit," he said, "is looked upon as almost sacred, and if we were to eat any of it, it is probable that we would be put to death, which would be extremely awkward for fellows who have gone to all the trouble we have had. We must set up the tree and carry the fruit to the King."

According to this advice, they thoroughly greased



"SLOWLY THE TREE MOVED ON ITS HINGE."

the tree is down, we can grease the hinge, and then it will not be so hard to pull it up again."

When all was ready, eight of the boys took hold

the hinge in the tree with the butter, and then set themselves to work to haul up the trunk. This, however, was much more difficult than letting it



down; and they had to lift up the head of it, and prop it up on poles, before they could pull upon it with advantage. The tree, although tall, was indeed a very slender one, with a small top, and, if it had been as fragile as it was supposed to be, the boys' efforts would surely have broken it. At last, after much tugging and warm work, they pulled it into an upright position, and put in the second bolt. They left the ropes on the tree because, as some of them had suggested, the people might want to let the tree down again the next year. It would have been difficult for the boys to carry in their arms the great pile of fruit they had gathered; but, having noticed a basket-maker's cottage on their way to the tree, two of them were sent to buy one of his largest baskets, or hampers. This was attached to two long poles, and, having been filled with the nuts, the boys took the poles on their shoulders, and marched into the city.

On their way to the palace they attracted a great crowd, and when they were ushered into the presence of the King, his surprise and delight knew no bounds. At first he could scarcely believe his eyes; but he had seen the fruit so often that there could be no mistake about it.

"I shall not ask you," he said to the boys, "how you procured this fruit, and thus accomplished a deed which has been the object of the ambition of myself and my forefathers. All I ask is, did you leave the tree standing?"

"We did," said the boys.

"Then all that remains to be done," said His Majesty, "is to give you the reward you have so nobly earned. Treasurer, measure out to each of them a quart of gold coin. And pray be quick about it, for I am wild with desire to have a table spread, and one of these nuts cracked, that I may taste of its luscious contents."

The boys, however, appeared a little dissatisfied. Huddling together, they consulted in a low tone, and then the eldest boy addressed the King.

"May it please your Majesty," he said; "we should very much prefer to have you give each of us one of those nuts instead of a quart of gold."

The King looked grave. "This is a much greater reward," he said, "than I had ever expected to pay; but, since you ask it, you must have it. You have done something which none of my subjects has ever been able to accomplish, and it is right, therefore, that you should be fully satisfied."

So he gave them each a nut, with which they departed in triumph to the ship.

By the afternoon of the next day, the Captain had sold nearly all his cargo at very good prices; and when the money was safely stored away in the "Horn o' Plenty," he made ready to sail, for he declared he had really no time to spare. "I must

now make all possible haste," he said to old Baragat, "to find Apple Island, put these boys ashore, and then speed away to the city where lives my son. We must not fail to get there in time to spend last Christmas over again."

On the second day, after the "Horn o' Plenty" had left the Island of the Fragile Palm, one of the sailors who happened to be aloft noticed a low, black, and exceedingly unpleasant-looking vessel rapidly approaching. This soon proved to be the ship of a band of corsairs, who, having heard of the large amount of money on the "Horn o' Plenty," had determined to pursue her and capture the rich prize. All sail was set upon the "Horn o' Plenty," but it soon became plain that she could never outsail the corsair vessel.

"What our ship can do better than anything else," said Baragat to the Captain, "is to stop short. Stop her short, and let the other one go by."

This maneuver was executed, but, although the corsair passed rapidly by, not being able to stop so suddenly, it soon turned around and came back, its decks swarming with savage men armed to the teeth.

"They are going to board us," cried Baragat. "They are getting out their grappling-irons, and they will fasten the two ships together."

"Let all assemble on the quarter-deck," said the Captain. "It is higher there, and we shall not be so much exposed to accidents. Nothing is so unsafe as to put one's self in the way of a body of men like those impetuous fellows."

The corsair ship soon ran alongside the "Horn o' Plenty," and in a moment the two vessels were fastened together; and then the corsairs, every man of them, each with cutlass in hand and a belt full of dirks and knives, swarmed up the side of the "Horn o' Plenty" and sprang upon its central deck. Some of the ferocious fellows, seeing the officers and crew all huddled together upon the quarter-deck, made a movement in that direction. This so frightened the chief mate that he sprang down upon the deck of the corsair ship. A panic now arose, and he was immediately followed by the officers and crew. The boys, of course, were not to be left behind; and the Captain and Baragat felt themselves bound not to desert the crew, and so they jumped also. None of the corsairs interfered with this proceeding, for each one of them was anxious to find the money at once. When the passengers and crew of the "Horn o' Plenty" were all on board the corsair ship, Baragat came to the Captain, and said:

"If I were you, sir, I'd cast off those grapnels, and separate the vessels. When those rascals have finished robbing our money-chests, they will come back here and murder us all."

"That is a good idea," said Captain Covajos ; and he told the chief mate to give orders to cast off the grapnels, push the two vessels apart, and set some of the sails.

When this had been done, the corsair vessel began to move away from the other, and was soon many lengths distant from her. When the corsairs came on deck and perceived what had happened, they were infuriated, and immediately began to pursue their own vessel with the one they had captured. But the "Horn o' Plenty" could not, by any possibility, sail as fast as the corsair ship, and the latter easily kept away from her.

"Now, then," said Baragat to the Captain, "what you have to do is easy enough. Sail straight for our port and those sea-robbers will follow you ; for, of course, they will wish to get their own vessel back again, and will hope, by some carelessness on our part, to overtake us. In the meantime the money will be safe enough, for they will have no opportunity of spending it ; and when we come to port, we can take some soldiers on board, and go back and capture those fellows. They can never sail away from us on the "Horn o' Plenty."

"That is an admirable plan," said the Captain, "and I shall carry it out ; but I can not sail to port immediately. I must first find Apple Island and land these boys, whose parents and guardians are probably growing very uneasy. I suppose the corsairs will continue to follow us wherever we go."

"I hope so," said Baragat ; "at any rate we shall see."

The First Class in Long Division was very much delighted with the change of vessels, and the boys rambled everywhere, and examined with great interest all that belonged to the corsairs. They felt quite easy about the only treasures they possessed, because, when they had first seen the piratical vessel approaching, they had taken the precious nuts which had been given to them by the King, and had hidden them at the bottom of some large boxes, in which the Captain kept the sailors' winter clothes.

"In this warm climate," said the eldest boy, "the robbers will never meddle with those winter clothes, and our precious fruit will be perfectly safe."

"If you had taken my advice," said one of the other boys, "we should have eaten some of the nuts. Those, at least, we should have been sure of."

"And we should have had that many less to show to the other classes," said the eldest boy. "Nuts like these, I am told, if picked at the proper season, will keep for a long time."

For some days the corsairs on board the "Horn o' Plenty" followed their own vessel, but then

they seemed to despair of ever being able to overtake it, and steered in another direction. This threatened to ruin all the plans of Captain Covajos, and his mind became troubled. Then the boy who had studied mechanics came forward and said to the Captain :

"I'll tell you what I'd do, sir, if I were you ; I'd follow your old ship, and when night came on I'd sail up quite near to her, and let some of your sailors swim quietly over, and fasten a cable to her, and then you could tow her after you wherever you wished to go."

"But they might unfasten the cable, or cut it," said Baragat, who was standing by.

"That could easily be prevented," said the boy. "At their end of the cable must be a stout chain which they can not cut, and it must be fastened so far beneath the surface of the water that they will not be able to reach it to unfasten it."

"A most excellent plan," said Captain Covajos ; "let it be carried out."

As soon as it became quite dark, the corsair vessel quietly approached the other, and two stout sailors from Finland, who swam very well, were ordered to swim over and attach the chain-end of a long cable to the "Horn o' Plenty." It was a very difficult operation, for the chain was heavy, but the men succeeded at last, and returned to report.

"We put the chain on, fast and strong, sir," they said to the Captain ; "and six feet under water. But the only place we could find to make it fast to was the bottom of the rudder."

"That will do very well," remarked Baragat ; "for the 'Horn o' Plenty' sails better backward than forward, and will not be so hard to tow."

For week after week, and month after month, Captain Covajos, in the corsair vessel, sailed here and there in search of Apple Island, always towing after him the "Horn o' Plenty," with the corsairs on board, but never an island with a school on it could they find ; and one day old Baragat came to the Captain and said :

"If I were you, sir, I'd sail no more in these warm regions. I am quite sure that apples grow in colder latitudes, and are never found so far south as this."

"That is a good idea," said Captain Covajos. "We should sail for the north if we wish to find an island of apples. Have the vessel turned northward."

And so, for days and weeks, the two vessels slowly moved on to the north. One day the Captain made some observations and calculations, and then he hastily summoned Baragat.

"Do you know," said he, "that I find it is now near the end of November, and I am quite

certain that we shall not get to the port where my son lives in time to celebrate last Christmas again. It is dreadfully slow work, towing after us the 'Horn o' Plenty,' full of corsairs, wherever we go. But we can not cast her off and sail straight for our port, for I should lose my good ship, the

sailing to the north. It is now November, and, although it is warm enough at this season in the southern part of the sea, it will become colder and colder as we go on. The consequence of this will be that those corsairs will want winter clothes, they will take them out of the Captain's chests, and they will find our fruit."

The boys groaned. "That is true," said one of them; "but still we wish to go back to our island."

"Of course," said the eldest boy, "it is quite proper that we should return to Long Division. But think of the hard work we did to get that fruit, and think of the quarts of gold we gave up for it! It would be too bad to lose it now!"

It was unanimously agreed that it would be too bad to lose the fruit, and it was also unanimously agreed that they wished to go back to Apple Island. But what to do about it, they did not know.

Day by day the weather grew colder and colder, and the boys became more and more excited and distressed for fear they should lose their precious fruit. The eldest boy lay awake for several nights, and then a plan came into his head. He went to Captain Covajos and proposed that he should send a flag of truce over to the corsairs, offering to exchange winter clothing. He would send over to them the heavy garments they had left on their own vessel, and in return would take the boxes of clothes intended for the winter wear of his sailors. In this way, they would get their fruit back without the corsairs knowing anything about it. The Captain considered this an excellent plan, and ordered the chief mate to take a boat and a flag of

truce, and go over to the "Horn o' Plenty," and make the proposition. The eldest boy and two of the others insisted on going also, in order that there might be no mistake about the boxes. But when the flag-of-truce party reached the "Horn o' Plenty" they found not a corsair there! Every man of them had gone. They had taken with them all the money-chests, but to the great delight of the boys, the boxes of winter clothes had not been disturbed; and in them still nestled, safe and sound, the precious nuts of the Fragile Palm.

When the matter had been thoroughly looked into, it became quite evident what the corsairs had done. There had been only one boat on board the "Horn o' Plenty," and that was the one on which the First Class in Long Division had arrived. The night before, the two vessels had passed within a mile or so of a large island, which the Cap-



THE CREW OF THE "HORN O' PLenty" TAKE TO THE CORSAIR-SHIP.  
(SEE PAGE 130.)

merchants would lose all their money, and the corsairs would go unpunished; and, besides all that, think of the misery of the parents and guardians of those poor boys. No; I must endeavor to find Apple Island. And if I can not reach port in time to spend last Christmas with my son, I shall certainly get there in season for Christmas before last. It is true that I spent that Christmas with my daughter, but I can not go on to her now. I am much nearer the city where my son lives; and, besides, it is necessary to go back, and give the merchants their money. So now we shall have plenty of time, and need not feel hurried."

"No," said Baragat, heaving a vast sigh, "we need not feel hurried."

The mind of the eldest boy now became very much troubled, and he called his companions about him. "I don't like at all," said he, "this

tain had approached in the hope it was the one they were looking for, and they passed it so slowly that the corsairs had time to ferry themselves over, a few at a time, in the little boat, taking with them the money,—and all without discovery.

Captain Covajos was greatly depressed when he heard of the loss of all the money.

"I shall have a sad tale to tell my merchants," he said, "and Christmas before last will not be celebrated so joyously as it was the first time. But we can not help what has happened, and we all must endeavor to bear our losses with patience. We shall continue our search for Apple Island, but I shall go on board my own ship, for I have greatly missed my carpeted quarter-deck and my other comforts. The chief mate, however, and a majority of the crew shall remain on board the corsair vessel, and continue to tow us. The 'Horn o' Plenty' sails better stern foremost, and we shall go faster that way."

When the good old man received his present, he was much affected. "I will accept what you offer me," he said; "for if I did not, I know your feelings would be wounded. But you must keep one of the nuts for yourselves. And, more than that, if we do not find Apple Island in the course of the coming year, I invite you all to spend Christmas before last over again, with me at my son's house."

All that winter, the two ships sailed up and down, and here and there, but never could they find Apple Island. When Christmas-time came, old Baragat went around among the boys and the crew, and told them it would be well not to say a word on the subject to the Captain, for his feelings were very tender in regard to spending Christmas away from his families, and the thing had never happened before. So nobody made any allusion to the holidays, and they passed over as if they had been ordinary days.



"WHEN THE GOOD MAN RECEIVED HIS PRESENT, HE WAS MUCH AFFECTED."

The boys were overjoyed at recovering their fruit, and most of them were in favor of cracking two or three of the great nuts, and eating their contents in honor of the occasion, but the eldest boy dissuaded them.

"The good Captain," he said, "has been very kind in endeavoring to take us back to our school, and still intends to keep up the search for dear old Apple Island. The least we can do for him is to give him this fruit, which is all we have, and let him do what he pleases with it. This is the only way in which we can show our gratitude to him."

The boys turned their backs on one another, and each of them gave his eyes a little rub, but they all agreed to give the fruit to the Captain.

During the spring, and all through the summer, the two ships kept up the unavailing search, but when the autumn began, Captain Covajos said to old Baragat: "I am very sorry, but I feel that I can no longer look for Apple Island. I must go back and spend Christmas before last over again, with my dearest son; and if these poor boys never return to their homes, I am sure they can not say it was any fault of mine."

"No, sir," said Baragat, "I think you have done all that could be expected of you."

So the ships sailed to the city on the west side of the sea; and the Captain was received with great joy by his son, and his grandchildren. He went to the merchants, and told them how he had

lost all their money. He hoped they would be able to bear their misfortune with fortitude, and begged, as he could do nothing else for them, that they would accept the eight great nuts from the Fragile Palm that the boys had given him. To his surprise the merchants became wild with delight when they received the nuts. The money they had lost was as nothing, they said, compared to the value of this incomparable and precious fruit, picked in its prime, and still in a perfect condition.

It had been many, many generations since this rare fruit, the value of which was like unto that of diamonds and pearls, had been for sale in any market in the world; and kings and queens in many countries were ready to give for it almost any price that might be asked.

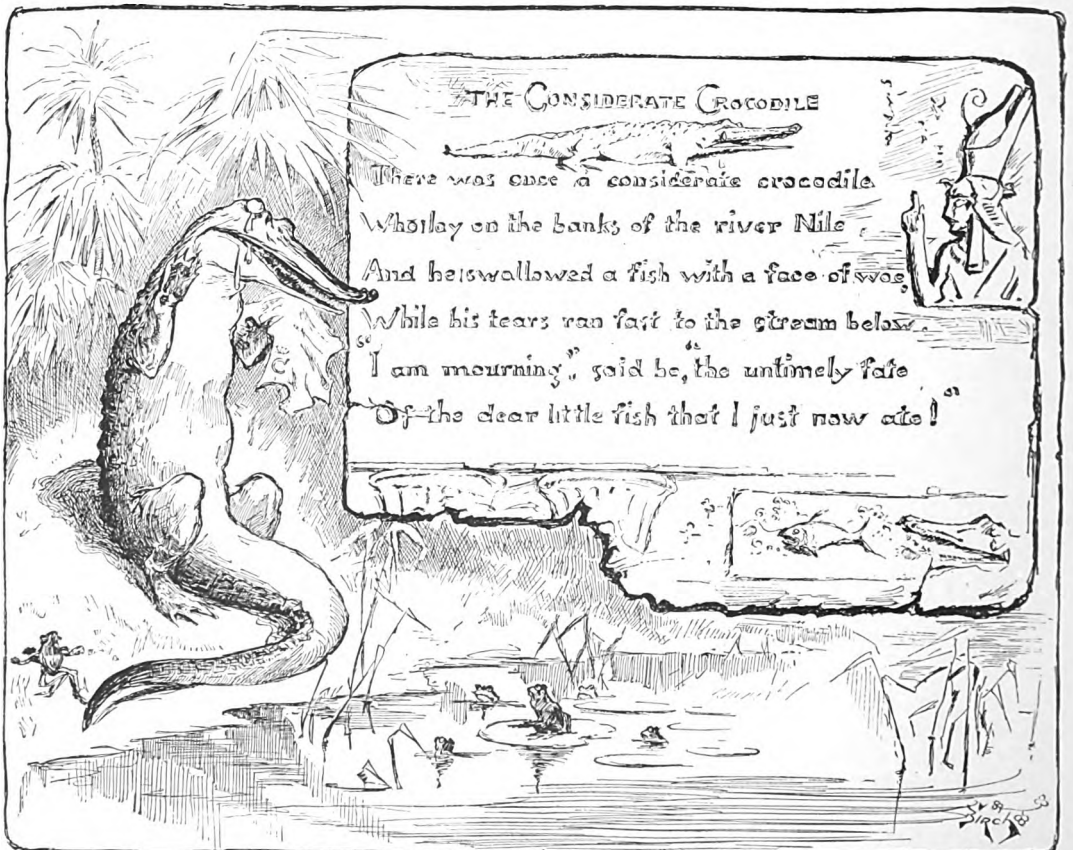
When the good old Captain heard this he was greatly rejoiced, and, as the holidays were now near, he insisted that the boys should spend Christmas before last over again, at his son's house. He found that a good many people here knew where Apple Island was, and he made arrangements for

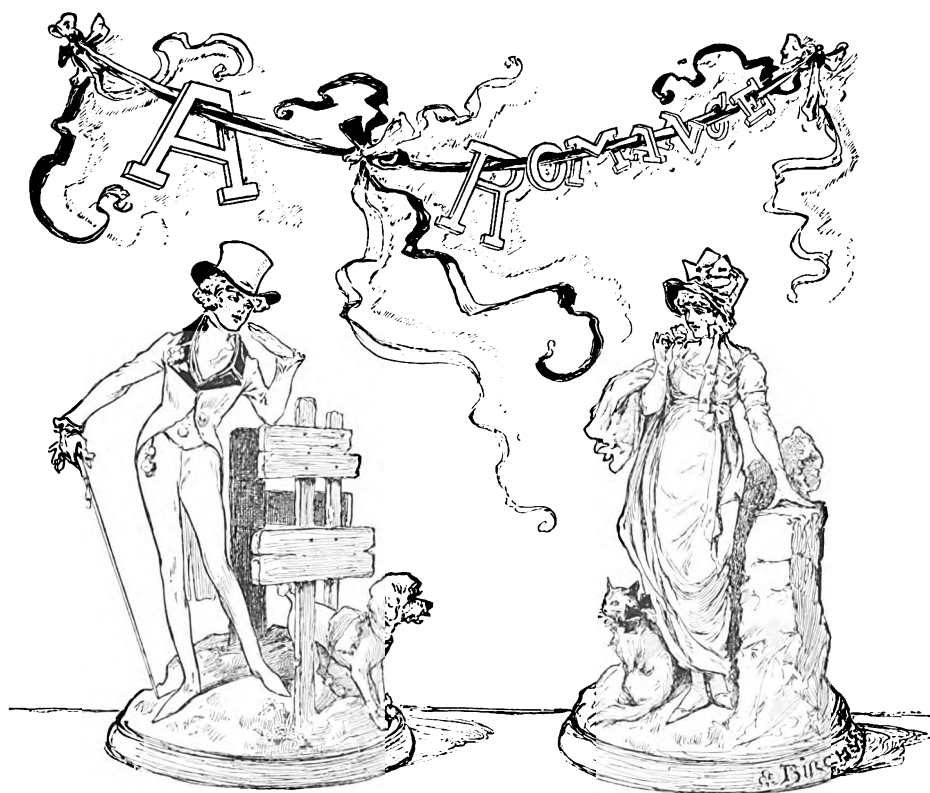
the First Class in Long Division to return to that island in a vessel which was to sail about the first of the year.

The boys still possessed the great nut which the Captain had insisted they should keep for themselves, and he now told them that if they chose to sell it, they would each have a nice little fortune to take back with them. The eldest boy consulted the others, and then he said to the Captain:

"Our class has gone through a good many hardships, and has had a lot of trouble with that palm-tree and other things, and we think we ought to be rewarded. So, if it is all the same to you, I think we shall crack the nut on Christmas Day and we all shall eat it."

"I never imagined," cried Captain Covajos, as he sat, on that Christmas Day, surrounded by his son's family and the First Class in Long Division, the eyes of the whole party sparkling with ecstasy as they tasted the peerless fruit of the Fragile Palm, "that Christmas before last could ever be so joyfully celebrated over again."





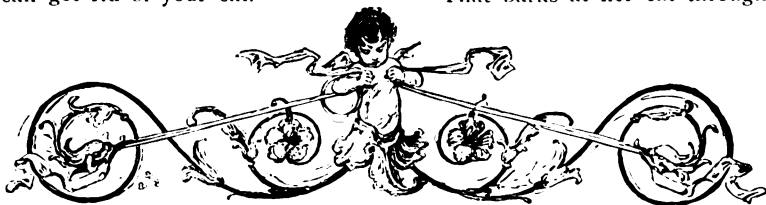
BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

EACH day, bowing toward her politely,  
He wooed her with passion intense,  
Reproving his little pet poodle,  
That barked at her cat through the fence.  
"I've a question to ask," he once murmured,—  
"Will you be, little woman, my wife?  
With none but my poodle to love me,  
I'm leading too lonely a life."

And her round, dimpled cheeks were like roses;  
"Although I adore you," sighed she,  
"I never can marry you—never!  
Your dog with my cat won't agree."  
"It is true," he said, stroking his poodle  
"But then I've been thinking of that.  
You need n't distress yourself, darling,  
For you can get rid of your cat."

"What! Part with my dear little Snow-ball!  
I never could do it!" she said.  
"You're cruel to ask it, when you, love,  
Can give up your poodle instead."  
"But he knows how to carry a basket,"  
He said, with a quivering lip;  
"And he'll jump through a hoop, and—I love him!  
I could n't dispense with poor Gyp!"

"Then you see how it is, dear," she nodded.  
"I see," he replied; "it is Fate!"  
"And, until they make up, dear," she added,—  
"The best thing, I'm sure, is to wait."  
So, each day, bowing toward her politely,  
He wooes her, with passion intense,  
Reproving his little pet poodle,  
That barks at her cat through the fence!



## THE RAJAH'S PAPER-CUTTER.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.

A NUMBER of years ago there was a wealthy rajah in Calcutta, who, having a friendly feeling toward his English conquerors, had learned to speak and read their language. He was not a little proud of his accomplishments, and especially of his ability to read; and so he very seldom lost an opportunity to display it.

It happened that one day, while visiting the English viceroy, he saw, lying on a table, a copy of the *Edinburgh Review*, which had just been received. As there were several strangers in the room, the rajah was seized with a desire to make known his knowledge of English.

"Your Excellency," he said, addressing the viceroy, "will you be good enough to lend me this book to read?"

The viceroy of course complied, and all the guests expressed their surprise that the rajah had overcome the difficulties of the English language. So the prince, quite satisfied with the sensation he had created, took his leave.

Having borrowed the magazine, the rajah, though he had no idea of the sort of literature it contained, felt that he ought to read it through carefully, so that, when questioned about it by the viceroy, he might answer intelligently.

Accordingly he began with the first article, which was an account of "Hunting the Orang-outang"; and first learning from his dictionary what an orang-outang was, he read on to the bottom of the page with increasing interest.

"The orang is as large as"—he read, and, turning the page, continued—"the unfortunate Queen of Scotland, who will perhaps stand higher in the estimation of future generations than her more successful rival, Elizabeth of England."

The rajah was greatly perplexed. The sentence seemed to make sense, and yet he could not for the life of him see what the orang-outang had to do with the Queen of Scotland. And the worst of it was that the article immediately dropped the subject of the orang and devoted itself to Queen Mary Stuart.

The puzzled potentate, having tried in vain to connect the two ideas, finally gave up the orang-outang and became so interested in the fortunes of the Scottish Queen that by the time he had reached the bottom of the following page he had almost forgotten that there was such a creature as an orang-outang.

"The house of Guise, then in power in France,"—

the rajah turned the page,— "devoted themselves almost exclusively to the breeding of milch cows."

"Well," said the viceroy, when, on the following day, the rajah returned the magazine, "did you find anything of interest to you in the pages?"

"Interesting enough, but so very disconnected," replied the rajah. "Why, look!" and he pointed out the extraordinary sentences he had read.

The viceroy, who was a gentleman, did not laugh then; he merely smiled sympathetically, and waited until the rajah was gone.

"I should have told you," he said politely, "that the leaves were not cut. See!" He took up a paper-knife and cut the leaves. "You turned from 'Hunting the Orang-outang' to 'The History of Mary Stuart,' and from that to an article on 'Jersey Cows.'"

The rajah forgot his chagrin in his curiosity to learn how the magazine could be printed with its leaves all folded up.

This the viceroy explained, and then, seeing that the rajah was curiously examining the paper-knife, he courteously presented it to him. The rajah then returned home, and the viceroy forgot the occurrence until it was recalled to his memory in a singular way, about a year later.

He was surprised one day to see a gayly dressed company enter his court-yard, surrounding the friendly rajah, who was mounted upon the back of a young elephant. Salutations were exchanged, and the rajah called out:

"Has your Excellency an uncut copy of the *Edinburgh Review*?"

The viceroy had a copy, and sent for it.

"Will your Excellency please toss it to my elephant?"

The viceroy threw it toward the animal, which very deftly caught it with its trunk.

What was the viceroy's astonishment then to see the elephant slip the uncut edges of the magazine over one of its tusks and neatly and carefully cut them open!

Looking more closely, he saw that each of the tusks had been carved into a paper-knife, with smooth blade and elaborate handle.

The elephant, when it had completed its task of cutting the leaves, passed the magazine back to the admiring viceroy.

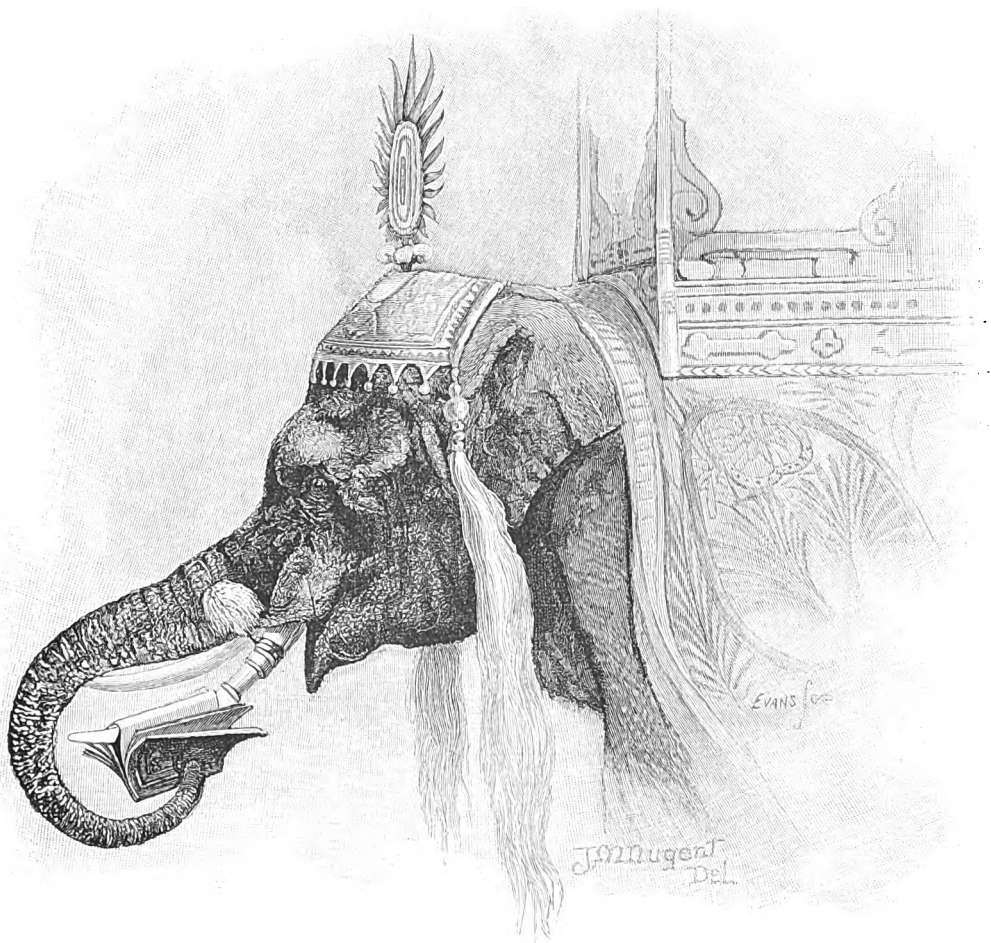
"Your Excellency," said the rajah, as he dismounted from the elephant, "a year ago you gave me a paper-knife. It has, as you see, come to



life. I hope you will do me the honor to receive it back again."

In Calcutta, where this story is told, admiration is always expressed at the princely generosity of

India. But, after all, cutting the leaves of a magazine, though a very pretty accomplishment, is no more extraordinary than walking a tight-rope or riding a velocipede, and both of those



the rajah. In England and America, it is much more likely that the elephant's sagacity will be admired. I cannot vouch for the truth of the narrative, though a similar incident has lately been told in the newspapers, in which it was stated that an elephant with a paper-cutter tusk had been presented to Lord Dufferin, the present viceroy of

feats have been performed by young elephants in this country.

It is somewhat difficult to know where to place the limit of the elephant's ability to learn, for the most expert trainer of the great creatures in this country has said that he will some day teach an elephant to write his name.

## MRS. KRISS KRINGLE.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

OH, I laugh to hear what grown folk  
Tell the young folk of Kriss Kringle,  
In the Northland, where unknown folk  
Love to feel the frost-wind tingle.

Yes, I laugh to hear the grown folk  
Tell you young folk how Kriss Kringle  
Travels 'round the world like lone folk,  
None to talk with — always single!

Would a grim and grave old fellow  
(Not a chick nor child to care for)  
Keep a heart so warm and mellow  
That all children he'd prepare for?

Do you think, my little maiden,  
He could ever guess your wishes —  
That you'd find your stocking laden  
With a doll and set of dishes?

No; the truth is, some one whispers  
In the ear he hears the best with,

What to suit the youngest lispers,  
Boys and girls, and all the rest with.

Some one (ah, you guess in vain, dear!)  
Nestled close by old Kriss Kringle,  
Laughs to see the prancing reindeer,  
Laughs to hear the sledge bells jingle.

Dear old lady, small and rosy!  
In the nipping, Christmas weather,  
Nestled close, so warm and cozy,  
These two chat, for hours together.

So, if I were in your places,  
Rob and Hal, and Kate, and Mary,  
I would be in the good graces  
Of this lovely, shy old fairy.

Still I laugh to hear the grown folk  
Tell you young folk how Kriss Kringle  
Travels 'round the world, like lone folk,—  
None to talk with — always single!

## OUR HOLIDAY PARTY.

BY C. E. C.

THAT we should have our winter party had been fully decided, but what kind of a party it should be was a question that still agitated us.

But first let me tell you who "we" were, and then I will tell you what we did. "We" were a number of boys and girls who for several summers had camped out together on the shore of one of the great Lakes, and every winter we had held a reunion, between Christmas and New Year's.

Dora wished to have us decide upon a german, but to that the objection was quickly raised that several of us did not dance. We thought we were too grown-up for a bubble party, and an ordinary fancy party seemed rather tame. Despair was settling down upon us, when Harry said:

"Why not have all the Holidays come together? Christmas and New Year's are already here, why not invite St. Valentine's Day, Easter, Fourth of July, and the rest of the gala days, to meet them?"

We were delighted with the idea, and so after spoiling a great deal of paper the invitations were arranged on the following plan:

"You are invited to participate in a Camp Reunion, at the Mel-worth Homestead, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 30th. You will meet the principal Holidays of the year, and they will be pleased to see you in your interpretation of — (St. Valentine's Day)."

With one or two exceptions a boy and a girl were asked to represent each day, and there were two prizes offered for the best costumes.

And now, such a plotting and planning and general getting ready as ensued! Every one of us was reading cyclopædias and studying dictionaries to find out what Twelfth Night really meant, and who St. Valentine actually was, and how Jack should represent May Day. It was easy enough for a girl, but what could a boy do?

Harry, as the host, was to be Christmas Day and preside over a Christmas-tree.

Carl was to be St. Valentine's Day, and his time was taken up in writing Valentines for all of us; but he finished them all—twenty-five of them, each sealed with red wax, with a heart stamped on it.

The party was to be on Tuesday, and at last everything was ready.

What a lovely sight! Is it fairy-land, or is it the very home of the Holidays themselves? The "big parlor" scarcely recognizes itself. Yards of evergreen rope, festooned from the ceiling in every direction, make it a real bower. Over one fireplace we read "Merry Christmas!" and over the other, "Happy New Year!" The floor is waxed and shining, and in the corners are inviting seats covered with rugs and bear-skins.

And then this fantastic company in bewitching and bewildering array! Can these really be the boys and girls we have seen at camp in flannel suits and Tam o' Shanter? How can I hope to tell you all about it?

There goes the Fourth of July. Miss Fourth is draped in flags and trimmed with pin-wheels; she has a gilt helmet on her head, and she is carrying a gorgeous transparency of red, white, and blue silk, with "1884" on one side, "'76" on the next, and a "Liberty Bell" on the third. St. Valentine hands her a letter; as it is only a valentine, let us look over her shoulder and read it with her:

"To be bound to kings and princes doth often curse a nation.  
Hurrah for this, our country!—for it chose a better part.  
Of its independent character, you're a perfect presentation;  
As such you have my fealty, my homage, and my heart."

What a jingling of bells the next two make! There is no mistaking them. Dick as a Jester, and Effie as Folly, are evidently April Fool's Day. More bells—and here comes Mistress Christmas Day, white and sparkling from the crown of her powdered head to the sole of her silver boot; all diamond dust, swan's-down, and tiny silver sleigh-bells, she looks the very essence of Christmas. And beside her is Carl's little sister, the baby of the camp, dressed to represent the "Night before Christmas," with a holly wreath on her head, another around her skirt, and on her back are two stockings

"Hung with care  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon will be there."

And here he comes, with toys enough in his pack to fill forty stockings. He, too, is in white, all trimmed with rabbit fur, and but for his merry voice and hearty greetings, we should never dream that it was Harry Melworth, so disguised is he by his costume and long white beard. Here are the Thanksgiving Days—Rob, as a stately Puritan, and Lena, as a Thanksgiving dinner. The dress she has on is over a hundred years old. She has put a high ruff of turkey feathers in the square neck, and more feathers in the short, puffed sleeves. She has a necklace of cranberries, and cranberries and celery-tops in her powdered hair. And what has she in her hands? Surely not a pumpkin pie! No, only a palm-leaf fan painted to look like one; a roll of painted cotton-batting around the edge of the fan for crust, and a knife smeared with yellow ochre, laid on the handle of the fan, and carefully fastened there, complete the make-believe pie.

Standing near the fire-place, and talking together, Easter and Ash Wednesday form a charming tableau.

Ash Wednesday is dressed as a black friar; while Easter wears a Confirmation dress, with lilies, a white prayer-book, and a pearl rosary,—and perched on her shoulder is a snow-white dove. She has a basket of eggs, each one bearing an apt quotation, one for every holiday.

Here are the St. Patrick's Days, and they look as though they were fresh from the Emerald Isle. Mrs. St. Patrick's Day is dressed in green, with black-flannel serpents writhing on her skirt. She is reading her valentine, and again we shall use our privilege, and peep over her shoulder:

"Come list to me, darlint, a tale I would tell  
Of how precious ye are to me, how I love ye so well;  
By all saints above us, by St. Patrick, too,  
I love ye, me swateheart, and love only you.  
I know your name, *collen*, and would ye know moine,  
Then list while I tell ye it's, jist VALENTINE."

There is Twelfth Night walking with Election Day. The latter is a typical Uncle Sam, and he is constantly electioneering for his friends or himself, as he walks about the room. Alec and Alice come next, as Hallowe'en—Alec, with a variety of vegetables that have a suggestively mischievous look, and Alice, as a Scotch lassie. We borrow her valentine and read:

"With trick and trap of various kind,  
On Hallowe'en we seek to find,  
With aid from mirrors and from books,  
Each how his own true lover looks.  
I need no trick nor trap to see  
That my fair sweetheart looks like thee."

Mardi Gras, with a tambourine full of flowers, passes by and pelts us with them as she goes.

George Washington, with his hatchet, walks beside her, a model of dignity and truth.

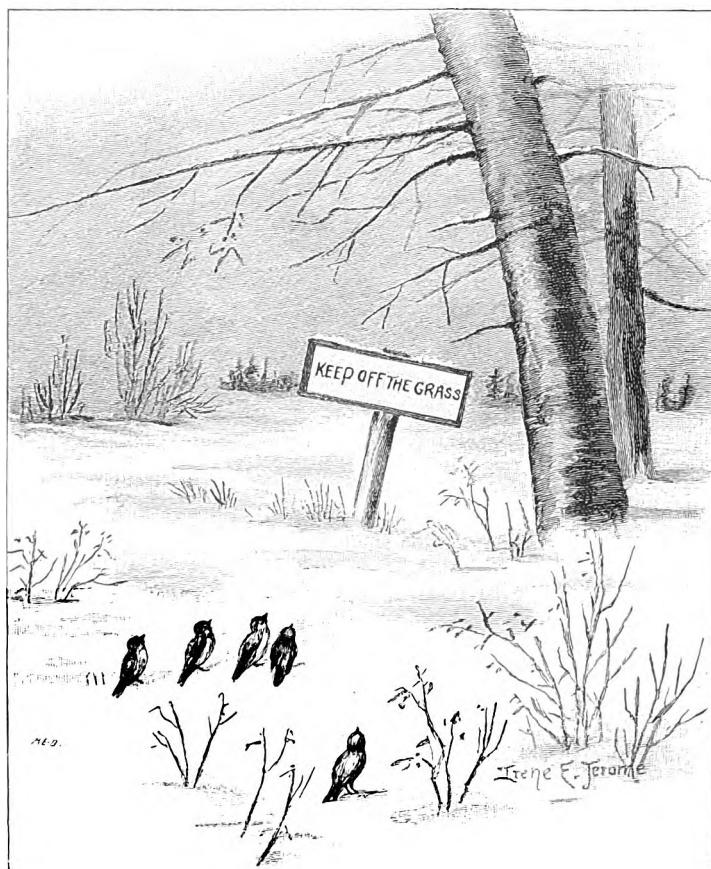
In the corner, seated in a rocking-chair, is the other Washington's Birthday, Lillie, who belies her name this time, for she has blackened her face and is dressed as an old nurse, with bright turban, folded kerchief, and voluminous apron, in the corner of which is embroidered, in big red letters, "VIRGINIA." She holds something that a placard announces as the "Grandfather of his Country"—because, as everybody knew, she said, "the child is father to the man."

I have not space to describe all the costumes, nor give all the valentines, but must hasten to tell of the Christmas-tree, and the voting for the prize costumes. The ballot was presided over by

Election Day, who took one prize himself, and the other was voted to "Virginia" and the infant George.

After supper the mysterious curtains in front of the bay-window were drawn, and disclosed the Christmas-tree, from which Santa Claus took appropriate gifts for every day. A jointed snake for St. Patrick's Day,—a silver egg for Easter; a match-safe in the shape of a tiny pumpkin for Thanksgiving Day,—something for every one.

Then, led by May Day, we danced around the May-pole, winding it with its bright ribbons. But all good times must have an end, and some one had whispered the hour—and a very late hour it was. So we hurried on our wraps, and as we said good-night, we decided that of all our camp parties, the Holiday Party had been the very best.



## AMONG THE LAW-MAKERS.\*

*(Recollections of a Page in the United States Senate.)*

BY EDMUND ALTON.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

## PAGE VERSUS PRESIDENT.

SPEAKING about receptions to distinguished people, I should not omit one that took place some years ago. It was during the days of the war. General Grant was in command of the Army of the Potomac, and one day, having occasion to come to Washington on important business, he appeared at the Capitol. He had come up on a tug-boat it was said, and had evidently traveled in great haste.

He was very plainly dressed. He had on a slouch hat, spurs jingled upon his heels, and his boots and clothes were bespattered with mud. With his characteristic modesty, he took a seat in one of the cloak-rooms of the House, but some of the members caught sight of him, and despite his remonstrance, he was brought out upon the floor; the Speaker left his place, and the representatives almost carried him to the desk and deposited him in the chair, while the air rang with a whirlwind of huzzas!

Nor was that the only reception accorded him. At the first session of the last Congress he made a trip to Washington as a private citizen; and, when it was known that he was in the hall, the House, upon the motion of Mr. Randall, took a recess for fifteen minutes in order to give the representatives an opportunity to shake the hand of the old hero. And almost the last act done by the senators and representatives of that Congress, on the 4th of March, 1885, was to pass a bill placing him, with the rank and pay of a general, upon the retired list of the army.

In this connection, I may describe one other reception memorable to me,—an occasion in which the President and I were the central figures.

It was during the year 1876. I had almost completed my "boyhood days," and had decided to resign my place.

When my senatorial friends heard of this, they began to give me advice. Among other things it was suggested that I should study law and fit myself to succeed one of the senators from New York. But I was then of a roving disposition, and I preferred to be "a sailor bold, and sail the deep blue sea." So I decided to go to the Naval Academy. Having so determined, the next step was to carry out my resolve.

I accordingly consulted several of the influential senators who had manifested an interest in my

welfare, and they promptly responded to my desire. It was the last year of President Grant's administration, and there was a great pressure upon him for all sorts of offices. But the senators told me to go myself, nevertheless. So one balmy day I presented myself at the White House, and, under the escort of a senator, I was shown into the audience-room. Although the President had been warned of my coming by some of the senators, he went through the formality of asking me what I wanted. I told him that I was hoping to be appointed as a cadet-midshipman-at-large to the Naval Academy.

"Well," he quietly remarked, "make out your application in black and white for just what you want, so that I can have it before me, and bring it here to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock."

I returned to the Senate, reported the result of the interview, and drew up my application. Then a senator suggested that a recommendation should accompany it; and, drafting a testimonial, he sent it to one of the clerks to be enrolled on parchment. Then the senators began to sign it—Democrats and Republicans alike, all seemed to be eager to record their names. As I would go to one desk to ask a senator to sign, his neighbor would call out, "Pass it along!" And so it passed. I allowed a few members of the House and other distinguished visitors to sign it just to let them see their names in good company. When finished, it was a formidable document.

The next day, I entered the Cabinet-room in obedience to orders. To my astonishment, it was crowded with senators and other high officials. As I entered, the senators smiled, and said: "Here he is at last!" which sadly unnerved me and made me feel faint.

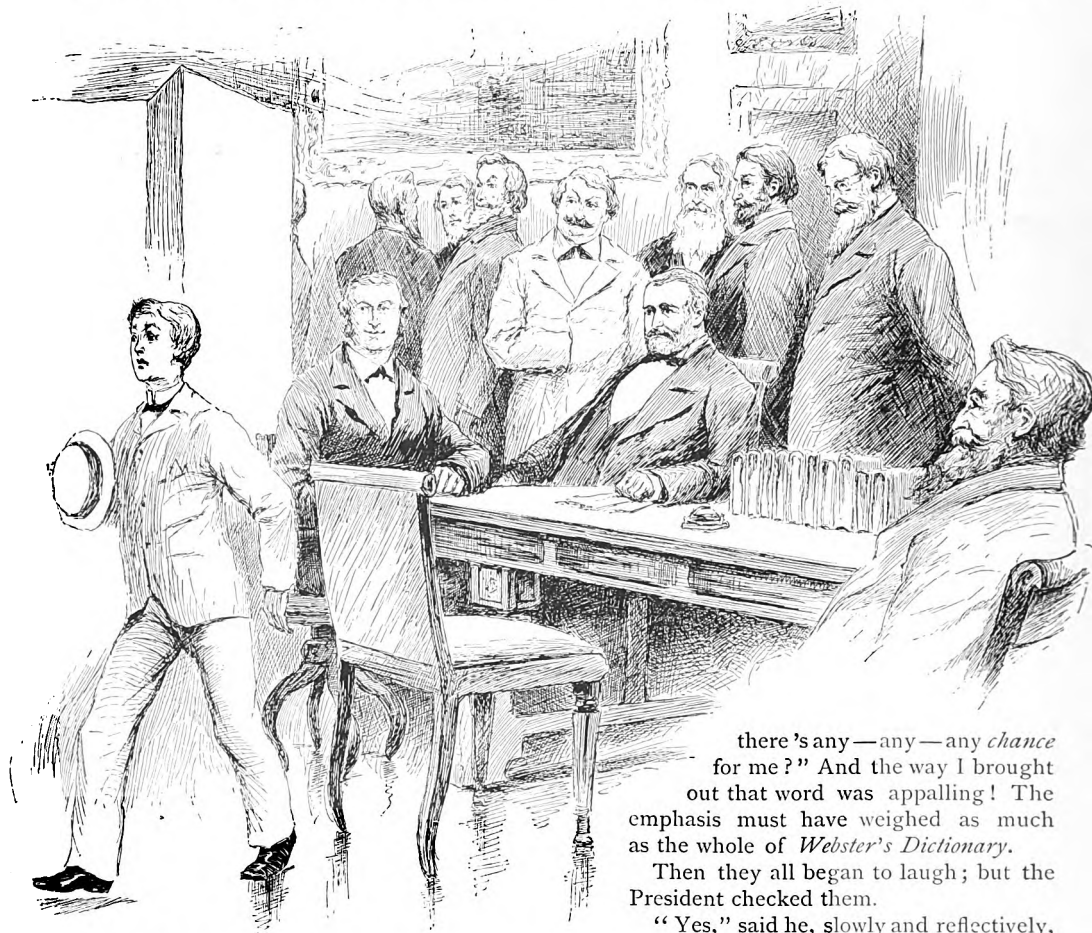
The President was sitting at the farther end of his Cabinet-table with his face toward the door, the chair on his right was occupied by a senator, and the one next to that by a Cabinet officer. At the request of the President, I took a vacant chair close by and produced my *papers*. When I unfurled my recommendation, the President laughed. "What's that," he inquired,— "another enrolled bill to be approved?" I told him what it was. "I did n't ask you to get *that*," he said; "let me see your *application*." I gave it to him and he scanned it closely. Then looking at me intently, he began some mild quizzing and bantering. The others, taking the cue from him, did likewise, some asking me why I did n't choose

a Foreign Mission. This caused me to feel still more uneasy, and the President observed it. "Well," he remarked, "your application is made out in proper form"; and, folding it up, he wrote

"do you—do you——," and as I began to stammer, the assemblage again smiled.

"Do I what?" inquired the President.

"Well," I replied, nervously, "do you think



THE PAGE HAS AN ADVENTURE, AS AN OFFICE-SEEKER.

upon its back exactly twenty-four words, not including the date and the signature, "U. S. Grant."

Of course, I did not know what he had written, and I thought his writing on the paper was a bad omen. It looked as if the paper was to be pigeon-holed. I had expected him to read the application, and then say: "You shall be appointed"; and I was therefore confused by his action. I resolved to know my fate at once.

"Well, Mr. President," I exclaimed, "I should like to ask you——"; and then I broke down under my excitement.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I should like to ask you," I timidly resumed,

there's any—any—any *chance* for me?" And the way I brought out that word was appalling! The emphasis must have weighed as much as the whole of *Webster's Dictionary*.

Then they all began to laugh; but the President checked them.

"Yes," said he, slowly and reflectively, yet I thought I saw his eyes twinkle as he said it, "you stand a *chance*. There are

only about ten thousand applicants ahead of you."

I was stupefied! I looked the President full in the face to see if he were not in fun. But he was as calm as the midday sky. I grasped my hat, exclaimed, "Good-morning!" and rose from the chair. The room seemed to swim around me. The senator who sat in the adjoining chair must have noticed my pallor, for he caught me by the arm and whispered: "It's all right! You'll get it!"

Without looking at any of the others, I rushed straight for the door. As I shut it behind me, I heard a sound of general laughter.

Shortly afterward, the Senate adjourned *sine die*, and with the close of that session my career in the legislative councils of my country came to an end.

(To be continued.)

## FROM BACH TO WAGNER.

*(A Series of Brief Papers concerning the Great Musicians.)*

BY AGATHA TUNIS.

## IX.—CHOPIN.

CHOPIN, alone of all the musicians, has been immortalized through his pianoforte music. If all the works that have ever been written for the piano were to be swept away, his compositions would of themselves inspire one through all the drudgery that is necessary to master the instrument.

Nicholas Chopin, the father of the composer, was born and educated in France, but when quite a young man he became deeply interested in the history of Poland, and determined to visit the country. Arriving there, he mastered the language, and sympathized so deeply in the political struggles of the unhappy people, that he twice fought in the Polish ranks,—once during the Revolution headed by Kosciuszko, and once when Poland was besieged by Prussia. He made three different attempts to return to France, but was prevented each time by illness, and finally decided to spend the rest of his life in Poland. While acting as tutor to the son of a Polish countess, he met at her house a delicate, lovable woman named Fräulein Justina Krzyzanowska, whom he married; and soon after accepted a position as professor of French at one of the Warsaw academies. Nicholas Chopin was a refined, lovable man of large sympathies, and his home was always the resort of the finest people in that city. There it was Chopin's good fortune to grow up in a refined and cultivated atmosphere, under the care of a tender, judicious father and a loving, sensitive mother.

Frederic Chopin was born on March 1, 1809, at a little village near Warsaw. The child's genius was apparent in his earliest years; when scarcely more than a baby, he was so sensitive that he wept on hearing music; and he began to compose before he was old enough to write out the notes. He was placed under the tuition of Albert Zwyny, who was delighted with his little pupil's progress, and in his ninth year he gave his first concert. His playing on this occasion created a great sensation; the most aristocratic people loved to pet and humor him, and had it not been for his own extremely modest disposition and the care taken by his sensible parents, he would have been completely spoiled. He was now handed over to Elsner to be instructed in counterpoint. This accomplished musician and wise man soon saw the genius of his little pupil, and what was worth much more to the

child, he appreciated how original he was in his bent, and instead of obliging him to imitate him, and become a second Elsner, he allowed him to give free play to his fancy, and so helped to make of him a Chopin. Frederic was full of high spirits, and often amused himself by playing little practical jokes, sometimes being joined by his sister Emily. This sister gave as rare promise of being great in literature as Frederic in music, but, unfortunately, she died when only a young girl.

Chopin had a talent for seizing the ludicrous and placing it on paper; and his power of caricaturing on the piano was much like Schumann's. It is said that once, when his father's pupils were becoming very boisterous, Chopin entered the room and seated himself at the piano. He imitated a band of robbers breaking into a house, their escape, and retreat to the woods; as the music grew fainter the pupils became drowsier and drowsier until they were all fast asleep.

Elsner, his instructor, now urged that his pupil should be sent to Berlin, where he might hear fine pianoforte performers; and as Professor Jarochoi, a friend of his father's, was about to attend a philosophical congress there, the parents intrusted Frederic to his care. There he heard Mendelssohn and also listened to some of Handel's music, which made a profound impression upon him.

He wrote home mirthful letters of his experiences there. Though music was all in all to him, he had eyes for everything there was to see, and was so amused at the appearance of some of the German philosophers, that he could not resist caricaturing them on paper. With his usual modesty, he had come to learn, and he was astounded when, at Vienna, they actually wished him to play; after great urging, he reluctantly gave two concerts, at both of which he produced a remarkable sensation. On his journey home, he stopped at Vienna, Prague, Dresden, and other cities, and was ready, on arriving at Warsaw, to settle down to hard, steady work, while his compositions and playing were already gaining him great fame.

In 1830 Chopin again went to music-loving Vienna, where he met Schumann, who was one of the first to hail him as a master; and not only did Schumann in his journal do all in his power to bring Chopin to the attention of the public, but Clara Wieck, afterward Madame Schumann, was one of the first to play his compositions.



After a long stay in Vienna, he decided to visit Paris, and thence proceed to London; and although he was destined to make Paris his home, he often said he was there on his way to London. When he first settled in Paris, public taste was already formed; it had its favorite players, and was slow to applaud any new candidate, especially one so original as Chopin. At first Chopin was a complete failure; his Polish friends attended his concerts, but the Parisians held aloof. Wounded and discouraged, Chopin thought of coming to America; but his parents were so opposed to the plan that he lingered in Paris, undecided as to what was best; at this time, when he felt almost hopeless, success came to him.

He disliked greatly to be obliged to play at concerts, as many fine effects in his playing were lost in a large hall; but, in the drawing-room, surrounded by sympathetic listeners, his very soul seemed to creep through his fingers and free itself in his music. Such an opportunity came to him at Baron Rothschild's, at an evening entertainment, and as he played, his listeners were enchanted, and his future was assured. The aristocracy showered attentions upon him, and it became fashionable to possess him as a friend, or as a teacher,—for he earned his living by taking pupils. He shrank from playing at concerts, and, unlike most of the masters, loved to teach. He would only receive pupils who had ability and were thoroughly in earnest; but, once their teacher, he had infinite patience with all their difficulties. He insisted on every finger being equally trained, and paid more attention to cultivating a fine, delicate touch than to force or velocity.

In 1832 Chopin attended the Lower Rhine Festival under the leadership of Mendelssohn, who was delighted with his playing, and greeted him as one of the greatest of all pianists.

Chopin's life in Paris was now a pleasant and peaceful one. Though universally popular and sought after by all, his chosen friends were Poles; he preferred them as pupils above all others; he constantly assisted them with money, and often shared his lodging with them. He held soirées every evening at which, among others, one could meet Liszt, the composer and player, Heine, the poet, and Ary Scheffer, the painter. Liszt admired Chopin, and the two were long intimate friends; sometimes the spirit of mischief would seize Chopin, and seating himself at the piano, he would

imitate every detail of Liszt's playing, very much to the brilliant artist's amusement.

Chopin's health had always been delicate, and finally an attack of bronchitis forced him to leave Paris for the Island of Majorca; here he grew so much better that in 1839 he returned home. He failed to take proper care of himself, and again grew worse. In spite of this, he visited London, and although he rarely played in public, he secured unbounded appreciation wherever he was heard. After his return to Paris, his health grew more and more feeble, until at last his friends felt he had not long to live. A few days before he died, a Polish friend sang for him, making all in the room weep. "How beautiful!" he said, and fell asleep. He died October 17, 1849. They covered him with flowers, especially the violet, which he best loved, and Mozart's Requiem was sung at his funeral.

Chopin had beautiful brown eyes and a rare musical voice. His fine education, his music, and his fascinating manner made him a general favorite, yet he always remained as modest as a child, rarely playing at concerts, and never courting applause of any kind. Reared in an atmosphere of affection and refinement, he loved flowers and music, and seemed born to the beautiful, passing through none of the bitter struggles that Mozart or Beethoven endured.

And yet in order that he should feel for others, it was necessary that he should suffer. Chopin was a Pole, in birth, education, and sympathy; he never forgot that he was one; the sorrows of his unhappy country were ever before him, and his music was born of them. He was the poet of the piano, and as all poets sing from the heart, so he looked into his heart and played. From his childhood Chopin must have heard the Polish peasants singing their national songs, and dance music, and around these he wove his wonderful polonaises, mazurkas, ballads, and all that he wrote. Who can tell what he might have created had he written for an orchestra. He loved the piano. Schumann says of Chopin that he imprisoned the spirit of Beethoven in the piano, and that his music would inspire a poet to write. What must it have been to hear him play his own music, with his marvelous execution, and his touch, tender and delicate. Liszt has said that no one can play Chopin after Chopin, for no one can feel as he felt; but as long as the pianoforte lasts, we shall long to hear his music; he has immortalized the piano.

## SIXTEEN AND SIX.



I.

**S**ister at the piano sitting  
 Fingers over white keys flitting  
 When big sister goes away  
 Little sister tries to play

II.

**S**ister's music makes us stay  
 Baby plays! we run away  
 For those little hands so sleek  
 Lack what sister calls "technique"



## THE SMALLEST DOG IN THE WORLD.

BY C. J. RUSSELL.

NEARLY two hundred different kinds of dogs! Think of it! And yet this is not difficult to believe; for, we have water dogs, and watch dogs, and sheep dogs, and fighting dogs, and pet dogs, and sledge dogs, and carriage dogs; big dogs and little dogs, long-legged and short-legged dogs; dogs for killing rats, and dogs for killing wild boars; dogs for use, and dogs for ornament.

Sometimes the fashion has been for big dogs; and then what giants were suddenly grown! Why, there have been dogs as large as Shetland ponies! Then slender dogs were in demand, and behold! dogs like shadows, with legs like pipe-stems, came into existence. As for the ugly dog fashion, —well, perhaps you will not think so, particularly if you have an ugly dog, but nevertheless the pug dog answers this demand.

Then there is the little dog — the toy dog, as it is called. The smallness to which a dog can be reduced is remarkable; and if the size of the very smallest dog had not been officially recorded, no one could be blamed for doubting the facts concerning the little fellow.

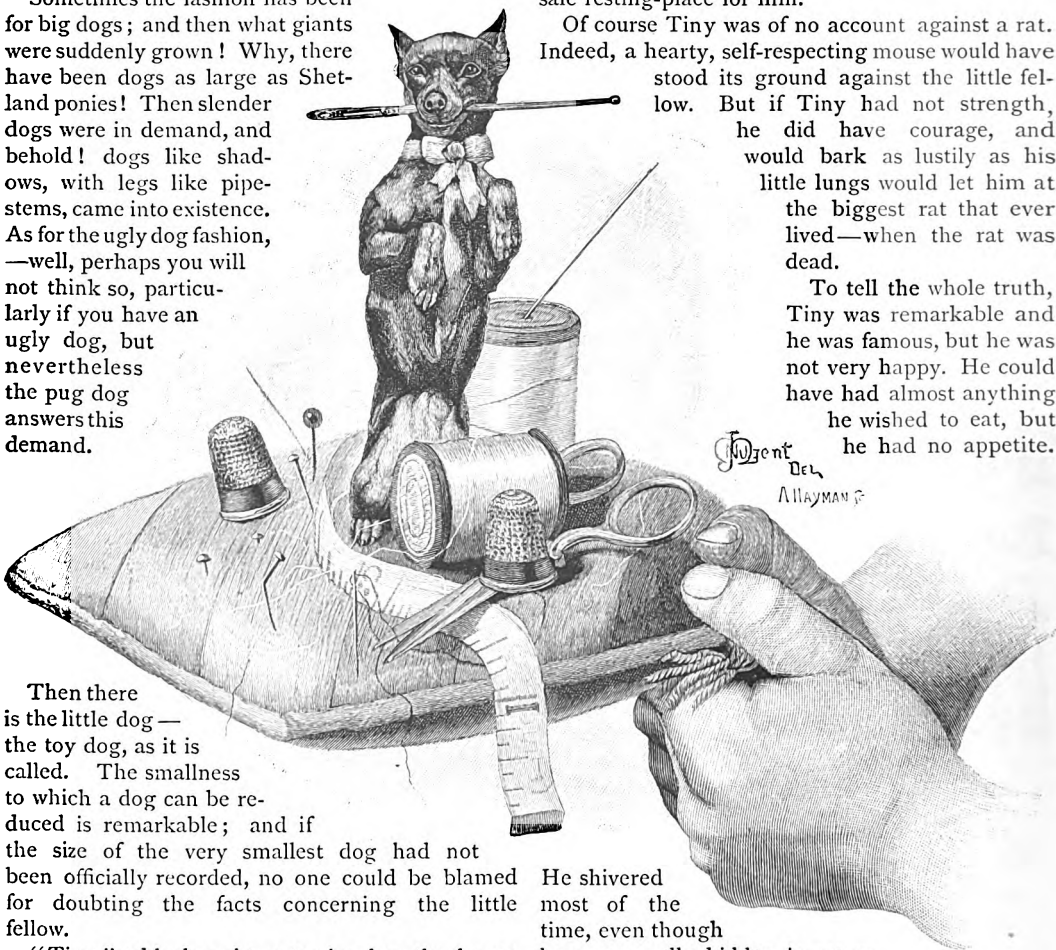
"Tiny," a black-and-tan terrier, has the honor of having been the smallest full-grown dog that ever lived. He belonged to Lieutenant-General

Sir Archibald Maclaine of England, and in honor of his extreme tininess, is now carefully preserved under a glass case.

Tiny was less than four inches long, and could comfortably curl up and take a nap in a common glass tumbler. An ordinary finger-ring was large enough for his collar; and when he sat up, a baby's hand would almost have made a broad and safe resting-place for him.

Of course Tiny was of no account against a rat. Indeed, a hearty, self-respecting mouse would have stood its ground against the little fellow. But if Tiny had not strength, he did have courage, and would bark as lustily as his little lungs would let him at the biggest rat that ever lived — when the rat was dead.

To tell the whole truth, Tiny was remarkable and he was famous, but he was not very happy. He could have had almost anything he wished to eat, but he had no appetite.



He shivered most of the time, even though he was usually hidden in warm wraps. Of course he caught cold easily, and then, oh, dear! how pitifully he did sneeze!

# The Adventure of a Mouse



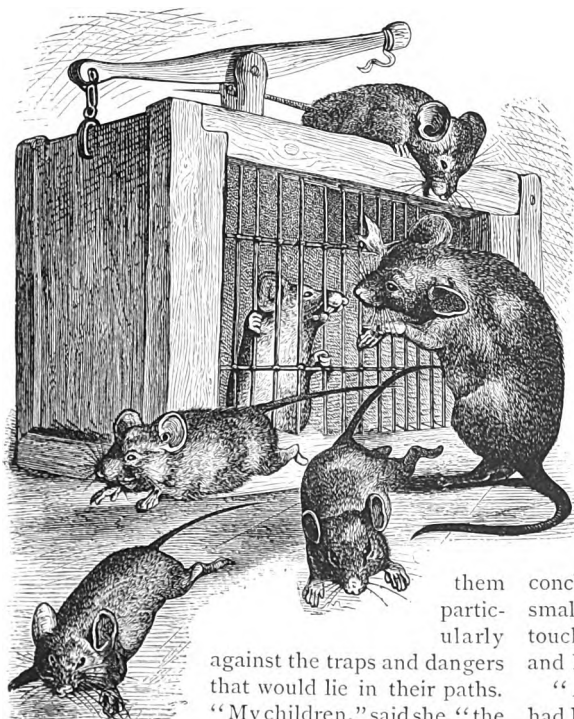
A MOTHER-MOUSE, when her children had nearly reached the age at which it became time for them to seek their own fortunes in the world, cautioned

One time the whole family of younger mice came upon a trap. "This, I suppose," said the eldest and wisest, "is the trap against which our mother so carefully warned us. And yet," continued he, "the cheese looks very tempting. I doubt extremely if there be any real danger in it. And even if there be, I think that, by a proper amount of self-control and wariness, one might avoid all ill consequences. Because some have been caught, it does not necessarily follow that a like fate must overtake all. At least I shall inspect the trap to satisfy myself whether there is really as much danger in it as our mother said. You know, she is apt to be over-cautious very often." And with this remark, in spite of the urgent warnings of his brothers, the over-wise mouse deliberately entered the trap.

"I cannot see," said he, when he was within, "that there is any real danger, and it is very pleasant here. One need not eat of the cheese, you know."

But even as he spoke the delicious smell of the cheese overcame his caution; he concluded there could be no danger in taking the smallest nibble. No sooner, however, had he touched the tempting morsel, than the trap fell and he was a prisoner.

"Alas!" said he to his weeping mother, who had hastened to the trap upon learning the fate of her son, "I now discover, when it is too late to repent, that the experience of age is safer than the presumptuous wisdom of youth."



them particularly against the traps and dangers that would lie in their paths. "My children," said she, "the cheese looks very tempting,

and is even sometimes toasted, but beware of it; for it will bring misfortune to you."

## THROUGH THE REGISTER.

*(A Christmas Story.)*

WHAT is Christmas without Santa Claus? It looked very much as if Jack and Effie Hillscombe were soon to find out what such a Christmas would be; for it was already Christmas-eve, and the house where the two children lived was filled with the usual good cheer, and all the bustle of preparing for the great event.

Papa Hillscombe sat in the big arm-chair putting on his slippers, and doing his best to imagine himself before the great log-fire he had known so well as a boy; for there were no grates in the Hillscombe house. Jack and Effie lived in a city where, at the time of my story, very few families had open fire-places in their houses; and little Effie had asked her Papa, as she kissed him good-night: "Why, Papa, how is Santa Claus goin' to det in when there is no fireplace?" This question really puzzled Papa Hillscombe, but he told the children that Santa Claus would find his way in, and that it would be all right in the morning.

But after the children had gone to bed, a queer look came over their papa's good-natured face, and it was plainly to be seen that he was thinking of little Effie's question.

It happened, too, that the children were not satisfied with the answer he had given them; and while Papa was locking up the house for the night, and attending to the furnace, they were still exchanging opinions on this weighty subject from their little cots.

Suddenly Jack sat bolt upright. He had an idea! And in another moment he had toppled out of bed and made his way on tip-toe to Effie's cot.

A whispered consultation followed, and in a few minutes later both little cots were deserted, and two tiny white figures were creeping noiselessly down the staircase.

All the doors were locked, and all the windows closed, and Papa was just shutting the iron door of the great furnace in the cellar, when he was startled by voices which seemed to come from the furnace itself. For a moment he amused himself with the fancy that Santa Claus was really making his way in by the furnace; then he thought he might have left a door unlocked.

The thoughts of Santa Claus or other less welcome visitors were, however, soon forgotten when he heard the sound of children's voices, and found that it was Jack and Effie who were talking.

Papa opened the furnace door again, and listened.



TWO WHITE FIGURES CREPT NOISELESSLY DOWN THE STAIRCASE.

They were evidently talking near the register, for what they said was plainly heard through the

furnace pipe by Papa Hillscombe. Jack was saying:

"O Effie! how can Santa Claus ever bring my big sled through the register?"

"Or my doll's house?" said Effie.

There was a pause, then Jack exclaimed triumphantly, "I know! let's take the top off."

"But," said Effie, "we're not bid enough."

"Oh! you're only a girl; I can do it."

Then followed quite a struggle between Jack and the "register," but it was only after the "girl" had come to his aid that Jack was able to lift the iron plate; and then Papa heard her say, in a solemn tone: "Do you think, Jack, he could get a doll's house through that?"

"Oh, Santa Claus can do anything!" was Jack's comforting reply.

The two little people were on their knees, peering intently down the dark opening, when suddenly they were startled by a voice, which seemed to come up through the hole in the floor. The voice said:

"It's time little children were in bed! Santa Claus can't bring his presents up till everybody is fast asleep!"

The children could not tell the voice, as it came up through the pipe, and with a cry of "He's tumming! Santa Claus is tumming!" two little

figures in white scampered upstairs and back to their cots.

The next morning (as bright a Christmas-day as ever dawned) found two little figures, not in white this time, standing over a pile of pretty presents heaped up around the register; among which might be seen a brightly painted sleigh with "Effie and Jack," in big gold letters, on the side, and a wonderful three-story doll's house; and



Jack was exclaiming in triumph: "Did n't I tell you Santa Claus could do anything!"

So Santa Claus came into the Hillscombe parlor, after all, and it was Effie and Jack who settled for themselves the difficult question of how he was to get in.

## FIVE LITTLE BOYS.

BY E. V. S.

FIVE little boys went out to sea,  
A-sailing in a dory:  
At set of sun they all came home,—  
Thus ends my thrilling story.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

“‘CHRISTMAS comes but once a year,’ eh?” said the Deacon, the other morning, and he added, “Well, it seems to me the saying would apply as well to any other of the great holidays. Who ever heard of two Fourths of July in one year? Why, all the bright youngsters who have studied fractions would straightway begin to claim that two-fourths were equal to one-half, and that therefore one-half of the whole month should be given over to fire-crackers and rockets and torpedoes and general tintinabulation? It would never do, I’m sure, to have more than one Fourth of July in the year — no, indeed!”

Now, you may decide this question for yourselves; but the Deacon’s remarks remind me that I am commissioned by the Little School-ma’am to say to you all, that Mr. W. D Howells — a famous teller of good stories, I hear — is to give you, in the very next number of *ST. NICHOLAS*, the full particulars concerning Christmas every day in the year. The Little School-ma’am wishes me to bid you all to pay special heed to this announcement, and to look out for some very interesting points on this momentous subject.

#### STEEP PASTURES.

I HAVE heard of some pretty steep pastures myself, but none that begin to equal those that the Little School-ma’am was talking about the other day. There is somewhere, it seems, a very cold country called Norway; and according to her account, it must be a peculiar land in many ways. Among other peculiarities the people there seem unable to get along without a “j” or two in every name, and there are in that country, the Little School-ma’am says, many inlets from the sea, which are there called by the queer title of “fjords.”

This strange country, it appears, is composed

almost entirely of “fjords” and mountains, which is the reason, I suppose, why the pastures are so steep. As I said before, too, it is a very cold country, and so valuable is the pasturage on the mountains rising steeply from the “fjords,” that every small patch of grass, no matter how high up on the mountain, is occupied. The peasants will build little farm buildings, and live there two or three thousand feet above the water, all the year through, despite the snows and cold of the long northern winter, just for the sake of having a little patch of green for a part of the year. And these meadows are so slanting that the cattle have to be tethered as they feed, and the little children are fastened by ropes to stakes as they play, lest they slip and fall down the hillside to their certain destruction.

“LOOK IT UP!”

THE Little School-ma’am wishes me to announce from my pulpit, so to speak, the following piece of good advice written by Mr. Eggleston in a book called “The Big Brother”:

“It will not harm you, boys and girls, to learn a little accurate geography, by looking up these places before going on with the story; and if I were your school-master, instead of your story-teller, I should stop here to advise you always to look on the map for every town, river, lake, mountain, or other geographical thing mentioned in any book or paper you read. I should advise you, too, if I were your school-master, to add up all the figures given in books and newspapers, to see if the writers have made any mistakes; and it is a good plan, too, to go at once to the dictionary when you meet a word you do not quite comprehend, or to the encyclopædia or history, or whatever else is handy, whenever you read about anything and would like to know more about it.”

#### SILVER THIMBLES.

DEAR JACK: I was very much interested in the letter from your friend, printed last month, about the vegetable needle and thread. That needle has an advantage over our steel needles, for I suppose it can be used without a thimble. I read somewhere, not long ago, an elaborate eulogy on “the needle,” — the “wonder-working needle,” as it was called; and I could n’t help thinking that this same worker of wonders would be a very obstinate, unmanageable thing, were it not for its long-time companion, the thimble.

And speaking of thimbles, I wonder if the *ST. NICHOLAS* boys and girls have any idea how those useful little articles are made. At all events, I’ve a mind to tell them a thing or two about it. In the first place, a quantity of brand-new, spick-and-span clean silver is melted down into solid ingots. After being rolled into the desired thickness, they are then cut into circular forms, and a bar moved by machinery bends these round forms into the thimble shape. They are now ready for polishing and decorating, which work is done on a lathe. The indentations on the end and sides of the thimble are made by means of a wheel with sharp points. When everything is complete, the thimbles are boiled in strong soap-suds, which removes all the oil and gives them a peculiar brightness.

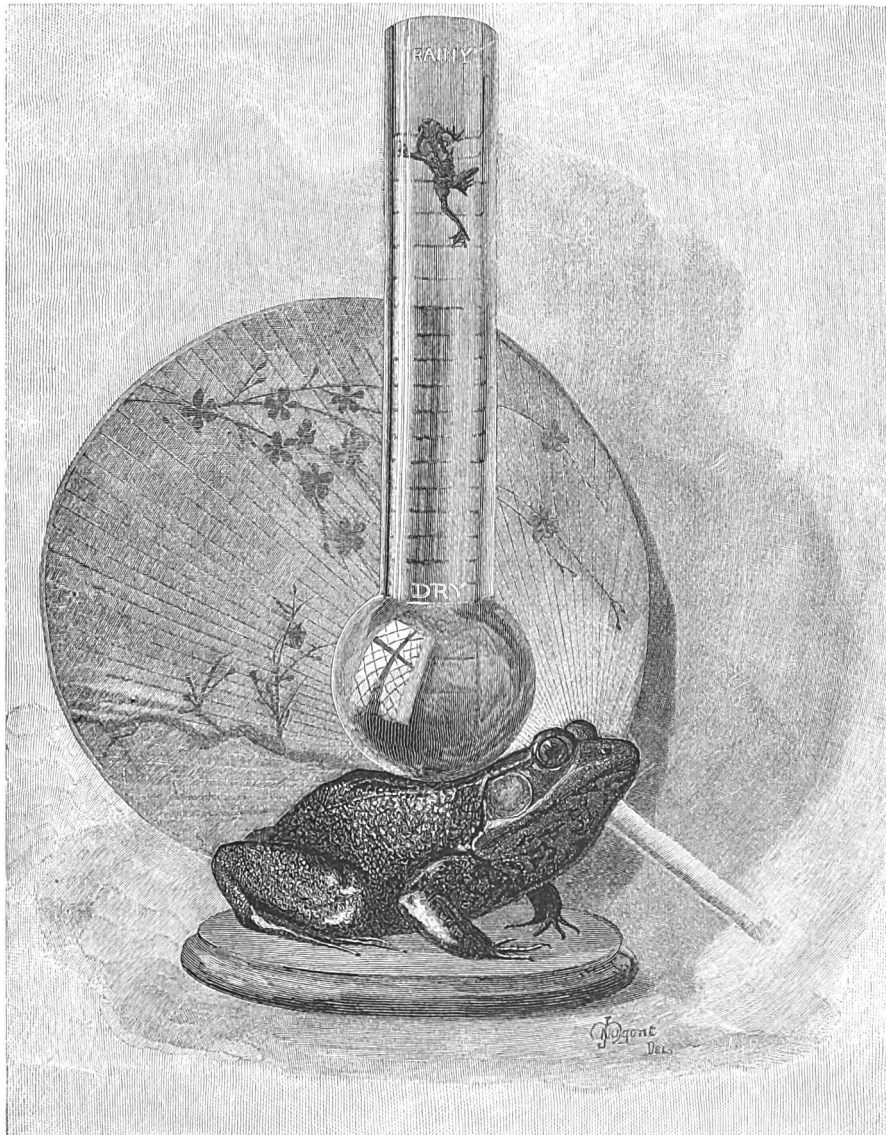
So much for the little thumb-bell. E. M. C.



## A LIVING BAROMETER.

DEAR JACK: Do you know that several of our smaller animals are so sensitive to changes from heat to cold, and from dry to moist, that they foretell those changes some time in advance?

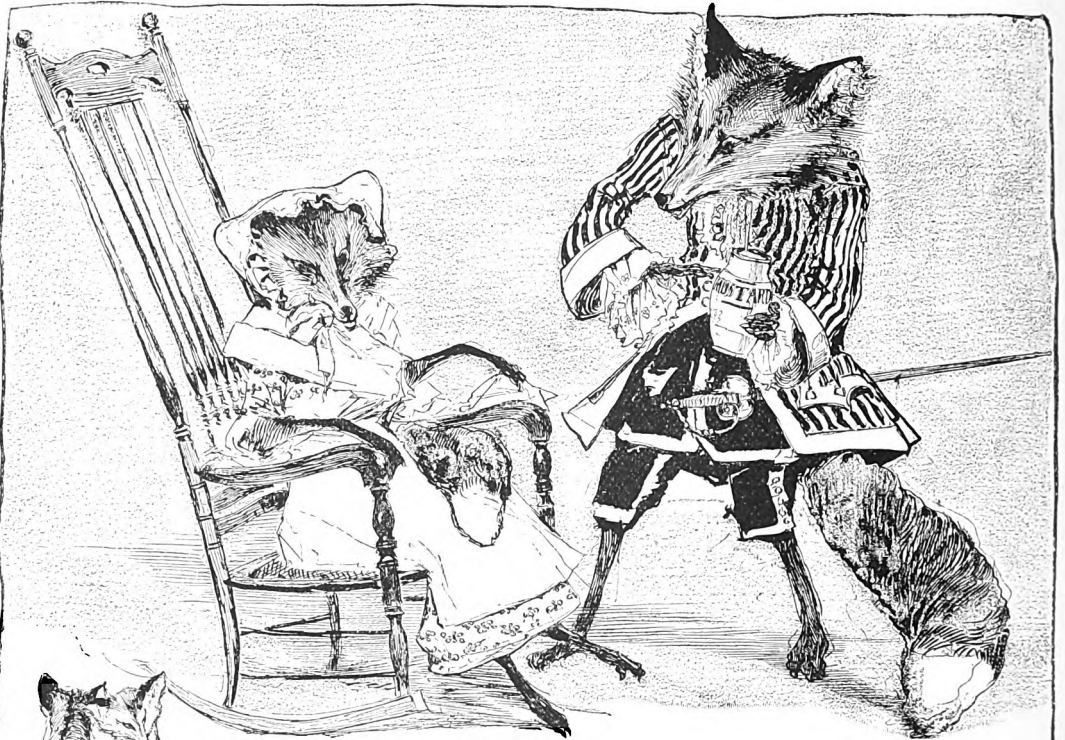
ago I was fortunate enough to catch a tree-toad, and having heard of his ability as a weather-prophet, I put him into my glass tube and made from matches a small ladder so that he could climb up or down within the tube. I soon found that the approach of a change in the weather was



In the Smithsonian Institution's list of animals valuable to man, the tree-toad is mentioned as an excellent weather-prophet, and I can testify to its power of foretelling the change in the weather. I have in my possession a paper-weight in the form of a bronze frog supporting upon its back a glass tube with a bulb at the bottom. Some months

always noticed by the little prisoner, who climbed toward the top whenever the air grew moist or before rain, and as invariably descended toward the bottom of the tube in advance of the coming of dry weather. I send you a picture of my little captive, whom I call "my living barometer."

Your friend, C. F. H.



*MOTHER GOOSE*  
*THEY NEVER ATE MUSTARD*  
*THEY NEVER ATE MEAT WITHOUT FORK OR KNIFE*  
*AND THEY LOVED TO BE PICKING A BONE-OH.*

**T**he Fox and his wife they had a great strife:  
 They never ate mustard in all their whole life;  
 They ate their meat without fork or knife  
 And they loved to be picking a bone-e-oh.



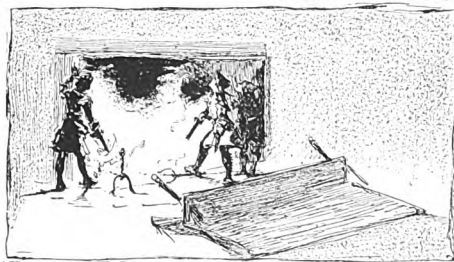


A VERITABLE MOTHER GOOSE RHYME:

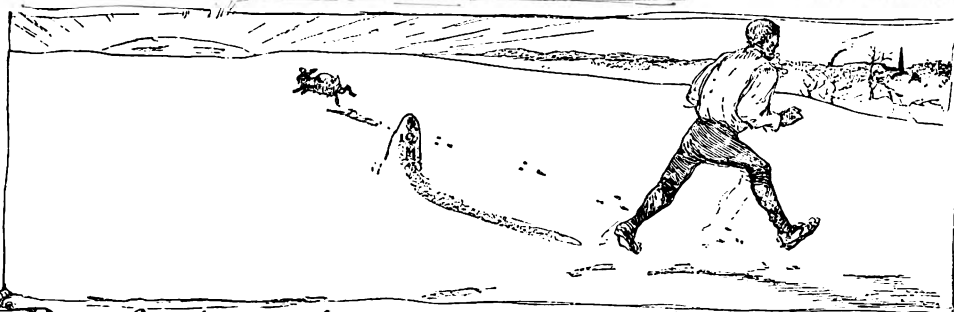
THERE was a man and he had naught,



And robbers came to rob him:



He crept up to  
the chimney top  
And then they  
thought they had him  
But he got down on  
the other side,  
And then they could  
not find him,



Ran fourteen miles in fifteen days and never looked behind him

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

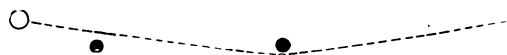
By an oversight, we omitted to state in the October number of *ST. NICHOLAS* that the large picture of the Parthenon at Athens, on page 943 of that issue, was used by permission of Messrs. A. and C. Black, of Edinburgh, Scotland, publishers of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," in which the illustration originally appeared. Our thanks are due to Messrs. Black, and our regret that their courtesy failed to receive acknowledgment at the proper time.

COOKING is as old as food, but to teach cooking to children is quite a new idea. Miss Huntington's book, the *Cooking Garden*, which

has just been published, is intended to do this. Any mamma or auntie or older sister can find in this useful book carefully-planned lessons in cooking, so prepared as to render it possible to guide the children in that most delightful of all childish mysteries—"real cooking, just like mamma's." Miss Huntington has, by simple methods, changed cooking from a mystery to an inexpensive and enjoyable childish amusement, in which, during many a rainy day or leisure hour, young girls may acquire a practical knowledge that will prove very useful throughout their lives. The book will also be found of service by teachers in industrial schools.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

CANTON, OHIO.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just finished reading your nice October number. The piece called "How Science Won the Game" is a very good story, and tells of just such a game as I like to engage in. But do you think that the ball really curved? I know it seems so; I have often been misled myself, but think it an optical illusion. My father has carefully studied the subject of "curves," and claims it is impossible. He offered ten dollars as a premium at the Stark Co. Fair; but, though there are many in the county who claim to "curve," none *dared* to try it. His test was this, namely, Put three stakes in a row, the dots (.) representing them, the ring (o) representing the pitcher. The pitcher can stand in any place back of the first stake, and need not be in the place represented by the diagram. He must throw the ball in the direction represented by the dotted line, or so it will pass to the left of the first stake, to the right of the second, and to the left of the third, or opposite.



I think some of the readers of the *ST. NICHOLAS* who claim to "curve" a ball may try this proof and test the rest of us if they succeeded. Your affectionate reader, ARTHUR DART.

We forwarded a copy of Arthur's letter to the author of the story, who sends us the following reply, which will interest all our boy-readers:

NEW YORK, October 22, 1885.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read the copy of Arthur Dart's letter, and am not surprised at his questions. For a long time I myself doubted whether a ball could be made to curve, but in the summer of 1884, I devoted several weeks to working out the problem, and satisfied myself and others that it was not an optical illusion. I confess that I have not been able to learn *why* a ball curves when thrown in a certain way, but that it does so curve I am quite sure. An ivory billiard-ball struck sharply on one side will turn out of its natural course before reaching a cushion, and the same principle applies to a base-ball. It is a globe. The points where the thumb and finger touch are the two poles. If thrown with a jerk, the ball revolves on its axis while in the air, and, like the ivory billiard-ball, deviates from its course. I know scores of pitchers who can perform the test proposed by Arthur's father successfully, and if Arthur will take a trip with me to a little village away up among the hills of New England, I can introduce to him the very lad who, by the aid of "science," won the game.

Yours very truly, GEORGE B. M. HARVEY.

## TWIN HOUSES.

DUNMORE, PENNSYLVANIA.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write and tell you about the twin house we made, like the one mentioned in the May number of *ST. NICHOLAS*. We had neither the right kind of a tree nor the crooked sticks; so we managed in this way: We used pointed stakes (brother George made one hundred and twenty-three, and was very tired of them before he had finished) with staple-tacks in the heads of them, and Papa strung up wires for us, just as we

wanted them, from two trees to the grape-arbor; and then we were all right. The tents are larger than those shown in your article, and we had so much lacing to do that we laced in squares instead of diamonds. I have two sisters and one brother. My brother is ten and my sisters are four and nine. My youngest sister's name is Anna, and the other one, Marjory. I am nearly thirteen. Our Aunt Grace, who is with us, helped ever so much. We all love you very much, and watch for you every month. I hope Miss Alcott will write some more stories. I do like her stories so much. Good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS. From your little friend,

HELEN M—.

YONKERS, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have so long enjoyed your monthly visits that I feel as if I ought to write you a few lines to thank you for all the entertainment you have given me.

I always read the little letters written to you by your young readers, and perhaps you will acknowledge this in that way. While in Saratoga I saw a very pretty summer-house made of laths and cords covered with morning-glories; I stopped to admire it, and a little girl who was playing about told me she had made it, and that she had taken the idea from the *ST. NICHOLAS*. It was so pretty that I have resolved to make one next spring. Perhaps some of your readers would like to try it.

But I have now written a long enough letter, so I will say good-bye. Your devoted reader, A. S. STONE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been intending to write to you for some time past, to tell you what great pleasure you add to our home. I wish to tell you that I am very fond of painting, and if any of your readers want designs for Christmas-cards, tell them to look through *ST. NICHOLAS* and they will find plenty. I thought that one with the two children singing, called the "Christmas Carol" was lovely. I painted several copies on small cardboard palettes. The frontispiece of the May number, called "On the Road to Alibazan," I copied in pen and ink. It makes a lovely card if done with a very fine pen. I hope you will find a little corner in the Letter-box for my letter. I should like to see it in print, amazingly.

Always your fond reader, ISABEL C. A.

FORFAR, SCOTLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Many of your readers, both English and American, have heard doubtless of heather, and of *white* heather, which even the best Scotch people believe brings good luck to the finder.—This heather grows in small patches on some moors; sometimes as many as fifteen or twenty patches are found, while, again, one can go miles and find none.—We all were surprised to find the extent of this belief. A man on our place, who is very poor and old, and to whom I often have sent food, told me one day there was but one thing he wanted in the world. On asking what it was, he told me he wanted a patch of land about two hundred feet square, on one of the moors near, which he heard was very lucky. I am saving "all my pennies," he added, "and perhaps the master will let me buy it." Being interested as to the truth of the statement, I went one day to see this part of the moor. He was right; the white heather was thick. My father had a fence put up about the ground, and I went the other day to give it to him. Now he may be seen every fine day seated in the grass, with his pipe, quite happy. On Sundays, he always gives me a bunch of pink and white heather, mixed, and I generally put it in my dress for good luck.

Thinking that this might interest some of your American readers, as it would have interested me before I came to England to live, I send this line, hoping you will find some place for it in the Letter-box.  
I remain, yours truly, EVELYN.

## MONTREAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: For some time I have watched, but in vain; for I have not seen any letters in your interesting pages from this Canadian city. For the past three years you have afforded me much enjoyment, particularly during my free hours at a boarding-school.

Some of your stories are so interesting, especially the papers concerning the great musicians. The "Brownies" and their doings amuse me very much; and I often copy your pretty illustrations.

Now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I shall bring my letter to an end, so accept every good wish that you may continue and prosper, from  
Your admiring friend, "BELINDA."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you with this a little song which can be sung by children at Christmas festivals, to the air of "Nancy Lee."  
Yours truly, CHARLOTTE HAMMOND.

## SANTA CLAUS.

Air: "Nancy Lee."

Of all the friends that children know,  
There's none like Santa Claus, I trow;  
He's sure to be at Christmas-trees,  
For young and old he aims to please.  
Oh! he does slide, while children bide,  
Down chimneys tall,  
With lots of toys for girls and boys,  
Both great and small;  
Then stockings stuffs till each one puffs  
Out like a ball.  
All hail to Santa Claus!

## CHORUS.

So Santa Claus the children's friend shall be,  
In ev'ry land, on ev'ry sea;  
And when, to-night, old Santa's face we see,  
We'll give him welcome warm and free.

The clock is on the stroke of eight!  
Sometimes, tho', Santa Claus is late;  
For lots of trees to-night there'll be  
Which our good friend must call and see.  
But soon we'll hear him coming near,  
There at the door.  
These children all by name he'll call,  
As oft before.  
For each there's here, if not 't is queer,  
One gift or more.—  
All hail to Santa Claus!—CHORUS.

HERE are five letters, received during the first half of October. They were written, as you will see, in various widely severed parts of the world.

## HEATHCLIFF, PLYMOUTH R., PENARTH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You are the best magazine I ever took, and I like you very much. Your stories are simply splendid. I have read a lot about butterflies, and seeing that Miss Helen, who wrote an article on butterflies, could not tell what the white butterflies were, I will tell her that they are the common garden, white, and green-veined white. The swallow-tails are rare in England, and I never saw one alive.

I want to tell you how I stopped a fight. It was a fight between boys. It was n't fair, one being smaller than the other. Each round, the little one was thrown, and his nose was bleeding. So I stepped in between them and faced the big bully, and cried, "Stop the fight!" Thereupon they put their coats on, and went away.

You must excuse my writing, as I am in a hurry. I am only eleven, yet I am writing a novel, and, if it were not for the fear of being suspected of a pun, I should call it a "novel idea."

Do print this, ST. NICHOLAS. It would be such a surprise, since I have n't had one printed before. I love you very much, and will remain your friend and admirer,  
B. W.

## HOBART, TASMANIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps some account of Tasmania may be interesting to your readers. It was formerly called Van Dieman's Land, but the name was changed to Tasmania some years ago. The scenery is very lovely in some parts. The climate is fine, not very hot in summer, not very cold in winter. There is very little frost, and the geraniums and heliotropes grow into large bushes. The fern-trees are very pretty; they will not grow in England except in hot-houses. The vegetables grow to a large size; we recently saw a turnip in a green-grocer's window which weighed thirty-one pounds and was fifty-four inches in girth. The native Tasmanian cherry has the stone *outside* the fruit. Some of the wild animals in the bush are the Tasmanian devil, the native tiger, the kangaroo, and the duck-billed platypus, a very curious creature; it has the bill and webbed feet of a duck, and has a fur coat. Shocks of earthquake frequently occur, particularly in the north part of the island. The harbor is very fine, and there is very good boating; we go out in a boat very often. We were born in Canada, but have traveled about a great deal since then. We remain, your constant readers,  
WILFRED AND GEOFFREY BIRD.

## SHANGHAI, July 5, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Shanghai, and, as I do not go to school or have very many playmates, you are a very welcome friend in this house; and I think our little English friends will enjoy you just as much. They have no magazines in England like the ST. NICHOLAS. My father likes the ST. NICHOLAS too, and is reading "Among the Law-Makers."

Shanghai is a very busy place, and there are a great many different kinds of people here, mostly Chinese, of course, but among the foreigners there are more English than anything else. Yesterday (the Fourth of July) we bought some fire-crackers, and before breakfast we set some off; and in the morning I went on the U. S. man-of-war, the "Junia"; and after dinner I got some other boys to go with me to a place on the bank of the Soochow Creek, and we set off a lot more. In the evening we had some fireworks.

Your affectionate subscriber, CHARLES DREW.

P. S. I have taken you for six months; and I am nearly ten.

## HILO, HAWAII, Sept. 8, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your magazine comes regularly to these Sandwich Islands, and is a great favorite with us all—young and old read it. Perhaps some of your readers in America would be amused with this composition, of one of our Hawaiian boys, who attends our English-speaking school. Arthur is a good penman, though he goes astray in his English; he can draw a full-rigged ship on the black-board that no public school boy need be ashamed of. He is fourteen years old. Here is his composition, which you may print if you wish.  
ONE OF YOUR HILO READERS.

## ABOUT THE LION.

THE Lion it is called the king of beasts, and it is found in Asia and Africa, and also it is found in South America. The Lion kind is like the cat kind. It have long whiskers and have paws, and have sharp claws, can tear the animal's body, and have big head. The lion can carry off a Bullock. I heard if the Lion hungry would not get anything to eat, he go down where houses are, and then go and catch men, and ran off in the woods. I heard of a story, a lion went into the house and saw a big glass in a room, and a sleeping on his bed; the man saw the Lion, he got afraid and so he sleep, and the Lion look in the glass and saw a man, and he think the man in side of the glass, and so he jump in the glass, and the man ran to get his gun, and he shot him for two bullets and he dead, when the Lion jump into the Looking-glass, all his face scratch up.

ARTHUR IANKFA AKAN.

## MT. LEBANON, SYRIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This spring I went on a trip to Jerusalem, with my father and mother and two other friends; and I should like to tell you about one excursion that we took, for it would take a whole number of ST. NICHOLAS to tell all about the trip. The excursion I am going to tell you about is one we took from Jerusalem to Bethany. We started just after lunch, on donkeys, a party of seven. When we had come to the foot of the Mount of Olives we stopped at the so-called sepulcher of the Virgin Mary. The monk that kept it showed us down a long flight of steps into a room which was hung with lamps. Right across the room was stretched a curtain, and on the other side we saw a stone that is said to be the sepulcher of the Virgin Mary. After we had left the sepulcher, we went to the Garden of Gethsemane, which is near by. It is kept by a Catholic monk. The flowers were not very beautiful, but we saw there some grand old olive-trees, but they are not the same that were there at the time of Christ. At intervals, all about the garden, were pedestals; at the top were cases which inclosed scenes of the crucifixion. The old priest had a cat that he seemed very much pleased to have us pet. As there was nothing more to see, we mounted our donkeys and came away. When we reached the top of the mountain we dismounted from our donkeys, and went up into a minaret, where we had a very fine view of Jerusalem. There was a church there, which we went into. This church was built by a French lady. We also saw the Lord's Prayer in thirty languages;



they were inscribed on tablets hung all along a corridor. After this we went to Bethany. Bethany is a wretched, dirty place; the houses are nothing but mud huts. As there was nothing to see, we again mounted our donkeys and came back to Jerusalem. Hoping to see this letter in print,

I remain, your loving reader, GERTRUDE E. PORTER.

185 MADISON AVENUE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have just arrived home from our summer trip, which was to Alaska and the Yellowstone Park.

One morning we were on the ship in a place called Glacier Bay. There was a very large glacier, with great masses of ice breaking off it and floating about in the water. There was a pet bear on board; his name was Pete, and he was a friend of all the people on board the ship. One day he broke his rope and tumbled overboard. He made for a cake of ice, which was two miles off. The captain stopped the ship and turned about, but soon saw *that* would not do, so he put off a boat with the mate and a crew in it. The mate called the bear's name very loud, and as soon as he heard his name, he turned in the direction he heard the sound coming from, swam to the boat, and when he was near enough and was about to be pulled in, he made a most pitiful cry; so they left him alone, and he climbed in the boat himself. The men rowed for the ship, and were hoisted up by the davits on deck.

And now comes the funny part! When they pushed him over the side of the boat upon the deck, he jumped through the crowd and made all the people stampede. Then he ran at once into a lady's stateroom, leaped into the berth and sat on the pillow, and made the lady run away with her little dog, much frightened. A sailor went in with a collar and a rope, put the collar around his neck, and took him downstairs the back way; then they tied him up. Poor Pete! And he never tried to get away again.

I am five years old, but nearly six. I composed the letter, but my mamma wrote it, as I can only print.

Yours truly, WALTER B. H—.

We beg the young friends whose names here follow, to accept our sincere thanks for pleasant letters received from them: L. W. F., Corine V. M., Mabel H. Chase, L. Jennie Judge, Harry B. Sparks, C. G., William Edward Moss, Jessie M., Ida Ross, Kate Stebbins, Carrie May Suits, Bella and Blanche G., Eoline Russell, Johnnie H. Du Bois, Emily, Sam Bissell, Sadie Lewis, Sarah Raney, Egbert B. Shepard, Margaret, Amy Chamberlain, Bert R., Amy L., Atha H., Daisy Sharpe, Mabel S., Estelle Mann, George H. Shepard, Margaret Baird, Rose Marie Louis, Ella L., Lulu C., Lena B., Florence Wardwell, Mary W. McNair, Marie T. Morrison, Nitza and Nan, Carrie Cargin, W. F., Florence E. Lorey.



TO ALL the Chapters and members of the Agassiz Association, a Merry Christmas! If the greeting is a few days too early, it is not less sincere, and we have the satisfaction of "saying it first!" We take pleasure in the thought that Saint Nicholas will bring to many a stocking this year, gifts different from those he would have chosen before our A. A. was organized. Microscopes and cameras and blow-pipes will replace candies and toys and ear-rings, and no one will be less happy.

Now, as the good pastor says, "We are requested to make the following announcements":

1. The paper called the *Young Naturalist* suspended a year ago.
2. Mr. Hayward has stopped the manufacture of badges and medals, and until further notice all orders for A. A. badges may be sent to the President.

It gives us pleasure to announce, *without request*, that Mr. G. W. Altman, one of our members, won the first premium at the Erie County fair, at Hamburg, N. Y., for his collection of insects, which contains more than four hundred specimens.

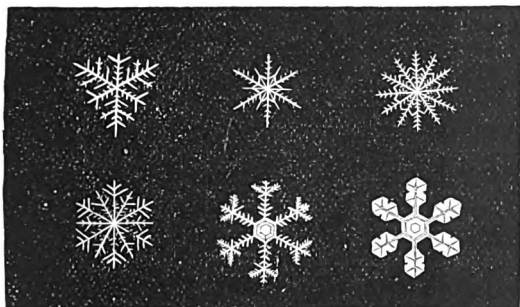
Now that the snow and cold weather make collecting difficult in the Northern States, the season is most propitious for indoor work. All specimens should be carefully analyzed, neatly labeled, well arranged. It is very important to the success of a Chapter that everything be kept in what Grandmother used to call "apple-pie order."

But some things can be collected in winter—cocoons and birds'-nests are more easily found, as they are no longer hidden by leaves. Many plants bud in the fall and early winter, and shoots of these gathered and kept in water in sunny windows will blossom long before their natural time.

Strange birds occasionally visit us, either alone or in company with snow-birds. Professor Tyn-dall's very interesting experiments with ice may be repeated and others invented, and then we were to draw more snow-crystals; not for prizes this time, but for the love of truth.

Every drawing sent in will be acknowledged, with thanks; and one more winter ought to add

enough forms to our collection to enable us to draw some important generalizations. Please note, at time of collection, simply the temperature, and the date; and let every one try, even if he never drew a line before! Here are some of the drawings that won the first prize last winter, and very beautiful they are, painted a blue-white on a dead black. They came from Chapter 742, Jefferson, Ohio.



In response to many requests, we append a few questions, and we shall give credit to all who send correct answers, unless there should be *too* many:

#### BOTANY.

1. Does the closed gentian ever open?
2. At what hour of the day does chicory open?
3. Do the rings of a beet indicate anything regarding the age of the beet?
4. Is the heart of an old tree ever alive?
5. Describe the fruit of Jack-in-the-Pulpit.
6. How can mushrooms be distinguished from toad-stools?
7. What is the average number of ray flowers in the head of an ox-eye daisy?
8. Describe the fruit of trailing arbutus.

#### MINERALOGY.

1. What are the distinctions between minerals and rocks?
2. What is the most common mineral?
3. What is the most widely distributed metal?
4. How can gold be dissolved?
5. Of what mineral are ordinary dinner plates made?
6. What is the meaning of the word amethyst?
7. What is the "streak" of a mineral?

#### ENTOMOLOGY.

1. What is an insect, and why so called?
2. How do insects breathe?
3. Are spiders insects,—or what?
4. How many wings has a house-fly? A bee?
5. How do flies walk on a ceiling?
6. Do flies have to turn over and fly backward in order to alight on a ceiling?—or how do they?
7. What do dragon-flies eat?
8. Give the life-history of the little black "wrigglers" seen in heads of the ox-eye daisy.

#### ORNITHOLOGY.

1. Describe the largest woodpecker.
2. Describe the egg of the smallest fly-catcher.
3. Describe the nest of the phoebe.
4. Describe the habits of the shrike.
5. Describe the song of a cat-bird.

#### REPORTS OF CHAPTERS.

424, *Decorah, Iowa*. We take this report from a very interesting article contributed to the *Advance* of September by M. R. Steele, an honorary member of the Chapter:

"Decorah, the beautiful capital of Winneshiek County, Iowa, is named after a chief of the Winnebago Indians. The city reposes like a nest of birds, in a deep valley, protected from fierce winds by the wood-crowned bluffs of the Upper Iowa River. This stream, the most rapid branch of the Mississippi in Iowa, should not be mistaken for the Iowa River, which is farther south. Our river's ox-bow sweep, inclosing rich alluvial flats, washes bluffs and slopes more than 200 feet high. The Trenton limestone, full of gigantic "straight horns" (*orthoceras*) and other silurian fossils, invites us to collect and study these "oldest inhabitants" of the primitive ocean.

After learning the general outlines of geology, we wish to study that of Iowa, in particular, its prairies, rivers, carboniferous and other deposits, and the fossils peculiar to each.

"We have twenty members, including boys and ladies, who meet once a week, and ask and answer questions in writing. Some members write articles for a local paper, and lead our boys to the quarries in search of fossils. We hope that others may be encouraged by the spirit and success of our Decorah members to do likewise."

The Secretary of this Decorah Chapter is Mrs. M. E. Bones.

891, *Schenectady, N. Y. (A)*. We have increased from six to nine members. Every other week we have debates, and the alternate weeks, compositions. We have debated the questions, "Do flying-fish fly?" (decided in the negative); "Do the fore or hind legs of a frog appear first?" (decided that the hind-legs do); "Were the American Indians the mound-builders?" We have had compositions on dragon-flies and asbestos. We are working hard at collecting specimens to be classified in the coming winter. We have meetings every Friday at 3:45 P. M., and on Monday and Wednesday nights we have reading meetings, when we read up geology and zoölogy. —E. G. Conde, Sec.

#### EXCHANGES.

Shells, leaves in great variety, Indian pottery, etc., for minerals and eggs.—Jay E. Bacon, Ormond, Florida.

Mica crystals, beryl, rose quartz, plumose mica, and trap-rock, for marine specimens, fern impressions, zinc ore, and agates.—Mrs. E. S. Lamprey, Acworth, N. H.

Ferns.—L. Van Ness, 1020 Green street, San Francisco, Cal.

Insects, correctly labeled. List on application.—Ward M. Sackett, Meadville, Pa.

"*Crania Americana*," or a comparative view of the skulls of various aboriginal nations of N. A. and S. A., pp. 297, seventy-eight plates, and one colored map; folio. The book is in very good preservation except that its cloth binding is gone. Original cost, thirty dollars. Will sell for fifteen dollars, or exchange for "Insect Lives," "Child's Book of Nature," "Selborne," "Parables from Nature," and ten dollars.—A. J. Mayo, Ch. 810, Peru, Hillsboro Co., Florida.

Insects and birds' eggs. Correspondence with other Chapters desired.—N. M. Eberhart, Sec. Ch. 672, Chicago Lawn, Ill.

A dozen variously colored cubes of rosin.—Miss Jennie Judge, 199 Waldburg Street, Savannah, Georgia.

Books to be exchanged for conchological works: "Electric Lighting," Morton, 82; Lesquerieux, "Cretaceous Flora," plates, 4to, '74; Gentry, "Life Histories of Birds"; Young's "Correlation and Conservation of Forces"; Cove's "Birds of the Northwest," and many others.—W. D. Averill, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

Insects, for insects. Correspondence desired with a Southern or Western Chapter. Only satisfactory letters answered.—Henry G. Field, Sec. Ch. 743, High School, Detroit, Mich.

#### NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
887	Grinnell, Iowa. (A).....	4.	John Houghton.
888	Baldwinsville, N. Y. (A) ..	6.	Rev. E. B. Parsons.
889	Schenectady, N. Y. (A)...	9.	Miss Mary Landon.



No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
890	Logan, Ohio. (A).....	5..	M. Harrington.
891	Schenectady, N. Y. (B)...	5..	E. G. Conde.
892	Deer Lodge, M. T. (A)....	8..	Miss Fannie I. Hart.
893	Watertown, N. Y. (B).....	8..	Miss Constance Du Bois.
894	Warren, Mass. (A).....	30..	Clarence Benson.
895	Haddonfield, N. J. (A)....	18..	Miss Elvira C. M. Day, Box 126.
896	Lake Forest, Ill. (A).....	4..	Miss Mary W. Plummer.

## REORGANIZED.

147	Cleveland, O. (A).....	4..	Alfred E. Allen, 1264 Euclid Ave.
672	Chicago (W) .....	11..	Noble M. Eberhart, Chicago Lawn, Ill.

## DISSOLVED.

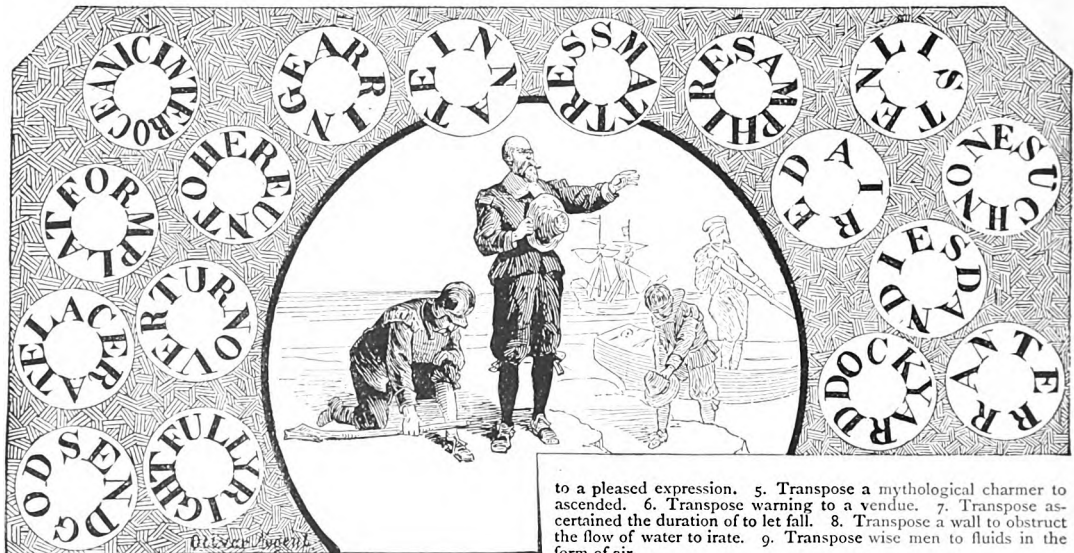
No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
699	Odin, Pa. (A).....	4..	Victor L. Beebe.
866	Cleveland, O. (C).....	6..	C. N. Lewis. ( <i>Members all removed from city.</i> )
757	Akron, O. (A).....	3..	Miss Pauline Lane. ( <i>Members all removed.</i> )
650	Sandusky, O. (A).....	5..	John Youngs, Jr.

All are invited to join the Association. There is no charge to new (or old) Chapters.

Address all communications for this department to the President of the A. A.,

MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD,  
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

## THE RIDDLE-BOX.



## LETTER CIRCLES.

DIVIDE each of the seventeen letter-circles in such a way that the letters, in the order in which they now stand, will form a word. Each of these words may be divided into two words; when properly arranged one below another, the initials of the first perpendicular line form the title of the central picture; the initials of the second perpendicular line will spell a name given to the celebration of the event pictured.

GILBERT FORREST.

## CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in cream, but not in milk;  
My second in sackcloth, but not in silk;  
My third is in darkness, but not in shine;  
My fourth in the "vineyards" that border the Rhine;  
My fifth in the "saddle" follows the chase;  
My sixth comes in "after" with slower grace;  
My seventh in "game" which helps to make cheer;  
My eighth in a "saint" both jolly and queer,  
Who comes with my "last" in a season bright,  
When my whole floods the world with a joyous light,  
"NOVICE."

## TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. TRANSPOSE was solicitous to contested. 2. Transpose in that place to the supposed matter above the air. 3. Transpose to allure to move in a military manner. 4. Transpose measures of distance

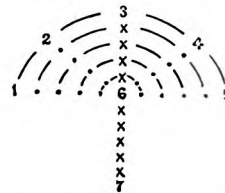
to a pleased expression. 5. Transpose a mythological charmer to ascended. 6. Transpose warning to a vendue. 7. Transpose ascertained the duration of to let fall. 8. Transpose a wall to obstruct the flow of water to irate. 9. Transpose wise men to fluids in the form of air.

The central letters of the newly formed words will spell the title of a poem by Susan Coolidge, from which the following lines are taken:

We ring the bells and we raise the strain,  
We hang up garlands everywhere,  
And bid the tapers twinkle fair,  
And feast and frolic—and then we go  
Back to the same old lives again.

BESSIE S.

## A FAN PUZZLE.



FROM 1 to 6, importance; from 2 to 6, to entwine; from 3 to 6, buries; from 4 to 6, pains acutely; from 5 to 6, fishes resembling trout; from 6 to 7, a division; from 3 to 7, the point on which two lines cut each other.

Each semicircle contains five letters. First (from 1 to 5), a kind of thin muslin; second, one of ten equal parts; third, proportion; fourth, an incident; five, a thin, woolen stuff.

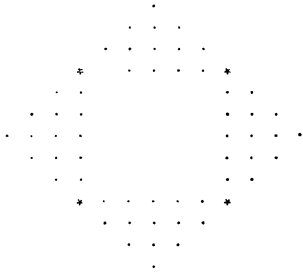
L. LOS REGNI.

## NOVEL ACROSTIC.

EACH of the words described contains five letters; the letters of the second row (reading downward) spell a familiar word, and the fourth, a characteristic emblem of the season.

Cross-words: 1. A rascal. 2. To fetter. 3. That which is ground at one time. 4. The circumference of anything. 5. A sacred song. 6. To scatter. 7. A worker in metals. 8. A rank of nobility. 9. A kind of poplar. DVCIE.

## PATCHWORK.

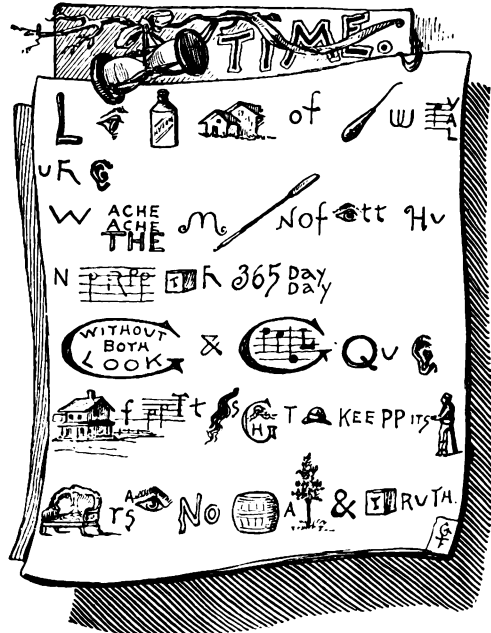


UPPER PYRAMID. ACROSS: 1. A letter. 2. Atmosphere. 3. To appease. 4. Soaked in liquid. Downward: 1. A letter. 2. A preposition. 3. A drink. 4. To heap up. 5. A quick blow. 6. A pronoun. 7. A letter.

RIGHT-HAND. ACROSS: 1. A letter. 2. A printer's measure. 3. A horse. 4. Fastened. 5. A short poem. 6. A verb. 7. A letter. Downward: 1. Tooth-shaped. 2. Young unmarried women. 3. A word used in driving cattle. 4. A letter.

LOWER. ACROSS: 1. Matured. 2. Drawn by a rope. 3. Moisture. 4. A letter. Downward: 1. A letter. 2. A pronoun. 3. A capsule. 4. A water-vessel. 5. Fresh. 6. A masculine nickname. 7. A letter.

LEFT-HAND. ACROSS: 1. A letter. 2. A masculine nickname. 3. Epoch. 4. A linear measure. 5. To cut off. 6. A pronoun. 7. A letter. Downward: 1. A letter. 2. To be in poor health. 3. Very warm. 4. One who sleeps. CYRIL DEANE.



THE answer to the above rebus is five lines from a well-known poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

## WORD-SQUARE.

1. Pastoral. 2. Part of the soft palate. 3. A vague report. 4. Lengthwise. 5. Bulky. CHARLOTTE.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. I. Primals, Republican; finals, Democratic. Cross-words: 1. Richmond. 2. Erie. 3. Potsdam. 4. Urbino. 5. Balcaric. 6. Lancaster. 7. Ithaca. 8. Catagat. 9. Alta. 10. Nera. II. Primals, Autumn leaves; finals, red and yellow. Cross-words: 1. Ave. 2. Uge. 3. Ten. 4. Ulna. 5. Main. 6. Need. 7. Laz. 8. Eas. 9. Abel. 10. Veil. 11. Ergo. 12. Stow.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. Sing a song of *sixpence*, When the pie was *o'penned*, A pocket full of *rye*, The birds began to *sing*, Four and twenty *blackbirds*, Was n't that a dainty *dish*, Baked in a *pie*. To set before a *king*?

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAMOND. 1. A. 2. Arc. 3. Ammer. 4. Armenta. 5. Cento. 6. Rio. 7. A.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS. Reunion of hearts. 1. Wh-eRr-y. 2. Por-tEn-ts. 3. At-tUn-e. 4. Br-aNd-ed. 5. W-all-ing. 6. S-tOw-ing. 7. C-aNn-on. 8. S-cOw-led. 9. W-aFt-ed. 10. Ma-sHe-d. 11. S-tEa-ling. 12. Re-bAt-ed. 13. Asp-iRe-s. 14. Pen-aTe-s. 15. B-aSk-ed.

Pi. The wild November comes at last  
Beneath a veil of rain;  
The night wind blows its folds aside,  
Her face is full of pain.

The latest of her race, she takes  
The Autumn's vacant throne;  
She has but one short moon to live,  
And she must live alone.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Indian Summer—Thanksgiving. ANAGRAMMATICAL WORD-SQUARE. 1. Snare. 2. Naval. 3. Avoid. 4. Raise. 5. Elder.

MAGIC SQUARES. 1 to 9, sols; 2 to 9, ides; 3 to 9, boas; 4 to 9, imps; 5 to 9, leys; 6 to 9, ate's; 7 to 9, teas; 8 to 9, errs. Outer square, sibilate; middle square, odometer; inner square, leap-year.

A REBUS. A fat kitchen makes a lean will. NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Latin quotation: "The plant which is often transplanted does not prosper." Quotation from Disraeli: "The secret of success is constancy to purpose."

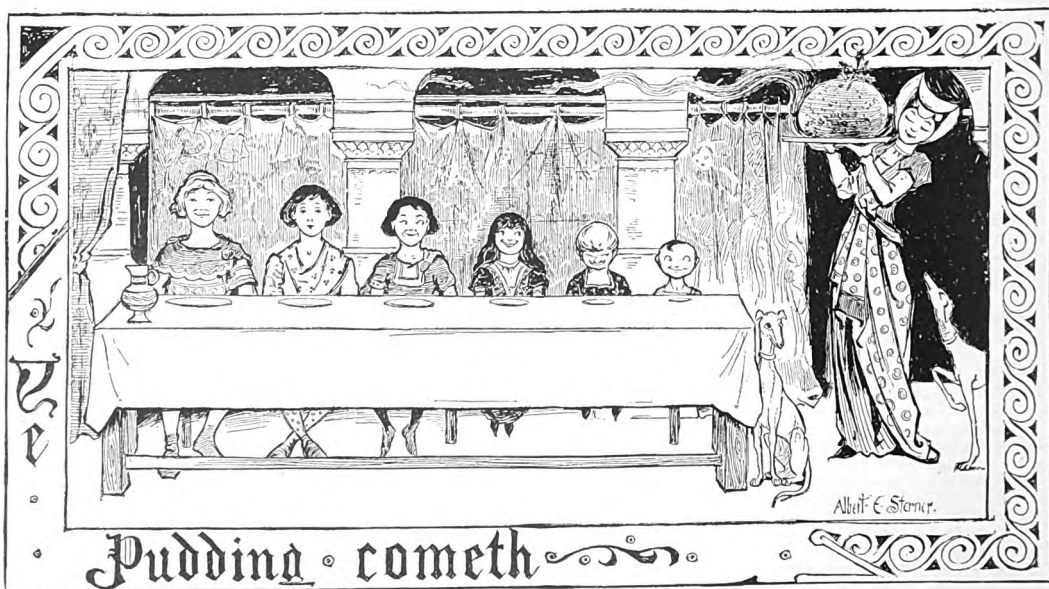
THE names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New-York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 20, from "B. L. Z. Bub"—Lulu May—Maud E. Palmer—Paul Reese—"Hill-top"—May White Ovington—Mamma and Joe—Maggie and May Turrill—"San Anselmo Valley"—"B. L. Z. B."—Woodbury—"The Carters"—Sandside—Judith—Reggie and Nellie—"Betsey Trotwood"—"The Aztecs"—Francis W. Islip—"Nearthebay"—"Nippy Doo and Fiddle Aye"—B. Y. of Omaha—Fanny R. Jackson.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 20, from "Goosie and Adolphus," 2—Lulu, 7—Anna M. Tuttle, 2—Horace F. Lunt, 1—Jack, Morris, and Mamma, 1—Hattie B. Weil, 1—Chiddingstone, 5—T. L. S., 4—Nellie Brice, 1—James Gillin, 2—J. Haney, 3—"Old Man P.", 1—Charles Howard Williams, 1—Louise Joyves, 4—Ellery Sedgwick, 3—"The Marsh-man," 1—Sam Bissell, 3—Nina and Ethel, 4—Effie K. Talboys, 7—Carrie Carcin, 1—Marion and Albert Williams, 2—Janey M. Hutchinson, 2—Hessey D. Boylston, 2—"Pocahontas," 1—"Oulagiskit," 6—Carey E. Melville, 9—Ethel Camp, 1—"Scal-skin," 1—"Pepper and Maria," 6—Emma St. C. Whitney, 8—S. S., 8—M. B. R., 1—"Jack Sprat," 6—Clarice M. Petreman, 3—A Six-year-old, 1—Carrie C. Howard, 6—Fleanor and Maude Peart, 6—"Old Carthusian," 4—F. Muriel, M. Margaret, and E. W. Grundy, 7—Edith L. Young, 5—Olive and Ida Gibson, 4—Jennie, Papa, and Mamma, 9—George T. Bourne, 1—Lena S. Crawford, 1—Mary B., 6—Ralph, 3—Helen E. Howell, 7—Fred A. Hamilton, 5—Mary P. Stockett, 7—Tom W. Wright, 4—Kate Lovett, 7—Hallie Couch, 7—Lizzie A. Atwater, 6—L. L. R., 4—Agnes W. Thomas, 8—"Katy Did," 6.



SANTA CLAUS: "'HERE'S A STATE OF THINGS!' HOW IN THE WORLD AM I EVER TO GET DOWN THERE?"







THE BURGOMASTER'S DAUGHTER.

# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## CHRISTMAS EVERY DAY.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

THE little girl came into her papa's study, as she always did Saturday morning before breakfast, and asked for a story. He tried to beg off that morning, for he was very busy, but she would not let him. So he began :

"Well, once there was a little pig ——"

She put her hand over his mouth and stopped him at the word. She said she had heard little pig stories till she was perfectly sick of them.

"Well, what kind of story *shall* I tell, then?"

"About Christmas. It's getting to be the season. It's past Thanksgiving already."

"It seems to me," argued her papa, "that I've told as often about Christmas as I have about little pigs."

"No difference! Christmas is more interesting."

"Well!" Her papa roused himself from his writing by a great effort. "Well, then, I'll tell you about the little girl that wanted it Christmas every day in the year. How would you like that?"

"First-rate!" said the little girl; and she nestled into comfortable shape in his lap, ready for listening.

"Very well, then, this little pig,—— Oh, what are you pounding me for?"

"Because you said little pig instead of little girl."

"I should like to know what's the difference between a little pig and a little girl that wanted it Christmas every day!"

"Papa," said the little girl, warningly, "if you

don't go on, I'll *give* it to you!" And at this her papa darted off like lightning, and began to tell the story as fast as he could.

Well, once there was a little girl who liked Christmas so much that she wanted it to be Christmas every day in the year; and as soon as Thanksgiving was over she began to send postal cards to the old Christmas Fairy to ask if she might n't have it. But the old Fairy never answered any of the postals; and, after a while, the little girl found out that the Fairy was pretty particular, and would n't notice anything but letters, not even correspondence cards in envelopes; but real letters on sheets of paper, and sealed outside with a monogram,—or your initial, any way. So, then, she began to send her letters; and in about three weeks—or just the day before Christmas, it was—she got a letter from the Fairy, saying she might have it Christmas every day for a year, and then they would see about having it longer.

The little girl was a good deal excited already, preparing for the old-fashioned, once-a-year Christmas that was coming the next day, and perhaps the Fairy's promise did n't make such an impression on her as it would have made at some other time. She just resolved to keep it to herself, and surprise everybody with it as it kept coming true; and then it slipped out of her mind altogether.

She had a splendid Christmas. She went to bed early, so as to let Santa Claus have a chance

at the stockings, and in the morning she was up the first of anybody and went and felt them, and found hers all lumpy with packages of candy, and oranges and grapes, and pocket-books and rubber balls and all kinds of small presents, and her big brother's with nothing but the tongs in them, and her young lady sister's with a new silk umbrella, and her papa's and mamma's with potatoes and pieces of coal wrapped up in tissue paper, just as they always had every Christmas. Then she waited around till the rest of the family were up, and she was the first to burst into the library, when the doors were opened, and look at the large presents laid out on the library-table — books, and portfolios, and boxes of stationery, and breast-pins, and dolls, and little stoves, and dozens of handkerchiefs, and ink-stands, and skates, and snow-shovels, and photograph-frames, and little easels, and boxes of water-colors, and Turkish paste, and nougat, and candied cherries, and dolls' houses,

pouring in that the expressman had not had time to deliver the night before; and she went 'round giving the presents she had got for other people, and came home and ate turkey and cranberry for dinner, and plum-pudding and nuts and raisins and oranges and more candy, and then went out and coasted and came in with a stomach-ache, crying; and her papa said he would see if his house was turned into that sort of fool's paradise another year; and they had a light supper, and pretty early everybody went to bed cross.

Here the little girl pounded her papa in the back, again.

"Well, what now? Did I say pigs?"

"You made them *act* like pigs."

"Well, did n't they?"

"No matter; you ought n't to put it into a story."

"Very well, then, I'll take it all out."



THE SECOND CHRISTMAS MORNING.

and waterproofs,—and the big Christmas-tree, lighted and standing in a waste-basket in the middle.

She had a splendid Christmas all day. She ate so much candy that she did not want any breakfast; and the whole forenoon the presents kept

Her father went on:

The little girl slept very heavily, and she slept very late, but she was wakened at last by the other children dancing 'round her bed with their stockings full of presents in their hands.



"What is it?" said the little girl, and she rubbed her eyes and tried to rise up in bed.

"Christmas! Christmas! Christmas!" they all shouted, and waved their stockings.

"Nonsense! It was Christmas yesterday."

Her brothers and sisters just laughed. "We don't know about that. It's Christmas to-day, any way. You come into the library and see."

Then all at once it flashed on the little girl that the Fairy was keeping her promise, and her year of Christmases was beginning. She was dreadfully sleepy, but she sprang up like a lark—a lark that had overeaten itself and gone to bed cross—and darted into the library. There it was again! Books, and portfolios, and boxes of stationery, and breast-

"You need n't go over it all, Papa; I guess I can remember just what was there," said the little girl.

Well, and there was the Christmas-tree blazing away, and the family picking out their presents, but looking pretty sleepy, and her father perfectly puzzled, and her mother ready to cry. "I'm sure I don't see how I'm to dispose of all these things," said her mother, and her father said it seemed to him they had had something just like it the day before, but he supposed he must have dreamed it. This struck the little girl as the best kind of a joke; and so she ate so much candy she did n't want any breakfast, and went 'round carrying presents, and had turkey and cranberry for dinner, and then went out and coasted, and came in with a —

"Papa!"

"Well, what now?"

"What did you promise, you forgetful thing?"

"Oh! oh, yes!"

Well, the next day, it was just the same thing over again, but everybody getting crosser; and at the end of a week's time so many people had lost their tempers that you could pick up lost tempers anywhere; they perfectly strewed the ground. Even when people tried to recover their tempers they usually got somebody else's, and it made the most dreadful mix.

The little girl began to get frightened, keeping the secret all to herself; she wanted to tell her mother, but she did n't dare to; and she was ashamed to ask the Fairy to take back her gift, it seemed ungrateful and ill-bred, and she thought she would try to stand it, but she hardly knew how she could, for a whole year. So it went on and on, and it was Christmas on St. Valentine's Day, and Washington's Birthday just the same as any

day, and it did n't skip even the First of April, though everything was counterfeit that day, and that was some *little* relief.

After a while, coal and potatoes began to be awfully scarce, so many had been wrapped up in tissue paper to fool papas and mammas with. Turkeys got to be about a thousand dollars apiece —

"Papa!"

"Well, what?"

"You're beginning to fib."

"Well, *two* thousand, then."

And they got to passing off almost anything for turkeys,—half-grown humming-birds, and even rocs out of the "Arabian Nights,"—the real turkeys were so scarce. And cranberries—well, they asked a diamond apiece for cranberries. All the woods and orchards were cut down for Christmas-trees, and where the woods and orchards used to be, it looked just like a stubble-field, with the stumps. After a while they had to make Christmas-trees out of rags, and stuff them with bran, like old-fashioned dolls; but there were plenty of rags, because people got so poor, buying presents for one another, that they could n't get any new clothes, and they just wore their old ones to tatters. They got so poor that everybody had to go to the poor-house, except the confectioners, and the fancy store-keepers, and the picture-booksellers, and the expressmen; and *they* all got so rich and proud that they would hardly wait upon a person when he came to buy; it was perfectly shameful!

Well, after it had gone on about three or four



HOPELESS.

months, the little girl, whenever she came into the room in the morning and saw those great ugly lumpy stockings dangling at the fire-place, and the disgusting presents around everywhere, used to just

sit down and burst out crying. In six months she was perfectly exhausted; she could n't even cry any more; she just lay on the lounge and rolled her eyes and panted. About the beginning of



EXHAUSTED.

October she took to sitting down on dolls, wherever she found them,—French dolls, or any kind,—she hated the sight of them so; and by Thanksgiving she was crazy, and just slammed her presents across the room.

By that time people did n't carry presents around nicely any more. They flung them over the fence, or through the window, or anything;



MAD.

and, instead of running their tongues out and taking great pains to write "For dear Papa," or "Mamma," or "Brother," or "Sister," or "Susie," or "Sammie," or "Billie," or "Bobby," or "Jimmie," or "Jennie," or whoever it was, and troubling to get the spelling right, and then signing their names, and "Xmas, 188—," they used to write in the gift-books, "Take it, you horrid old thing!" and then go and bang it against the front door. Nearly everybody had built barns to hold their presents, but pretty soon the barns over-

flowed, and then they used to let them lie out in the rain, or anywhere. Sometimes the police used to come and tell them to shovel their presents off the sidewalk, or they would arrest them.

"I thought you said everybody had gone to the poor-house," interrupted the little girl.

"They did go, at first," said her papa; "but after a while the poor-houses got so full that they had to send the people back to their own houses. They tried to cry, when they got back, but they could n't make the least sound."

"Why could n't they?"

"Because they had lost their voices, saying 'Merry Christmas' so much. Did I tell you how it was on the Fourth of July?"

"No; how was it?" And the little girl nestled closer, in expectation of something uncommon.

Well, the night before, the boys staid up to celebrate, as they always do, and fell asleep



FURIOUS.

before twelve o'clock, as usual, expecting to be wakened by the bells and cannon. But it was nearly eight o'clock before the first boy in the United States woke up, and then he found out what the trouble was. As soon as he could get his clothes on, he ran out of the house and smashed a big cannon-torpedo down on the pavement; but it did n't make any more noise than a damp wad of paper, and, after he tried about twenty or thirty more, he began to pick them up and look at them. Every single torpedo was a big

raisin! Then he just streaked it upstairs, and examined his fire-crackers and toy-pistol and two-dollar collection of fireworks, and found that they were nothing but sugar and candy painted up to look like fireworks! Before ten o'clock, every boy in the United States found out that his Fourth of July things had turned into Christmas things; and then they just sat down and cried,—they were so mad. There are about twenty million boys in the United States, and so you can imagine what a noise they made. Some men got together before night, with a little powder that had n't turned into purple sugar yet, and they said they would fire off *one* cannon, any way. But the cannon burst into a thousand pieces, for it was nothing but rock-candy, and some of the men nearly got killed. The Fourth of July orations all turned into Christmas carols, and when anybody tried to read the Declaration, instead of saying, "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary," he was sure to sing, "God rest you, merry gentlemen." It was perfectly awful.

The little girl drew a deep sigh of satisfaction.

"And how was it at Thanksgiving?" she asked.

Her papa hesitated. "Well, I'm almost afraid to tell you. I'm afraid you'll think it's wicked."

"Well, tell, any way," said the little girl.

Well, before it came Thanksgiving, it had leaked out who had caused all these Christmases. The little girl had suffered so much that she had talked about it in her sleep; and after that, hardly anybody would play with her. People just perfectly despised her, because if it had not been for her greediness, it would n't have happened; and now, when it came Thanksgiving, and she wanted them to go to church, and have squash-pie and turkey, and show their gratitude, they said that all the turkeys had been eaten up for her old Christmas dinners, and if she would stop the Christmases, they would see about the gratitude. Was n't it dreadful? And the very next day the little girl began to send letters to the Christmas Fairy, and then telegrams, to stop it. But it did n't do any good; and then she got to calling at the Fairy's house, but the girl that came to the door always said "Not at home," or "Engaged," or "At dinner," or something like that; and so it went on till it came to the old once-a-year Christmas Eve. The little girl fell asleep, and when she woke up in the morning —

"She found it was all nothing but a dream," suggested the little girl.

"No, indeed!" said her papa. "It was all every bit true!"

"Well, what *did* she find out then?"

"Why, that it was n't Christmas at last, and was n't ever going to be, any more. Now it's time for breakfast."

The little girl held her papa fast around the neck.

"You sha'n't go if you're going to leave it *so*!"

"How do you want it left?"

"Christmas once a year."

"All right," said her papa; and he went on again.

Well, there was the greatest rejoicing all over the country, and it extended clear up into Canada. The people met together everywhere, and kissed and cried for joy. The city carts went around and gathered up all the candy and raisins and nuts, and dumped them into the river; and it made the fish perfectly sick; and the whole United States, as far out as Alaska, was one blaze of bonfires, where the children were burning up their gift-books and presents of all kinds. They had the greatest *time*!

The little girl went to thank the old Fairy because she had stopped its being Christmas, and she said she hoped she would keep her promise, and see that Christmas never, never came again. Then the Fairy frowned, and asked her if she was sure she knew what she meant; and the little girl asked her, why not? and the old Fairy said that now she was behaving just as greedily as ever, and she'd better look out. This made the little girl think it all over carefully again, and she said she would be willing to have it Christmas about once in a thousand years; and then she said a hundred, and then she said ten, and at last she got down to one. Then the Fairy said that was the good old way that had pleased people ever since Christmas began, and she was agreed. Then the little girl said, "What're your shoes made of?" And the Fairy said, "Leather." And the little girl said, "Bargain's done forever," and skipped off, and hippity-hopped the whole way home, she was so glad.

"How will that do?" asked the papa.

"First-rate!" said the little girl; but she hated to have the story stop, and was rather sober. However, her mamma put her head in at the door, and asked her papa:

"Are you never coming to breakfast? What have you been telling that child?"

"Oh, just a moral tale."

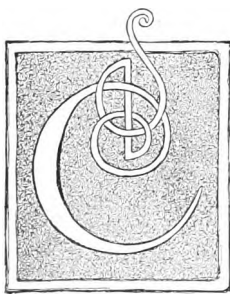
The little girl caught him around the neck again.

"*He* know! Don't you tell *what*, Papa! Don't you tell *what*!"

## LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

## CHAPTER III.



CEDEC'S good opinion of the advantages of being an earl increased greatly during the next week. It seemed almost impossible for him to realize that there was scarcely anything he might wish to do which

he could not do easily; in fact I think it may be said that he did not fully realize it at all. But at least he understood, after a few conversations with Mr. Havisham, that he could gratify all his nearest wishes, and he proceeded to gratify them with a simplicity and delight which caused Mr. Havisham much diversion. In the week before they sailed for England, he did many curious things. The lawyer long after remembered the morning they went down-town together to pay a visit to Dick, and the afternoon they so amazed the apple-woman of ancient lineage by stopping

before her stall and telling her she was to have a tent, and a stove, and a shawl, and a sum of money which seemed to her quite wonderful.

"For I have to go to England and be a lord," explained Cedric, sweet-temperedly. "And I should n't like to have your bones on my mind every time it rained. My own bones never hurt, so I think I don't know how painful a person's bones can be, but I've sympathized with you a great deal, and I hope you'll be better."

"She's a very good apple-woman," he said to Mr. Havisham, as they walked away, leaving the proprietress of the stall almost gasping for breath, and not at all believing in her great fortune. "Once, when I fell down and cut my knee, she gave me an apple for nothing. I've always remembered her for it. You know you always remember people who are kind to you."

It had never occurred to his honest, simple, little mind that there were people who could forget kindnesses.

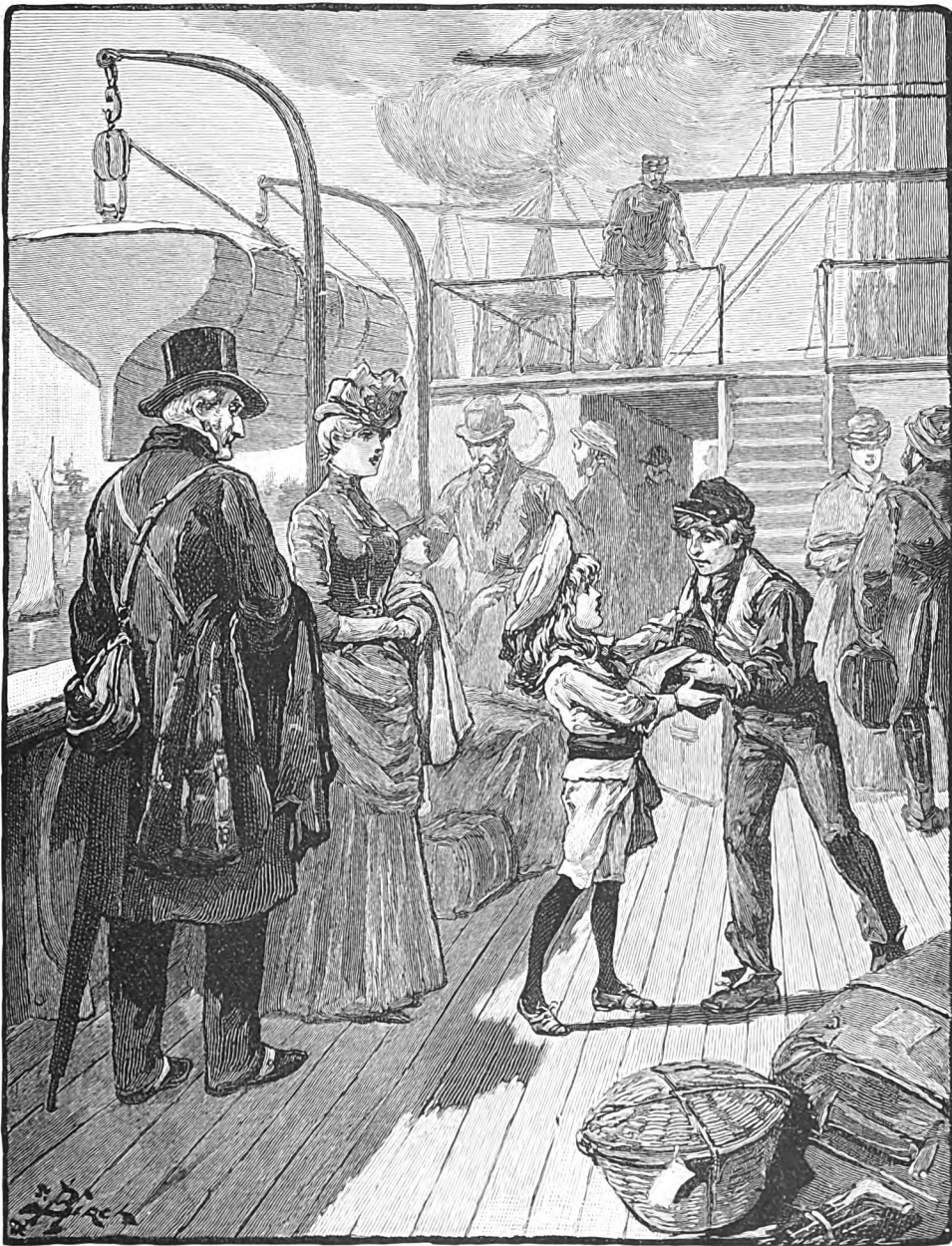
The interview with Dick was quite exciting. Dick had just been having a great deal of trouble with Jake, and was in low spirits when they saw him. His amazement when Cedric calmly announced that they had come to give him what seemed a very great thing to him, and would set all his troubles right, almost struck him dumb. Lord Fauntleroy's manner of announcing the object of his visit was very simple and unceremonious. Mr. Havisham was much impressed by its directness as he stood by and listened. The statement that his old friend had become a lord, and was in danger of being an earl if he lived long enough, caused Dick to so open his eyes and mouth, and start, that his cap fell off. When he picked it up, he uttered a rather singular exclamation. Mr. Havisham thought it singular, but Cedric had heard it before.

"I soy!" he said, "what 're yer givin' us?" This plainly embarrassed his lordship a little, but he bore himself bravely.

"Everybody thinks it not true at first," he said. "Mr. Hobbs thought I'd had a sunstroke. I did n't think I was going to like it myself, but I like it better now I'm used to it. The one who is the earl now—he's my grandpapa; and he wants me to do anything I like. He's very kind, if he *is* an earl; and he sent me a lot of money by Mr. Havisham, and I've brought some to you to buy Jake out."

And the end of the matter was that Dick actually bought Jake out, and found himself the possessor of the business, and some new brushes and a most astonishing sign and outfit. He could not

he stared at his young benefactor and felt as if he might wake up at any moment. He scarcely seemed to realize anything until Cedric put out his hand to shake hands with him before going away.



DICK BOARDS THE STEAMER TO BID GOOD-BYE TO LORD FAUNTLEROY. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

believe in his good luck any more easily than the apple-woman of ancient lineage could believe in hers; he walked about like a boot-black in a dream;

"Well, good-bye," he said; and though he tried to speak steadily, there was a little tremble in his voice and he winked his big brown eyes. "And

I hope trade 'll be good. I'm sorry I'm going away to leave you, but perhaps I shall come back again when I'm an earl. And I wish you'd write to me, because we were always good friends. And if you write to me, here's where you must send your letter." And he gave him a slip of paper. "And my name is n't Cedric Errol any more; it's Lord Fauntleroy and—and good-bye, Dick."

Dick winked his eyes also, and yet they looked rather moist about the lashes. He was not an educated boot-black, and he would have found it difficult to tell what he felt just then, if he had tried; perhaps that was why he did n't try, and only winked his eyes and swallowed a lump in his throat.

"I wish ye was n't goin' away," he said in a husky voice. Then he winked his eyes again. Then he looked at Mr. Havisham and touched his cap. "Thanky, sir, fur bringin' him down here an' fur wot ye've done. He's—he's a queer little feller," he added. "I've allers thort a heap of him. He's such a game little feller, an'—an' such a queer little un."

And when they turned away he stood and looked after them in a dazed kind of way, and there was still a mist in his eyes, and a lump in his throat, as he watched the gallant little figure marching gayly along by the side of its tall, rigid escort.

Until the day of his departure, his lordship spent as much time as possible with Mr. Hobbs in the store. Gloom had settled upon Mr. Hobbs; he was much depressed in spirits. When his young friend brought to him in triumph the parting gift of a gold watch and chain, Mr. Hobbs found it difficult to acknowledge it properly. He laid the case on his stout knee, and blew his nose violently several times.

"There's something written on it," said Cedric,—“inside the case. I told the man myself what to say. 'From his oldest friend, Lord Fauntleroy, to Mr. Hobbs. When this you see, remember me.' I don't want you to forget me."

Mr. Hobbs blew his nose very loudly again.

"I sha'n't forget you," he said, speaking a trifle huskily, as Dick had spoken; "nor don't you go and forget me when you get among the British arrystocracy."

"I should n't forget you, whoever I was among," answered his lordship. "I've spent my happiest hours with you; at least, some of my happiest hours. I hope you'll come to see me some time. I'm sure my grandpapa would be very much pleased. Perhaps he'll write and ask you, when I tell him about you. You—you would n't mind his being an earl, would you? I mean you would n't stay away just because he was one, if he invited you to come?"

"I'd come to see you," replied Mr. Hobbs, graciously.

So it seemed to be agreed that if he received a pressing invitation from the earl to come and spend a few months at Dorincourt Castle, he was to lay aside his republican prejudices and pack his valise at once.

At last all the preparations were complete; the day came when the trunks were taken to the steamer, and the hour arrived when the carriage stood at the door. Then a curious feeling of loneliness came upon the little boy. His mamma had been shut up in her room for some time; when she came down the stairs, her eyes looked large and wet, and her sweet mouth was trembling. Cedric went to her, and she bent down to him, and he put his arms around her, and they kissed each other. He knew something made them both sorry, though he scarcely knew what it was; but one tender little thought rose to his lips.

"We liked this little house, Dearest, did n't we?" he said. "We always will like it, wont we?"

"Yes—yes," she answered, in a low, sweet voice. "Yes, darling."

And then they went into the carriage and Cedric sat very close to her, and as she looked back out of the window, he looked at her and stroked her hand and held it close.

And then, it seemed almost directly, they were on the steamer in the midst of the wildest bustle and confusion; carriages were driving down and leaving passengers; passengers were getting into a state of excitement about baggage which had not arrived and threatened to be too late; big trunks and cases were being bumped down and dragged about; sailors were uncoiling ropes and hurrying to and fro; officers were giving orders; ladies and gentlemen and children and nurses were coming on board,—some were laughing and looked gay, some were silent and sad, here and there two or three were crying and touching their eyes with their handkerchiefs. Cedric found something to interest him on every side; he looked at the piles of rope, at the furled sails, at the tall, tall masts which seemed almost to touch the hot blue sky; he began to make plans for conversing with the sailors and gaining some information on the subject of pirates.

It was just at the very last, when he was standing leaning on the railing of the upper deck and watching the final preparations, enjoying the excitement and the shouts of the sailors and wharfmen, that his attention was called to a slight bustle in one of the groups not far from him. Some one was hurriedly forcing his way through this group and coming toward him. It was a boy, with some-

thing red in his hand. It was Dick. He came up to Cedric quite breathless.

"I've run all the way," he said. "I've come down to see ye off. Trade's been prime! I bought this for ye out o' what I made yesterday. Ye kin wear it when ye get among the swells. I lost the paper when I was tryin' to get through them fellers downstairs. They did n't want to let me up. It's a hankercher."

He poured it all forth as if in one sentence. A bell rang, and he made a leap away before Cedric had time to speak.

"Good-bye!" he panted. "Wear it when ye get among the swells." And he darted off and was gone.

A few seconds later they saw him struggle through the crowd on the lower deck, and rush on shore just before the gang-plank was drawn in. He stood on the wharf and waved his cap.

Cedric held the handkerchief in his hand. It was of bright red silk ornamented with purple horseshoes and horses' heads.

There was a great straining and creaking and confusion. The people on the wharf began to shout to their friends, and the people on the steamer shouted back:

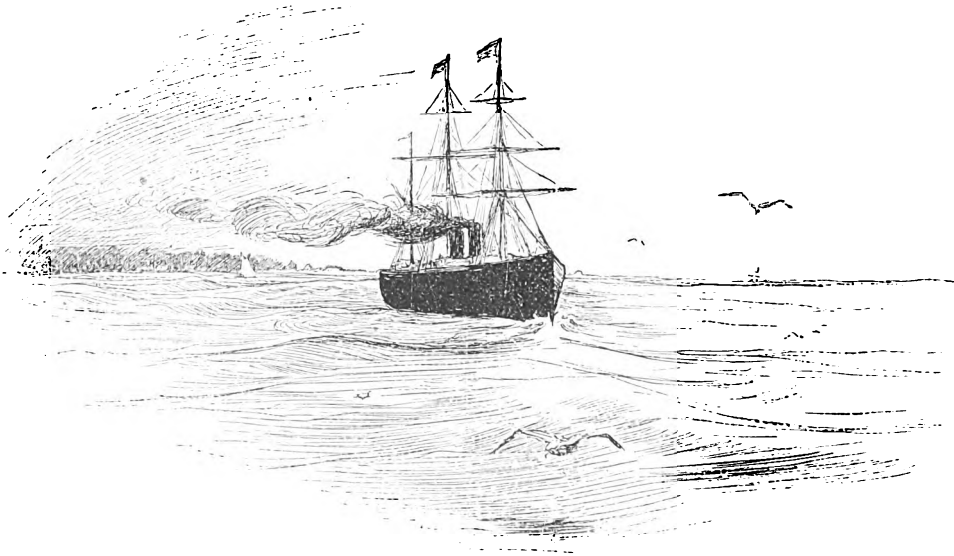
"Good-bye! Good-bye! Good-bye, old fellow!" Every one seemed to be saying, "Don't forget us. Write when you get to Liverpool. Good-bye!" Good-bye!"

Little Lord Fauntleroy leaned forward and waved the red handkerchief.

"Good-bye, Dick!" he shouted, lustily. "Thank you! Good-bye, Dick!"

And the big steamer moved away, and the people cheered again, and Cedric's mother drew the veil over her eyes, and on the shore there was left great confusion; but Dick saw nothing save that bright, childish face and the bright hair that the sun shone on and the breeze lifted, and he heard nothing but the hearty childish voice calling "Good-bye, Dick!" as little Lord Fauntleroy steamed slowly away from the home of his birth to the unknown land of his ancestors.

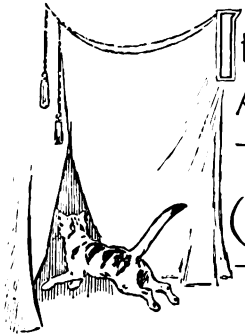
*(To be continued.)*







A little girl with golden hair  
Was rocking in her grand-ma's chair,  
When in there walked a Stranger Cat—  
(I'm sure there's nothing strange in that.)



It was a Cat with kinky ears  
And very aged for it's years.  
The little girl remarked "O Scat!"  
(I think there's nothing strange in that.)



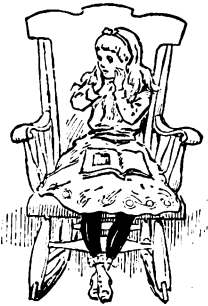
But presently with stealthy tread  
The cat, which at her word had fled,  
Returned with cane, and boots and hat—  
(I fear there's something strange in that.)



Drake



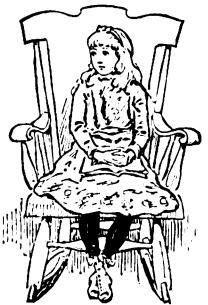
Excuse me," and the cat bowed low,  
 "I hate to trouble you, you know,  
 But tell me, have you seen a rat?"  
 (I know there's something strange in that)



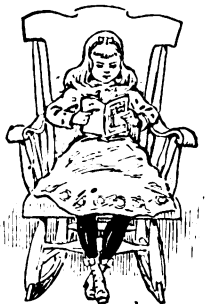
The little girl was very shy—  
 "Well really I can't say that I  
 Have seen one lately, Mr Cat."  
 (I'm sure there's something strange in that)



haven't you?" the Cat replied;  
 "Thanks, I am deeply gratified.  
 I really couldn't eat a rat."  
 (We all know what to think of that.)



And then the Cat with kinky ears  
 And so much wisdom for its years  
 Retired, with a soft pit-a-pat  
 (And that was all there was of that).



N. P. Babcock.

Drake

MY GRANDMOTHER'S GRANDMOTHER'S  
CHRISTMAS CANDLE.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

THERE were no Christmas celebrations in my old Puritan home in Swanzev, such as we have in all New England homes to-day. No church bells rung out in the darkening December air; there were no children's carols learned in Sunday-schools; no presents, and not even a sprig of box, ivy, or pine in any window. Yet there was one curious custom in the old town that made Christmas Eve in many homes the merriest in the year.

It was the burning of the Christmas candle; and of this old, forgotten custom of provincial towns I have an odd story to tell.

The Christmas candle? You may never have heard of it. You may fancy that it was some beautiful image in wax or like an altar-light. This was not the case. It was a candle containing a quill filled with gunpowder, and its burning excited an intense interest while we waited for the expected explosion.

I well remember Dipping Candle Day; it was a very interesting day to me in my boyhood, because it was then that the Christmas candle was dipped.

It usually came in the fall, in the short, lonesome days of November, just before the new school-master opened the winter term of the school.

My grandmother brought down from the garret her candle-rods and poles. The candle-rods were light sticks of elder, some fifty in number, and the poles were long pine bars. These poles were tied two each to two chairs, and the rods, after they had been wicked, were laid upon them at short distances apart.

Wicking the candle-rods is a term of which few people to-day know the meaning. Every country store in old times contained a large supply of balls of cotton candle-wick. This wick was to be cut, put upon the candle-rods, twisted, and tallowed or waxed, so as to be convenient for dipping.

How many times have I seen my grandmother, on the long November evenings, wicking her candle-rods! She used to do the work, sitting in her easy-chair before the great open fire. One side of the fire-place was usually hung with strings of dried or partly dried apples, and the other with strings of red peppers. Over the fire-place were a gun and the almanac; and on the hearth there were usually, in the evening, a few sweet apples roasting; and at one end of it was the dog, and at the other the cat.

Dipping candles would seem a comical sight to-day. My grandmother used to sit over a great iron kettle of melted tallow, and patiently dip the wicks on the rods into it, until they grew to the size of candles. Each rod contained about five wicks, and these were dipped together. The process was repeated perhaps fifty or more times.

A quill of powder was tied to the wick of the Christmas candle before dipping, and the wick was so divided at the lower end that the candle should have three legs. The young people took a great interest in the dipping as well as the burning of the Christmas candle.

My grandmother's candle-rods had belonged to her grandmother, who had lived in the early days of the Plymouth Colony. They had been used since the days of King Philip's war.

There was a story of the dark times of the Indian war that my grandmother used to relate on the night that we burned our Christmas candle; a story that my grandmother told of her grandmother, and of the fortunate and timely explosion of one of that old lady's Christmas candles in the last days of Philip's war, when the sight of a hostile Indian was a terror to the unarmed colonist.

"It was well that candle went off when it did," my grandmother used to say. "If it had not, I don't know where any of us would have been to-night; not here, telling riddles and roasting apples and enjoying ourselves, I imagine. I have dipped a powder-candle every season since, not that I believe much in keeping holidays, but because a powder-candle once saved the family."

She continued her story:

"My grandmother was a widow in her last years. She had two children, Benjamin and my mother, Mary. She lived at Pocassett, and the old house overlooked Mount Hope and the bay. Pocassett was an Indian province then, and its Indian queen was named Wetamoo.

"My grandmother was a great-hearted woman. She had a fair amount of property, and she used it for the good of her less fortunate neighbors. She had kept several poor old people from the town-house by giving them a home with her. Her good deeds caused her to be respected by every one.

"The Indians were friendly to her. She had

done them so many acts of kindness that even the haughty Wetamoo had once called to see her and made her a present. The old house was near an easy landing-place for boats on the bay; and the Indians, as they came from their canoes, passed through the yard, and often stopped to drink from the well. It was no uncommon thing, on a hot summer's day, to find an Indian asleep in the street or under the door-yard trees.

"Among the great men of the tribe was an Indian named Squammaney; Warmmesley he was sometimes called—also Warmmesley-Squammaney. He was a giant in form, but his greatness among his people arose from his supposed magical power and his vigorous voice. It was believed that he could whoop and bellow so loud and long as to frighten away evil spirits from the sick, so that the patient would recover. All the Indians regarded old Squammaney with fear and awe, and he was very proud of his influence over them.

"When an Indian fell sick, Warmmesley-Squammaney was called to the bed-side. If old Warmmesley could not drive the evil spirits away, the patient believed that he must die.

"Squammaney did his supposed duty in such cases. He was a faithful doctor. He covered himself with dried skins, shells, and feathers, and approached the hut of the patient with as mysterious and lofty an air as one of the old-time physicians of the gig and saddle-bags. As he drew near the hut, he would rattle the dried skins, and howl. He would look cautiously into the hut, then run away from it a little distance, leap into the air, and howl. Then he would cautiously return, and if the case were a bad one, he would again run away, leap into the air, and howl. At last he would enter the hut, examine the sick man or woman, and utter mysterious cries. He would fix the mind of the sufferer entirely upon himself by a kind of mesmeric influence; then he would begin to move in a circle around the patient, shaking the dried skins and beads, bobbing his plumes, and chanting an Indian ditty. Gradually his movements would become more swift; he would howl and leap, his voice rising higher at every bound; he would continue this performance until he fell down all in a heap, like a tent of dried skins. But by this time the mind of the patient was usually so withdrawn from his sufferings as to quite forget them; and consequently it often happened that the invalid and old Warmmesley-Squammaney rose up together, and indulged in hand-shaking, thus concluding an exhibition of some of the remarkable effects of mesmeric influence, which were possible in those old times as well as now.

"In his peculiar way, old Warmmesley once cured of rheumatism a Puritan deacon who re-

warded him by calling him a 'pagan.' The deacon had been confined to his room for weeks. Some Indians called to see him, and, pitying his condition, set off in great haste for Warmmesley. The latter came, in his dried skins, with his head bristling with horns and feathers. The astonished deacon forgot his infirmities at the first sight of the terrible object; and as soon as Warmmesley began to leap and howl, and shake his beads, shells, and dried skins, the white man leaped from his bed, and, running to the barn, knelt down and began to pray. There his wife found him.

"'It is old Warmmesley,' said she.

"'The old pagan!' said he, rising up. 'What was it, Ruth, that was the matter with me?'

"My grandmother had caught the spirit of Eliot, the Indian apostle, and she used to hold in the old kitchen a religious meeting, each week, for the instruction of the 'praying Indians' of the town. The Indians who became Christians were called 'praying Indians' by their own people, and came to be so called by the English. Among the Indians who came out of curiosity, was the beautiful Princess Amie, the youngest daughter of the great chief Massasoit, who protected Plymouth Colony for nearly forty years.

"Warmmesley came once to my grandmother's meetings, and tried to sing. He wished to out-sing the rest, and he did, repeating over and over again:

"'He lub poor Indian in de wood,  
An' me lub God, and dat be good;  
I'll praise him two times mo'!'

"Just before the beginning of the Indian war, my grandmother offended Warmmesley. The English had taught him bad habits, and he had become a cider drinker. He used to wander about the country, going from farm-house to farm-house, begging for 'hard' cider, as old cider was called.

"One day my grandmother found him lying intoxicated under a tree in the yard, and she forbade the giving of Warmmesley any more cider from the cellar. A few days afterward, he landed from his canoe in front of the grounds, and came to the workmen for cider. The workmen sent him to my grandmother.

"'No, Warmmesley, no more,' said she firmly. 'Steal your wits. Wicked!'

"Warmmesley begged for one porringer—just one.

"'Me sick,' he pleaded.

"'No, Warmmesley. Never. Wrong.'

"'Me pay you!' said he, with an evil look in his eye. 'Me pay you!'

"Just then a flock of crows flew past. Warmmesley pointed to them and said:

"'It's coming—fight—look up there! Ugh,

ugh!'—pointing to the crows. 'Fight English. Look over!'—pointing to the bay—'fight, fight—me pay you! Ugh! Ugh!'

"My grandmother pointed up to the blue sky, as much as to say that her trust was in a higher power than man's.

"Warmmesley turned away reluctantly, looking back with a half-threatening, half-questioning look, and saying 'Ugh! Ugh!' He evidently hoped that my grandmother would call him back, but she was firm.

"The upper windows of the old house overlooked the bay.

"It was fall. The maples flamed and the oak-leaves turned to gold and dust. The flocks of birds gathered and went their unknown way. The evenings were long. It was harvest time. The full moon rose in the twilight, and the harvesters continued their labors into the night.

"Philip, or Pometacom, was now at Mount Hope, and Wetamoo had taken up her residence on the high shores of Pocasset. The hills of Pocasset were in full view of Mount Hope, and between lay the quiet, sheltered waters of the bay. Philip had cherished a strong friendship for Wetamoo, who was the widow of his brother Alexander.

"Night after night the harvesters had noticed canoes crossing and recrossing the bay, moving like shadows silently to and fro. The moon waned; the nights became dark and cloudy; the movement across the water went on; the boats carried torches now, and the dark bay became picturesque as the mysterious lines of light were drawn across it.

"From time to time a great fire would blaze up near the high rocks at Mount Hope, burn a few hours, and then fade.

"It was whispered about among the English that Philip was holding war-dances, and that Wetamoo and her warriors were attending them. Yet Philip had just concluded a treaty of peace with the English, and Wetamoo professed to be a friend to the Colony.

"War came on the following summer, stealthily at first. Englishmen were found murdered mysteriously in the towns near Mount Hope. Then came the killing of the people in Swanzy as they were going home from church, about which all the histories of the Colonies tell; then the open war.

"Philip flashed like a meteor from place to place, murdering the people and burning their houses. No one could tell where he would next appear, or who would be his next victim. Every colonist during the year 1675, wherever he might be, lived in terror of lurking foes. There were dreadful cruelties everywhere, and towns and farm-houses vanished in smoke.

"Wetamoo joined Philip. She had some six hundred warriors. Philip had made her believe that the English had poisoned her husband Alexander, who was also his brother, and who had succeeded the good Massasoit. Alexander had died suddenly while returning from Plymouth, on the Taunton river. The mysterious lights on the bay were now explained.

"Before Wetamoo joined Philip, one of her captains had sent word to my grandmother that, as she had been a friend to the Indians, she should be protected.

"'I have only one fear,' said my grandmother often, during that year of terror,—'Warmmesley.'

"Warmmesley-Squammaney had gone away with Philip's braves under Wetamoo. He was one of Wetamoo's captains. Wetamoo herself had joined Philip like a true warrior queen.

"The sultry August of 1676 brought a sense of relief to the Colonies. The warriors of Philip were defeated on every hand. His wife and son were captured, and, broken-hearted, he returned to Mount Hope—the burial-ground of his race for unknown generations—to die. Wetamoo, too, became a fugitive, and was drowned in attempting to cross to the lovely hills of Pocasset on a raft.

"The war ended. Where was Warmmesley-Squammaney? No one knew. Annawon, Philip's great captain, had been captured, and nearly all the principal leaders of the war were executed; but old Squammaney had mysteriously disappeared.

"Peace came. October flamed, as Octobers flame, and November faded, as Novembers fade, and the snows of December fell. The Colonies were full of joy and thanksgivings.

"'I am thankful for one thing more than all others,' said my grandmother on Thanksgiving Day; 'and that is that I am now sure that old Squammaney is gone where he will never trouble us again. I shall never forget his evil eye as he said, "I will pay you!" It has troubled me night and day.'

"That fall, when my grandmother was dipping candles, she chanced to recall the old custom of the English town from which she had come, of making a powder-candle for Christmas. The spirit of merry-making was abroad upon the return of peace, and she prepared one of these curious candles, and told her family that they might invite the neighbors' children on Christmas Eve to see it burn and explode. The village school-master, Silas Sloan, was living at the old house, and he took the liberty to invite the school, which consisted of some ten boys and girls.

"Christmas Eve came, a clear, still night, with a white earth and shining sky. Some twenty or

more people, young and old, gathered in the great kitchen to see the Christmas candle 'go off.' During the early part of the evening 'Si' Sloan entertained the company with riddles. Then my grandmother brought in the Christmas candle, an odd-looking object, and set it down on its three legs. She lighted it, blew out the other candles, and asked Silas to tell a story.

"Silas was glad of the opportunity to entertain such an audience. The story that he selected for this novel occasion was awful in the extreme, such as were usually told in those times before the great kitchen fires.

"Silas — 'Si,' as he was called — was relating an account of a so-called haunted house, where, according to his silly narrative, the ghost of an Indian

Si's narrative that they hardly dared to breathe, clung to one another with trembling hands as the dog sent up his piercing cry. Even Si himself started. The dog seemed listening.

"The candle was burning well. The children now watched it in dead silence.

"A half-hour passed. The candle was burning within an inch of the quill, and all eyes were bent upon it. If the candle 'sputtered,' the excitement became intense. 'I think it will go off in ten minutes now,' said my grandmother.

"There was a noise in the yard. All heard it distinctly. The dog dashed round the room, howled, and stopped to listen at the door.

"People who relate so-called ghost stories are often cowardly, and it is usually a cowardly nature



"OLD SQUAMMANEV SAT DOWN BY THE FIRE, CLOSE TO THE CANDLE." (SEE PAGE 178.)

used to appear at the foot of an old woman's bed; and some superstitious people declared that the old lady one night, on awaking and finding the ghostly Indian present, put out her foot to push him away, and pushed her foot directly *through* him. What a brave old lady she must have been, and how uncomfortable it must have been for the ghost! — But, at this point of Silas's foolish story, the dog suddenly started up and began to howl.

"The children, who were so highly excited over

that seeks to frighten children. 'Si' Sloan was no exception to the rule.

"The excitement of the dog at once affected Silas. His tall, thin form moved about the room cautiously and mysteriously. He had a way of spreading apart his fingers when he was frightened, and his fingers were well apart now.

"A noise in the yard at night was not an uncommon thing, but the peculiar cry of the dog and the excited state of the company caused this

to be noticed. My grandmother arose at last, and, amid dead silence, opened the shutter.

"I think that there is some one in the cider mill," said she.

"She looked toward the candle, and, feeling confident that some minutes would elapse before the explosion, she left the room, and went upstairs, and there looked from the window.

From the window she could see in the moonlight, Mount Hope, where Philip had so recently been killed, and also the arm of the bay, where Wetamoo had perished. She could see the bay itself, and must have remembered the lights that a year before had so often danced over it at night. She lingered there a moment. Then she called:

"Silas — Silas Sloan!"

"Silas hurried up the stairs.

"They both came down in a few minutes. Silas's face was as white as the snow.

"What is it?" the children whispered.

"There was another painful silence. Grandmother seemed to have forgotten the candle. All eyes were turned to her face.

"Then followed a sound that sent the blood from every face. It was as if a log had been dashed against the door. The door flew open, and in stalked two Indians. One of them was Warmmesley-Squammaney.

"Ugh!" said Warmmesley.

"What do you want?" demanded my grandmother.

"Me pay you now!—Old Squammaney pay you. Cider!"

"He sat down by the fire, close to the candle. The other Indian stood by his chair, as though awaiting his orders. The young children began to cry, and Silas shook like a man with the palsy.

"Me pay you!—Me remember! Ugh!" said Squammaney. 'Braves all gone. Me have revenge—old Squammaney die hard. Ugh! Ugh!'

"The door was still partly open, and the wind blew into the room. It caused the candle to flare up and to burn rapidly.

"Squammaney warmed his hands. Occasionally he would turn his head, slowly, with an evil look in his black eye, as it swept the company.

"The candle was forgotten. The only thought of each one was what Squammaney intended to do.

"All the tragedies of the war just ended were recalled by the older members of the company. Were there other Indians outside?

"No one dared rise to close the door, or to attempt to escape.

"Suddenly Squammaney turned to my grandmother.

"White squaw get cider. Go—go!"

"The Indians threw open their blankets. They were armed.

"The sight of these armed warriors caused Silas to shake in a strange manner, and his fear and agitation became so contagious that the children began to tremble and sob. When the sound of distress became violent, Squammaney would sweep the company with his dark eyes, and awe it into a brief silence.

"My grandmother alone was calm.

"She rose, and walked around the room, followed by the eyes of the two Indians.

"As soon as the attention of the Indians, attracted for a moment by the falling of a burnt stick on the hearth, was diverted from her, she whispered to Silas:

"Go call the men."

"The attitude of Silas on receiving this direction, as she recalled it afterward, was comical indeed. His hands were spread out by his side, and his eyes grew white and wild. He attempted to reply in a whisper, but he could only say:

"Ba-b-b-ba!"

"Squammaney's eyes again swept the room. Then he bent forward to push back some coals that had rolled out upon the floor.

"Go call the men,' again whispered my grandmother to Silas; this time sharply.

"Ba—b—b—b—ba!" His mouth looked like a sheep's. His hands again opened, and his eyes fairly protruded. His form was tall and thin, and he really looked like one of the imaginary specters about whom he delighted to tell stories on less perilous occasions.

"Squammaney heard Grandmother's whisper, and became suspicious. He rose, his dark form towering in the light of the fire. He put his hand on the table where burned the candle. He turned, and faced my grandmother with an expression of hate and scorn.

"What he intended to do was never known, for just at that moment there was a fearful explosion. It was the powder-candle.

"A stream of fire shot up to the ceiling. Then the room was filled with the smoke of gunpowder. The candle went out. The room was dark.

"White man come! Run!" my grandmother heard one of the Indians say. There was a sound of scuffling feet; then the door closed with a bang. As the smoke lifted, the light of the fire gradually revealed that the Indians had gone. They evidently thought that they had been discovered, pursued, and that the house was surrounded by soldiers.

"At last my grandmother took a candle from the shelf and lighted it. Silas, too, was gone. Whither? Had the Indians carried him away?



“Late in the evening the neighbors began to come for their children, and were told what had happened. The men of the town were soon under arms. But old Warmmesley-Squammaney was never seen in that neighborhood again, nor was his fate ever known to the town’s people. That was the last fright of the Indian war.

“Silas returned to the school-room the next

day, but he never visited the old house again. Whatever may have been his real belief in regard to people of the air, he had resolved never again to put himself under a roof where he would be likely to meet Warmmesley-Squammaney.

“After this strange event, two generations of grandmothers continued to burn, on each Christmas Eve, the old powder-candle.”

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## THE SECRET OF IT.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

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ALL the long spring-time it grew and it grew  
 ’Mid the clovers green on the cool hill-crest.  
 And it smiled at the sun; and it never knew  
 That it was different from the rest,

Until, one night when the moon had power,  
 And the rest of the clovers were sleeping fast,  
 The fairies came at the fairy hour  
 And spied the leaves as they flitted past.

Swiftly they wove a mystical ring,  
 And danced and chanted a wonderful spell,  
 And the four-leaved clover, listening,  
 Learned the secret of power, and learned it well.

And, proudly silent, it raised its head  
 And stood ’mid its three-leaved brotherhood,  
 And waited for some one, fairy-led,  
 To find the charm and to prove it good.

It waited bravely and waited long,  
 Till, all on a golden autumn day,  
 Sweet Effie, singing a careless song,  
 Through the hill-side meadow took her way.

Her eyes, like stars in the evening blue,  
 Were quick as the fire-flies’ flashing light;  
 And she spied the clover where it grew,  
 And plucked it quickly and held it tight.

Where shall dear Effie her treasure put,  
 That the charmed spell be not undone?  
 Shall it be in the leaves of her Bible shut  
 To wither and dry as time goes on?

Shall her purse receive it? Thieves may steal!  
 Or her locket? The slender string may break!  
 And the sweet girl-heart is quick to feel  
 That “luck” is naught for her own sole sake.

She looks at her sister’s wedding-ring;  
 Shall she twist it over the circlet fine,  
 To be of some good and beautiful thing  
 To the happy young wife a pledge and sign?

Or, over the door, as a guarding charm,  
 Shall she fasten it high, that the fairy kin  
 May hover and watch and keep from harm  
 All going out and all coming in?

And then, her mind made up, she goes  
 Across the room where the baby lies,  
 As fragrant-fair as a new-born rose,  
 With a world of wonder in his eyes.

She slips the clover into his shoe,  
 The dear little shoe so soft and small,  
 And tightly ties the ribbon blue  
 Round the pink-white ankle,—that is all!

And the clover smiled in its hidden nest,  
 And it bent itself to its destined task,  
 To work the spell of the charmed behest;  
 What better fate could a clover ask?

The baby laughed, and the baby crowed;  
 And Effie she smiled; and neither knew  
 The fortunate gift that the leaves bestowed,  
 Nor all that the fairies meant to do.

## A CHINESE GAME-SONG.

BY ELLA STERLING CUMMINS.

"LET us have a game," said Wong Hay to her play-mates. "Go, Loy Yow, and hide your eyes."

So Loy Yow, a bright, red-cheeked little Chinese girl, "blinded" her eyes, and the rest of the players fell into line with their hands held open in cup-shape behind them, while Wong Hay circled around the line lightly touching the open hands as she passed, and crooning in a peculiar Chinese sing-song tone the following little game-song, much as American children sing, "Tread, tread the green grass," or "Green gravel, green gravel, how green the grass grows":

"Come, maidens all, and stand in line,  
Put back your flower-like hands to mine.

The pledge now flies, it flies away  
To the Eastern land—the land of day.

'Tis the lantern feast! Ninth moon commands!  
Now, maidens, lift your flower-like hands."

To Loy Yow, whom they now called  
"Hide-Your-Eyes," Wong Hay now sang: "LOY YOW CAME OUT, AND, USING A LONG STICK AS IF IT WERE A WAND, POINTED TO THE ONE WHOM SHE SUSPECTED OF HAVING THE LITTLE PLEDGE."

"Come, thunder-shower, with all your power,  
And open this four-fingered flower!"

Meantime, as she sang, she had dropped into one of the hands the little pledge—a thimble or some little keepsake selected for the occasion, much as American children use a button in a similar game. At the words, "Maidens, lift your golden-flower hands," as it is literally translated, all the hands were raised high above their heads, but closely shut, so that none could tell who held the little pledge.

At the words addressed to "Hide-Your-Eyes," Loy Yow came out from the shed, and, using a long stick as if it were a wand, pointed to the one whom she suspected of having the little pledge.

She was not successful, however, for the hands opened and nothing was found there. So she had to try it all over; while Wong Hay walked about again, and sang the little oriental melody.

The second time, she looked very closely into the faces of her Chinese playfellows, and she saw so funny a look on Qui Fah's that she immediately pointed her out. Qui Fah's hands were opened



amid much laughter and merriment, and there was the sought-for keepsake! Then they changed places, and Qui Fah became "Hide-Your-Eyes."

Here is the song as it looks written in Chinese; except that in this instance the Chinese characters are arranged like English words, so as to read from left to right, instead of in the Chinese fashion, in which they are placed so as to be read downward, beginning at the right upper corner.

皆連子皆連行  
解開連子落何方  
何別處  
東方東別來  
九月九  
齊齊動起金花手  
(To Hide-Your-Eyes.)  
請個雷公來  
擲開蘭花四手

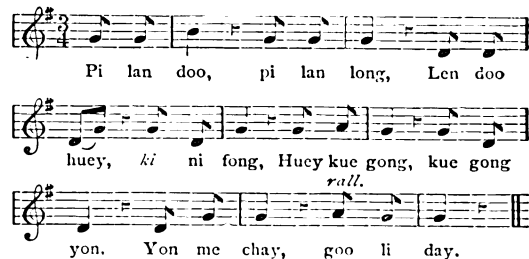
It was a curious picture to see these little Orientals, dressed in their blue blouses and dark, wide-flapping pantaloons, with their long black hair falling in a heavy braid carefully pasted back from the face with a sort of shiny gum-arabic polish, all playing, with as much freedom and merriment as any circle of American children, their odd Chinese version of "Button, button, who has the button?"

This game is a popular one among all Chinese children, but the rhyme changes according to the different dialects. Here is a translation of the one presented in the Chinese text taken down exactly as sung by a little Chinese girl in San Francisco:



"Ninth month! ninth day!" indicates a special *fête* day in October. A certain flower in China to which the four-fingered hand is compared, contains long, floating stamens, which hang down something like the four fingers. No one but an Oriental would ever have thought of comparing a hand to a flower.

Among the different dialects is one version of this little song—a fragment—which is rhythmic and easy to catch, and when rendered into English spelling is something like this:



In their own language, Chinese words have peculiar accents, and it is these accents that make them sound particularly heathenish to our ears, and render the Chinese so difficult a language to learn.

But the *music* of the little croon-song, "Pi Lan Doo," slightly imitates the peculiar Chinese mode of accenting; and I could imagine it when given with an accompaniment of cymbals, together with an eccentric, shrill tin whistle and a drumming on a heavy board, as conveying a very fair idea of a Chinese orchestra.

As a song, it can be very easily attempted by any child—there is something catchy and provoking in its meaningless repetition that clings to the mind, as if it contained some very queer idea indeed, and belonged to some very queer race.

## NEW BITS OF TALK FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

BY H. H. (HELEN JACKSON.)

II. CAPTAIN BRIGHT EYES AND  
LADY QUICK EAR.

ONCE on a time two travelers, in search of a home, arrived in a country where they had never been before. It was entirely unlike any land they had ever seen, though a very beautiful country. The sun shone bright, birds sang, flowers bloomed everywhere, there were great groves of tall green trees, and high mountains, and wide rivers. Smooth roads led off in all directions.

"Ha!" said the travelers, "this is an easy country to go about in; with these good roads, it must be very plain traveling."

The bystanders smiled when they heard the travelers say this.

"Shall we tell them the truth?" they asked among themselves.

"No," answered a white-headed man. "It would not be of the least use. They would not believe us."

There was one thing in this country which struck the travelers as very strange. Every one looked old — very old indeed. The new-comers were not so impolite as to say so, but in their hearts they thought:

"Dear! what an antiquated set they are! They look as if they had lived here forever."

"Will you not take guides with you?" asked one of the old men. "If you really think of settling in this land, they could show you the best places. Great treasures exist in our country for people who know how to find them; but great dangers also, which a stranger might not suppose."

"Oh, no; thank you," answered the travelers, politely. "We shall just follow the roads, and go wherever they lead us. We wish to see the whole country; and one way will be as good as another."

Just then there stepped up the oddest little couple, a man and a woman. They were so small, they looked almost like dwarfs. The man wore a shining silver helmet, so bright that it seemed to light up the whole place, even in broad daylight. And his keen eyes were as bright as his helmet. The woman was very slender and graceful, and was dressed all in green. On her head was a twisted turban of green gauze, partly hiding her short fair curls. Her rosy little ears were set in this golden hair, like pink pearls, and her face was lovely, with its sweet smile and thoughtful look. She seemed to be listening all the time. And

so she was, for this was Lady Quick Ear, who could hear the smallest sounds, at a greater distance than any one else in that country. She had been noted for this all her life. The little man in the shining helmet was her husband, Captain Bright Eyes. When the two were married, every one said:

"Now, there can not remain anything in the world worth knowing that these two will not find out!"

And so it proved. There was hardly a day that one or the other of them did not make some new and wonderful discovery. They were always together, and they were always busy, searching, searching, listening, listening. To and fro they journeyed, the brightest, happiest couple in all the land. The real occupation and business of these serviceable little folk was to go about as guides and companions, and they were always watching for strangers who should be eager to see the wonderful beauties and treasures they had discovered. They were often saddened by seeing how few people really cared for these beauties and treasures. For most travelers hurried through the country, and away again, hardly looking at anything. But sometimes visitors would come who wanted to see everything that the little guides could show; and these visitors always went away rich with treasures, and bearing a lasting affection for Captain Bright Eyes and his wife.

When the white-haired man who, as I said, was advising the new-comers, saw Captain Bright Eyes and Lady Quick Ear coming up, he continued:

"Here are the two best guides in all our country. There is not an inch of it they do not know. I wish you would be persuaded to engage them. I assure you their help is invaluable."

Captain Bright Eyes looked steadily at the strangers, but did not speak. Lady Quick Ear, also silent, stood with downcast eyes. They never were known to press their services on any one.

The two travelers whispered together. They had very odd names, these travelers. One was called "Search Out," and the other, "Never Mind."

"What a fuss about nothing!" said Never Mind. "I believe they want to make money out of us; that's all."

"I'm not sure," replied Search Out; "they may be right. I think we'd better take them along."

"Do as you please," answered Never Mind.

"Throw your money away, if you like. I shall go by myself, and we'll see who fares best."

"All right," said Search Out, much hurt at his friend's readiness to part company with him. "All right; I shall take the guides. Good-bye!"

So Search Out set off with Captain Bright Eyes and Lady Quick Ear, and Never Mind set off alone on another road, and that was the last they saw of each other for many a year. How many, I can not say, because in fairy lands and fairy stories time is not kept as clocks keep it, nor reckoned as almanacs reckon it. You see, they had started out on roads so different and with plans so different, that there was not one chance in a million of their coming together anywhere, and the odd thing was that they really did meet at the same place where they had parted. And there was a crowd of bystanders, as at their first coming. Not the same ones; most of the old, white-haired people were gone; but other patriarchs had taken their places. In this country the inhabitants were all the time changing, the old disappearing, the young turning old, and new ones becoming known. It happened, that on this day, when the half-forgotten travelers returned, two strangers had just arrived (as Search Out and Never Mind themselves had arrived, a lifetime or so before), seeking a home, and anxious to explore the new country. It seemed to these strangers that every one was watching for something to happen.

"What are you all waiting here for?" they asked.

"There is to be a grand ceremony, presently," was the answer. "We are to welcome the distinguished traveler, Search Out, who has been exploring our country for a long time, and who is coming back laden with treasures of all sorts. Discoveries so grand as his have never before been made. We shall welcome, also, the two guides who have accompanied him everywhere. They——"

At that moment, a burst of music was heard, and the head of the procession came in sight. There sat Search Out in a beautiful chariot drawn by four milk-white horses. With him were Captain Bright Eyes and Lady Quick Ear. Captain Bright Eyes' silver helmet flashed in the sunlight, and Lady Quick Ear's green gauze turban looked as bright as young birch-leaves in spring. Behind

them came a long train of wagons, laden with the treasures they had brought.

When the procession stopped, Search Out stood up in the chariot and made a speech to the people. He told where they had been; how they had discovered mountains of gold and silver and precious stones; valleys where all sorts of grain grew higher than men's heads; plains with natural oil-wells to supply fuel and light; seas full of soft, furry creatures; and forests of rare woods. "Plenty for everybody and to spare," he said. "There can not be another country so rich as this in all the universe."

As he finished speaking, Captain Bright Eyes pointed out to him a miserable, ragged fellow in the crowd.

"There," he said, "is the friend who came to this country with you. He seems not to have prospered."

Search Out looked. It was, indeed, his old comrade, Never Mind, so aged, so altered by suffering and poverty as hardly to be recognized.

The next day, when the two new travelers, who had seen this spectacle and had heard reports of Search Out's discoveries, were about to set off on their own journey, there came up to them an old white-haired man, and said, as the other old man had said a lifetime or so before to Search Out and Never Mind:

"Will you not take guides with you? If you really mean to settle here, they could show you the best places. We have great treasures, as you have seen, but dangers exist also, which a stranger might not suspect. Captain Bright Eyes and Lady Quick Ear are here still. If you take them along, you will not regret it."

While these words were being spoken, Captain Bright Eyes and Lady Quick Ear stood by, silent, waiting.

They looked not a day older than when they had gone with Search Out.

"Oh, nonsense!" said one of the strangers. "We don't want any guides. We can follow the beaten path."

"To be sure," said the other. "In a country with such roads as these, who wants guides?"

So they set off alone, and were never heard of again.



BY ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

It was a cold, gray Saturday afternoon. There were clouds of snow in the sky, and plenty of snow already fallen on the earth, while the woods seemed frozen as stiff as ship-masts. Ollie Phipp was at home with something the matter; the girls of the neighborhood were doing crocheting, so cheerless was it out of doors; and Nick Woolson, who, if given freedom, never staid in the house except to eat and sleep, was out, you may be sure, and wondering what sort of fun could turn up with so little to do, and so few to help him do it.

He could go to the barn, of course, and look at the cows out of the corners of his eyes, and grin a little because they were having a rather more stupid time than he was; or he could go to the cellar and get an ice-cold apple to chew, which was n't a bit warmer on the red side than on the yellow; and he could get some hazel-nuts from the darksome attic, and easily spend two hours in extracting the meat from a handful of them.

He had taken his sled out with him, however; and a savage, hard, heavy little sled it was. Just now its sharp runners poked at his rubber boots threateningly, as much as to say that, if he abandoned it for any other sport, there might be a future tumble on snow or ice to punish him. So Nick gave his sled a jerk by the cord in response, leaving no doubt that he was master of that impertinent plaything, although he considered and met its demands; and off he sauntered up the highway.

It would have been impossible for Nick not to come upon something to do, after starting off into the world outside his father's gate in this trusting manner. It was delightful to have no notion what his occupation was to be, and yet to be sure that it was coming on from before or behind, or from one side or the other. It was not likely to come from his own brain, for he had no definite plan nor fancy as to how it would be jolly to pass the time from

now until supper. Of course, there was his sled. Perhaps it would be well to bring his sled into conjunction with a hill. The image of a very steep and—from the top!—an inviting hill came to Nick's inner vision, and he began to wonder whether it was well covered with snow, and whether the snow there had frozen as stiff as everywhere else. It would be very lonely, if he went to that hill to coast all by himself. No one ever went there, except in summer to cut hay—if they could, in spite of the seven-league-booted grasshoppers. The gate and wood-path leading toward the hill of which Nick was thinking suddenly presented themselves at the side of the road, and Nick marched directly toward them with a dogged thud of his rubber ankles, as they struck together in a fashion denoting dauntless resolve. A delicious cold chill passed over his heart as he realized that the real Nick Woolson was carrying off the timid Nick Woolson, with the intention of making him play in as lonely a spot as the country could boast. The hill shone like silver and gold in the afternoon sun, and shadowed away toward the valley and the neighboring woods with great blue spaces that looked like lakes of magic water. After he had advanced some distance, Nick turned in a circle, and in every direction he beheld a picture of stillness. He pulled off one of his mittens and felt in an inner pocket of his coat for his particular treasure, for which he had bartered a pocket-knife, with one blade missing. It was a small china Buddha, about an inch and a quarter high, and as ugly as Buddha knows how to be. He touched the little idol's smooth surface, and his too great loneliness was banished.

It seemed all a dream while Nick was floating down the icy hill-side on his sled so fast that the trees left behind him in the distance were like vague memories of trees dancing a horn-pipe to keep their toes warm. But it did not seem as if he had ever dreamed in his life when it came to climbing

the hill again, after his dizzy rush; for he had to break a hole into the hard snow every time he planted his foot, and then had to wrench his heavy sled with force after him, or coast to the foot of the hill on his back, whichever he preferred. Nick thought of going home, when he had nearly reached the top. But as soon as he found himself safe and sound on the summit, he sat right down on his sled and skimmed away to the blue valley sea. As he flew down-hill a second time, he thought to himself that he was contented with being a boy. He sat still in the valley for a moment, appar-

nerve must have been superbly steady to allow of his indifference. But who ever arrived at the real feelings of a fox? As Nick looked up at the top of the hill from which he had descended, reluctantly viewing the steep distance he would be obliged to climb if he wanted another swallow's flight, he descried a being standing there, very much like a sturdy young man with a small bag in his hand. He shouted down to Nick:

"Fine coast!"

Nick grinned, and forgot to answer.

"Give us your sled a minute!" called the young



ON THE WAY TO THE LAKE. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

ently knowing that a fox was about to steal with a springing tread across an open space, turning his fat cheeks full upon Nick, and wearing an expression of countenance which seemed to say that, of the two, Nick was immeasurably the less safe. Considering that Nick looked very queer, with a gayly striped scarf wound about his ears, the fox's

man again, using his disengaged hand as a speaking-trumpet.

Nick thought there was something wanting to this proposal, and refrained from answering until he had reconciled himself to its absence. The hill was certainly high.

"I'll—tell—you what—we'll do,—if—you'll—



come up here!" the distant figure hallooed, not abashed by the youngster's still sitting quietly astride of his sled. But Nick did not move, after all, and the young man sat down on the snow to wait until the boy thought fit to respond. The inaction which ensued was distasteful to Nick, and he began the difficult ascent, and arrived, puffing for breath. The young man let him rest for a moment, during which the two eyed each other, and then he asked:

"What on earth made you come to this solitary spot?"

Nick wound his sled-rope around and around his finger, and replied:

"What made *you* come?"

"Why, I'm going over to the pond, for a skate."

Nick looked longingly at the coarse linen bag.

"Do they ever skate on the pond!" he asked, as if he knew they never did.

"Once in five years, if they're willing to have a delightful time," said the young man. "It is frozen over this year, I hear, and I mean to try it. But give me your sled, first; I wish to recall old experiences."

"Not that way!" cried Nick, as the young man laid himself flat on the sled, which disappeared under his tall figure. "This iced snow will carry you like fury, and you'll be smashed to nothing!"

The young man looked up with one sparkling eye.

"It's worth *anything*," he answered, and was off. Nick reflected coldly, that in case the sled and its rider were lost to the world in a mingled mass of bones and splinters, at any rate he could go skating on the skates next day. But the young man had no sooner reached the base of the slope, having guided himself in a masterly way with his toes, than he picked himself up, and strode up the glistening surface. Nick had never seen so agile and delightful a giant.

"Thanks, old fellow," said the young man, not caring to sit down to rest, but taking up his skate-bag with a sweep of the arm. "Follow me, and I'll carry you all over the pond on your sled, as I skate. It will be the finest half hour you ever spent."

Nick was of the same opinion.

"Oh, what fun!" he exclaimed, trudging beside his new friend (for from that instant he looked upon him as a friend). "Where did you come from?"

"Oh, I'm a college man sojourning in the country for a little while!" And the young man smiled. "I've been here before, and I know about the resources of this pond. You see, there's going to be a sunset soon, now, and then the young moon; and it will be lovely out there, depend upon it. We'll get home to supper by seven, I think."

Nick's heart bounded. Here was a real under-

taking! He skipped along, heavy as his rubber boots were supposed to be.

"They won't be anxious, will they?" asked the young man kindly.

"I suppose they may," Nick thoughtfully responded, "but I think it will hardly do them much harm; and I think it would make me ill to go home without having all this lark. A person must consider himself, now and then."

"Right you are!" assented the young man, as if he repeated the same motto to himself every hour of the day. So that point was settled.

The fir-trees were laden with firm snow, and were very much like marble trees that had not been quite quarried out of the earth, for their lower branches and the bent tops of the bushes were still fastened beneath the white surface. The pedestrians often burst the fetters of the snow-shackled branches as they passed, either by too near a step, or, apparently, by merely breaking the dead stillness with their distant foot-falls. The very birds, overtaken at long intervals, seemed dumb as fancies; and once a hidden tread of some wild thing passing along in the obscurity of the underbrush and the clustered tree-trunks, sounded like the passing of a huge animal, which Nick's companion thought likely to be a lioness escaped from the menagerie which had lately been spilled on the railroad track. Several animals were said to have been lost. Nick thought he never should be more excited or wonderfully jubilant than he began to be now. To be sure, he stepped along with the persuasion that each moment might be his last in this world, and he glanced now and then at his companion's big figure with pleasure in the sense of its protective power. But he really enjoyed the great danger in which his companion allowed the lad to imagine himself. And when one is enjoying a danger, pray what is there to worry about? Whereas, to enjoy a pleasure often means to dread its consequences.

Suddenly the great pond, or lake, as some called it, lifted itself up before them, black as night in its white and black rim of snow and fir-trees. While the sun cast an orange light over one side of the sky, against which the woods reared their pinnacles, Nick's new friend hurried on his skates, and slid off on the ice. He sailed about for a minute or two, and then came back to the pond's edge.

"Ready?" said he.

Nick left land on his sled at once, the young man caught the rope, and away they all shot,—skates, sled, young man, and Nick in bliss.

So wildly fast flew the collegian that, with a whizzing touch here and there of Nick's skillful heels, the sled never swerved to right or left. Every little while the young man would turn his head far enough to say:

"Jolly fun, eh?" or, "Glad you tried it?" or, "All right?"

And Nick would shout back, rapturously: "Fun, and no mistake! Go on!"

The ice had frozen suddenly, and in clear weather, so that hardly a dash of white broke the extraordinary blackness beneath them, which was splendidly terrifying. To float over what he knew was almost endless depth, as if it were water in a still but liquid state, made Nick's hair curl over, and his heart warm within him. Great gulping reports flew back and forth through the pond, as they scudded on, as though it were laughing, and would soon immerse them in a dangerous smile from its parted surface. Once the young collegian flew toward the center of the pond, wishing to cross by a central route; but somehow he switched aside just in time. Why? Oh, because the ice did not quite reach from shore to shore, so very deep were the waters. Nick guffawed with surprise, and a rejoicing that he still lived. Boom! gulp! went the cracking stretches about them; whir! went the sled; click! went the skates; boom! went the lake, again. The moon was suddenly looking at them, slender and silvery in the immense, sparkling heaven. But Nick could never have enough of such pastime as this. As he sat on his sled, behind the never-tiring youth who faithfully held the cord, he almost believed he had come to a land of magic, and would never cease flying. He reflected that if he put his hand into his pocket, now, to feel Buddha's smooth hooded crown, he would find the sage gone. He could not really be Nick Woolson any more, nor his coat his.

"Tired?" called back the young man.

Nick gasped with astonishment.

"I?—not if I *know* myself!" Which was, as has been seen, by no means a certainty. But expressions mattered less now than usual.

And on they flew. And then they stopped. The young man dropped the sled-cord, and drew a deep breath. Nick laughed. It seemed to indicate just what they both felt so well that the collegian grinned, in a benevolent way.

"This is a perfect cove we're in," he said. "You sit still, and I'll show you some patterns." With these words he revolved and revolved, first in one style and then in another, with nervous turns ending in graceful sweeps. Nick's eyes were fastened upon him in a fascinated manner.

All at once a terrible sensation pervaded Nick's being. He no longer had a moment's doubt as to his existing in a downright world, with Buddha occupying his pocket. He was hungry. And there were two miles and a half of snow to struggle over before he could get anything to eat. He never carried food in his pocket, for a reason easily

guessed. He found that he could never resist gobbling it up.

"Tired?" again asked the collegian, knowing with the penetration of youth that something had come over Nick.

"Oh, no! But I wish we were at home, and had one of mother's apple-pies!"

"And a good glass of creamy milk, too, would suit me," said the collegian.

"And you ought to try the doughnuts!" Nick exclaimed, as if he were about to hand them across a table.

"And some steaming tea in an old-fashioned tea-cup," added the stranger.

"And Johnny-cake," said Nick.

They might have known better! Two more restless, desperate creatures than they were not to be found anywhere in the vicinity, after calmly calling up before them food that could not really be tasted.

"I think we must be going home, at all events," concluded Nick's companion.

Up jumped Nick immediately.

"To *my* home," he said. "My mother always likes to have me bring my friends home; and she gives them the best she has. I have school-mates whose mothers never let them invite anybody."

They were well on their way by this time, and Nick's new friend cheerily replied:

"I like you better now than I did to begin with, and you seemed a fine little chap then. Go home to supper with you? I would n't miss it for the world!"

They chatted busily, hardly daring to stop a moment, lest the pangs of famine should make them speechless forever after. Nick's head swam around, until his nose seemed facing the pond, he was in such a faint hurry. His sled was very heavy and cross, and he wished it were good to eat.

At last—it is marvelous how soon that distant time of "at last" comes about—Nick shouted:

"There's Mother's!" and he ran in at the gate.

The stranger followed, bound simply upon honest amusement, and wisely setting aside annoying scruples. The result was that he and every one else were very jolly and sociable.

Mrs. Woolson had been very much frightened, for Nick was particularly careful to be on time for meals, although he never could guess correctly about school-hours. His father had laughed the matter off at supper, and remarked that Nick was growing older, and would soon begin to do all sorts of surprising things. If it were summer-time now, he said, he should have supposed the boy had run away to sea, as he had tried to do himself. But none

of the females of the household were mystified by the good farmer's philosophical behavior, for they knew very well that Mr. Woolson's only son was his daily comfort and delight, and that he was a little anxious at Nick's absence.

When Nick entered out of the bleak evening air, Mrs. Woolson probably had a vague sense of astonishment that a tall figure should be looming up behind him, as if her son had brought his future manhood along, having come across it on his winter ramble. But she would not have greatly minded if Nick had brought twenty men at his back, so long as he came himself, as round and rosy as ever, and merrier than she had seen him in all his life.

"Oh, Mother, I hope you kept supper for us. We've had such a glorious time! But *hungry*!—oh!"

"Nick," whispered his sister Elspeth, "who is this?"

"Oh, I don't know his name. Mother, I don't know what his name is, but this is a new friend I've met to day, and brought to tea; I told him you were always jolly about my doing so."

Mrs. Woolson was evidently suppressing several emotions, from laughter to ejaculations of dismay; and Elspeth was leaning up against the entry-wall, with eyes fixed upon the new-comer.

"Glad to see you!" said Mr. Woolson, holding out his hand to the collegian as his deep voice reverberated up the stairs and through all the bedrooms (for the house had always been too small for his height and breadth). "We've been a-waitin' for you quite a while, sir!"

Everybody laughed right out, and the young man joined in as he shook hands, and then slapped his knee.

"Thank you, sir!" he answered. "That's the best welcome I ever had, for I never deserved any so little. My name is Fairfax, and by profession I am a student, and we'll tell you the rest when——" but, by this time, Elspeth was bustling about and Mrs. Woolson was sitting at the tea-tray. Mr. Fairfax was made to feel perfectly at home, and had his tea from an old-fashioned cup,—one of those which Mrs. Woolson valued as highly as she did the memories of her wedding year; for Nick had rattled out a great many pieces of information instead of breathing (so it seemed), and among

the first of them had announced Mr. Fairfax's love of old porcelain.

The two famished persons ate and ate; and when they wanted a particularly unwarrantable relay of any good thing on the table, they would spin a wilder yarn than before about their exploits; and then pass their plates; and while Elspeth's gray eyes were stretched at their widest and her mouth was silently opened in admiring delight, she would heap up chicken and butter, or carve a huge ungeometrical portion of apple-pie. And Mrs. Woolson shook the tea-pot frantically for the fifth



"AWAY THEY ALL SHOT,—SKATES, SLED, YOUNG MAN, AND NICK."

time; while cousin Dabby Larkin tipped up the milk-pitcher at Nick's glass so often that, as she said afterward, she "would n't have been inside his jacket for twopence!"

What an evening it was! How Mr. Fairfax was taken into the midst of the Woolson heart, for being the dear, downright, roguish fellow that he was! Nick felt as if he had returned from a long journey. He was never quite the same boy afterward, although his life seemed just the same. But it is good to feel that one has changed. Inside there, where one's thoughts wake up, and sometimes will appear to be a little too much like rows and rows of twins. It was good for Nick

to feel that he cared more for the great pond than he had cared yesterday for swapping strings for empty physic-bottles, which was then the most exciting thing he had experienced. Not that he could ever despise strings and bottles, but he realized that there was something higher and larger than either of those interesting inventions.

When Mr. Fairfax was ready to start back to the village, a fine snow was falling, which was the beginning of a long storm; and Nick never had another chance of stepping upon the pond in winter. But, until he returned to college, Mr. Fairfax often walked to the farm for a chat with the Woolsons. In the whole course of his life

Nick never forgot the pleasures which this young man had brought in his wake. But if he felt that an enchanting outlook had been given, once for all, to his quiet existence through his glimpse of a wonder of nature in company with some one from a gayer sphere than his own, Mr. Fairfax, on his side, often remembered, when feeling lost in the wide world, that he had a true young friend under the apple-trees, whose honest eyes and dauntless figure had once captivated him in the most unexpected way. Two people can not strike hands cordially,—without a shadow of disagreeable reserve,—and not gain from each other something, and, perhaps, even the most treasured influence of their lives.

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## FROM BACH TO WAGNER.

*(A Series of Brief Papers concerning the Great Musicians.)*

BY AGATHA TUNIS.

### X.—WAGNER.

WILHELM RICHARD WAGNER was born at Leipzig, May 22, 1813. Great as critic, poet, and musician, the life of no composer offers a more fascinating history than does his, from the moment that his mission first shaped itself in his mind until the final triumph of his hopes.

His parents were people in moderate circumstances; his father, a policeman, died when the child was a baby. His step-father, Ludwig Geyer, an actor and painter, wished to make a painter of little Richard, but the child showed no taste for that art. Geyer died when Richard was in his seventh year, and when his mother told him that his step-father had hoped he would be something, he was much moved, and as he himself relates, "then I too thought I should be something." When he was nine, he went to school, where he was the despair of the teacher who instructed him in music; he paid no attention to his practicing, but seized every opportunity of repeating the melodies that he had heard, especially those of "Der Freischütz," which had already kindled his powerful imagination. Ancient history, mythology, Greek and Latin were his favorite studies, but his heart was really in none of these, for he had a secret aim which absorbed all his thoughts and feelings—he was a poet! In his eleventh year, he won a prize for the best poem on a dead school-mate, and soon after this he translated the first twelve books of the *Odyssey*. He taught himself English, and immediately became so absorbed

in Shakespeare that he decided to write a tragedy. For two long years he toiled, and during this period he contrived to kill off forty-two people in his drama. He was forced to relent, however, and to recall them as ghosts in the last act in order to have performers enough to play the parts. Meantime he had left Dresden, where he had been living, and entered a school at Leipzig, but he had so neglected his studies for musical composition, that he was put back a class; this so discouraged him that he gave himself entirely to his tragedy. When he had nearly finished it, he first heard Beethoven's music. This had so strong an influence over him that he determined to set his tragedy to music, and purchased a book on thorough-bass to prepare himself for his task. So fascinated did he become with the study, that he determined to be a poet no longer, but that music should have the devotion of his life. When his family learned of his tragedy, they were much troubled, for they felt it was the cause of his backwardness at school; but when they found him to be writing music, they were in despair, for they believed it to be nothing more than a fancy, and that it might do the boy great harm. He was not to be discouraged, however, and composed in secret. But at last he was placed under the instruction of Theodore Weinlig, a man steeped in the spirit of "Father Bach," who put him through a six months' study of counterpoint. Now he learned and loved Mozart, but Beethoven's wonderful strains held his heart by day and night.

In 1834, he accepted a position as conductor in the

Magdeburg theater, where he only remained a year. Filled with the music of Beethoven's symphonies, most of what he heard seemed dull and trivial, and he determined to write an opera; he worked with the greatest enthusiasm, and in 1839 he started for Paris to produce his "Rienzi." In company with his wife he embarked on a sailing vessel bound for London; the voyage was long and tedious, doubly so to Wagner, whose heart was beating with love for his opera, and who could scarcely wait to hear it sung. While on the sea his thoughts ran largely on the legend of the "Flying Dutchman"—the man who is doomed to wander forever over the sea, an exile from home and all he holds most dear. The story fascinated Wagner, for he too felt far from home. Arriving at Paris, he found that it was impossible to have his opera produced, even though Meyerbeer interested himself in it. After many struggles and disappointments, he felt there was no hope for him in Paris, and his heart turned again to Germany. A deep longing for the fatherland possessed him; he determined to write a great work, which should be worthy to be sung there. As he sought for a subject on which to found his opera, he remembered the story of the "Flying Dutchman." He took this for his theme, and into it he poured all the homesickness of his own soul. While composing it, he was obliged to support himself by writing popular operettas, but he was content to do this, for he was working with a high purpose. After finishing the work, he sent it to Leipzig and Munich, where it was rejected. Great as this blow was to him, he was somewhat encouraged on hearing that his "Rienzi," through Meyerbeer's influence, had been accepted at Berlin. He now set out for Germany, and as he looked down into the Rhine the tears swam in his eyes, and "poor artist as I was," he says, "I swore to be true to the fatherland." His life shows how true he was to his vow. His one dream and ambition was to build up German art. The German stage had long played only French and Italian operas, but he determined to give it a German opera, that the country which had produced a Bach, a Mozart, and a Beethoven should no longer turn to any other country for its opera. He reached Germany filled with this high resolve; this alone he determined to live for—if need be, to die for.

In 1842 "Rienzi," and in 1843 "Tannhauser," were given at Dresden; but, though they were received at first with great enthusiasm, the public neither appreciated nor understood them, and Wagner felt there was no hope for him even in the German theater. The aim of the stage was not high,—indeed, it had no aim; and Wagner, in disgust at its frivolity, wrote a series of articles against it, which drew upon him a bitter opposition,

and gained him many enemies. In the revolution of 1848, he was obliged to flee from Berlin and seek a refuge in Paris. While there, Liszt—who was living at Weimar—secured the production there of Wagner's "Lohengrin," and Wagner now no longer felt the pang of exile, for his opera had found a home on German soil. And soon a greater happiness was to be his. On his return to Germany, King Ludwig had just ascended the throne of Bavaria; and one of the first acts of the young prince was to hold out a helping hand to Wagner. He bade him write, and assured him of the royal protection and help,—a royal promise, and royally kept; for, from that time, the prince and the musician were the closest friends. Wagner took up his residence at Munich, where he devoted himself to writing, and determined to build a theater of his own, for only in such a house could his operas be correctly interpreted. To under-



RICHARD WAGNER.

stand why this was necessary, we must glance at some of Wagner's views on art.

In the Italian and French operas, which, until Wagner's day, had been played throughout Germany, the whole stress is laid on the arias which the various artists are to sing. People go to such an opera to be amused, and, after hearing it, give no thought to the libretto nor to the composer, but talk only of the singers' voices; the opera itself is of little consequence; the people are only concerned with the singers. The artists themselves look upon the operas simply as opportunities to show their voices to the best possible advantage.

Wagner believed that an opera should have a noble aim. So in everything he has given us, there is some divine struggle going on between the characters of right and wrong, in which the right triumphs. As the contest progresses, we ourselves are lost in the characters before us, our noblest feelings are aroused and strengthened. Wagner believed, furthermore, that the subject and words of an opera were not less important than the music; and he has expended as much of his own spirit in writing the librettos of his operas as he has poured into his music. No note of the music is for show; every one interprets some word or idea that is in the words; and every thought and act of the character is interpreted in the music, even if it be so insignificant a circumstance as jumping up a bank or running down a flight of steps. The performers, too, are expected to love their work, and to sink themselves in their parts; they must cease to be themselves and be the characters they represent. So that in one of Wagner's operas, every one, down to the smallest person connected with it, is necessary to its production; poet, musician, artists, orchestra,—all are great, for each can say, "but for me this could not be!" In order to accomplish his ideas, Wagner decided to build in the heart of Germany a theater in which a yearly festival should be held, and where German opera should be sung by German artists, so that the people who came thither from all Germany should know at last that Germany, too, had its opera. He addressed a circular to all in sympathy with him, for help; Wagner societies were formed throughout Germany and other countries for the purpose of contributing money to his project; and, in 1872, the corner-stone was laid at Bayreuth, with an address by Wagner and a perfect rendering of the Ninth Symphony. In 1876, the theater was finished, and at last the great composer had carried out all his aims. The theater is very plain; there is no ornamentation within to distract the eye from the stage, and everything is sacrificed to the opera itself.

Wagner now settled at Bayreuth in a beautiful house given him by the King of Bavaria. Within, one is constantly reminded of the composer's work; a beautiful frieze in one of the halls is covered with pictures from his opera of the "Nibelungen"; his dogs were called Frigga, Freya, and Wotan, after characters in his works, and a son was named Siegfried, after one of his famous heroes.

In 1882 Wagner's last opera was produced. In this opera of "Parsifal," his aims are carried to the highest point; the opera is religious in its tone, and those who listened to it felt as if they were listening to a religious service. So thoroughly was this Wagner's intention that he left explicit injunctions that nowhere outside of Bayreuth should the opera be produced. In the summer of 1882, he took a trip through Italy; while at Venice he complained of feeling ill, and suddenly died of heart disease, February 13, 1883.

Few in any art have had a loftier or nobler career than Richard Wagner. Had he not been a great musician he would undoubtedly have been a poet; but music took him to herself. With noble aims, he battled against all that was low and false in art. Though tried by poverty and persecution, he remained faithful to his highest convictions. He was one of the rare souls who

"Thought it happier to be dead,  
To die for beauty than live for bread."

In reading the lives of these masters "From Bach to Wagner," we find there are a few threads that bind them all together. Perhaps that which has impressed us most deeply is the sorrow that most of them were called on to suffer. And yet through all, how loyal they remained to their art, cherishing it like the very lamp of life when all else was dark about them! To Beethoven it was friends, to Mozart it was food, to Schubert it was life. So far from feeling that genius gave them a right to shirk labor, they thought it laid them under bonds to dedicate their lives to it—from Bach, who has taught every musician who succeeded him, to Wagner, who felt that he had a message for the whole world. Nor can we who wish to interpret the music of such men succeed solely by drudging at the piano, great as that toil is, but we must throw our whole heart into the music. "Play as you feel," said Chopin; but if one feels nothing, how can one really play? So we must cultivate ourselves in every direction, educating ourselves in every department of study, and in music especially by hearing the best music rendered by the best performers, by listening to the symphonies and solos at the Symphony and Philharmonic concerts or rehearsals, the oratorios given by Oratorio Societies, and the operas as we may have the opportunity. It were worth all this and more, far more, to draw music from the piano.

## SHOE OR STOCKING?

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

IN Holland, children set their shoes,  
 This night, outside the door;  
 These wooden shoes Knecht Clobes\* sees,  
 And fills them from his store.

But here we hang our stockings up  
 On handy hook or nail;  
 And Santa Claus, when all is still,  
 Will plump them, without fail.

Speak out, you "Sobersides," speak out,  
 And let us hear your views;  
 Between a stocking and a shoe,  
 What do you see to choose?

One instant pauses Sobersides,  
 A little sigh to fetch —  
 "Well, seems to me a stocking's best,  
 For wooden shoes wont stretch!"

## GEORGE WASHINGTON.

[*A Historical Biography.*]

BY HORACE E. SCUDDER.

## CHAPTER I.

## OLD VIRGINIA.

IN 1732, when people spoke of Virginia, they meant commonly so much of the present State as lies between Chesapeake Bay and the Blue Ridge mountains. In the valley of the Shenandoah River, just beyond the first range of mountains, there were a few families, chiefly Irish and German, who had made their way southward from Pennsylvania; the Governor of Virginia, too, was at this time engaged in planting a colony of Germans in the valley. Still farther to the westward were a few bold pioneers, who built their log-cabins in the wilderness and lived by hunting and fishing. No one knew how far Virginia stretched; the old charters from the King had talked vaguely about the South Sea, meaning by that the Pacific Ocean; but the country beyond the mountains had never been surveyed and scarcely even explored. The people who called themselves Virginians looked upon those who lived beyond the Blue Ridge very much as nowadays persons on the Atlantic coast look upon those who settle in Dakota or Montana.

Down from these mountains came the streams which swelled into rivers,—the Potomac, the Rappahannock, the York, and the James, with their countless branches and runs and creeks. Look at any map of eastern Virginia and see what a long

coast line it has, what arms of the sea stretch inland, what rivers come down to meet the sea, and what a network of water-ways spreads over the whole country. You would say that the people living there must be skillful fishermen and sailors, that thriving seaport towns would be scattered along the coast and rivers, and that there would be great shipyards for the building of all kinds of vessels.

But in 1732 there were no large towns in Virginia—there were scarcely any towns at all. Each county had a county-seat, where were a courthouse and a prison, and an inn for the convenience of those who had business in court; usually there was a church, and sometimes a small country store; but there were no other houses, and often the place was in the middle of the woods. The capital of Virginia—Williamsburg—had less than two hundred houses; and Norfolk, the largest town, at the head of a noble harbor, had a population of five thousand or so. A few fish were caught in the rivers or on the coast, but there was no business of fishing; a few boats plied from place to place, but there was no ship-building, and the ships which sailed into the harbors and up the rivers were owned elsewhere, and came from England or the other American colonies. There were no manufactures and scarcely a trained mechanic in the whole colony. Yet Virginia was the most populous and, some thought, the richest of the British colonies in America. In 1732 she had

\* The Dutch Santa Claus.





tobacco, required many laborers. It was not easy for the Virginia land-owners to bring these from English farms. They could not be spared by the farmers there, and besides, such laborers were for the most part men and women who had never been beyond the villages where they had been born and had hardly even heard of America. They lived, father and son, on the same place, and knew little about any other. But in London and other cities of England there were, at the time when the Virginia colony was formed, many poor people who had no work and nothing to live on. If these people could be sent to America, not only would the cities be rid of them, but the gentlemen in the new country would have laborers to cut down trees, clear the fields, and plant tobacco.

Accordingly, many of these idle and poor people were sent over as servants. The Virginia planters paid their passage, sheltered, fed, and clothed them, and in return had the use of their labor for a certain number of years. The plan did not work very well, however. Often these "indentured servants," as they were called, were idle and unwilling to work—that was one reason that they had been poor in London. Even when they did work, they were only "bound" for a certain length of time. After they had served their time, they were free. Then they sometimes cleared farms for themselves; but very often they led lazy, vicious lives, and were a trouble and vexation to the neighborhood.

It seemed to these Virginia planters that there was a better way. In 1619, a year before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, a Dutch captain brought up the James River twenty blacks whom he had captured on the coast of Africa. He offered to sell these to the planters, and they bought them. No one saw anything out of the way in this. It was no new thing to own slaves. There were slaves in the West India Islands, and in the countries of Europe. Indians when captured in war were sold into slavery. For that matter, white men had been made slaves. The difference between these blacks and the indentured servants was that the planter who paid the Dutch captain for a black man had the use of him all his life-time, but if he bought from an English captain the services of an indentured white man, he could only have those services for a few months or years. It certainly was much more convenient to have an African slave.

There were not many of these slaves at first. An occasional shipload was brought from Africa, but it was not until after fifty years that negroes made any considerable part of the population. They had families, and all the children were slaves like their parents. More were bought of captains who made a business of going to Africa to trade for slaves, just as they might have gone to the East In-

dies for spices. The plantations were growing larger, and the more slaves a man had, the more tobacco he could raise; the more tobacco he could raise, the richer he was. Until long after the year 1732, the people in Virginia were wont to reckon the cost of things, not by pounds, shillings, and pence—the English currency,—but by pounds of tobacco—the Virginia currency. The salaries of the clergy were paid in tobacco; so were all their fees for christening, marrying, and burying. Taxes were paid and accounts were kept in tobacco. At a few points there were houses to which planters brought their tobacco, and these warehouses served the purpose of banks. A planter stored his tobacco and received a certificate of deposit. This certificate he could use instead of a check on a bank.

The small planters who lived high up the rivers, beyond the point where vessels could go, floated their tobacco in boats down to one of the warehouses, where it made part of the cargo of some ship sailing for England. But the largest part of this produce was shipped directly from the great plantations. Each of these had its own storehouse and its own wharf. The Virginia planter was his own shipping merchant. He had his agent in London. Once a year, a vessel would make its way up the river to his wharf. It brought whatever he or his family needed. He had sent to his agent to buy clothes, furniture, table-linen, tools, medicine, spices, foreign fruits, harnesses, carriages, cutlery, wines, books, pictures,—there was scarcely an article used in his house or on his plantation for which he did not send to London. Then in return he helped to load the vessel, and he had just one article with which to make up the cargo—tobacco. Now and then tar, pitch, and turpentine were sent from some districts, but the Virginia planter rarely sent anything but tobacco to England in return for what he received.

## CHAPTER II.

### A VIRGINIA PLANTATION.

LET us visit in imagination one of these Virginia plantations, such as were to be found in 1732, and see what sort of life was led upon it.

To reach the plantation, one is likely to ride for some distance through the woods. The country is not yet cleared of the forest, and each planter, as he adds one tobacco-field to another, has to make inroads upon the great trees. Coming nearer, one rides past tracts where the underbrush is gone, but tall, gaunt trees stand, bearing no foliage and looking ready to fall to the ground. They have been girdled, that is, have had a gash cut around the trunk, through the bark, quite into the wood;

thus the sap can not flow, and the tree rots away, falling finally with a great crash. The luckless traveler sometimes finds his way stopped by one of these trees fallen across the road. By the border of these tracts are Virginia rail-fences, eight or ten feet in height, which zig-zag in a curious fashion,—the rails, twelve feet or so in length, not running into posts, but resting on one another at the ends, like a succession of W's. When the new land is wholly cleared of trees, these fences can be removed, stick by stick, and set farther back. No post-holes have to be dug, nor posts driven in.

Now the tobacco-fields come into view. If the plant is growing, one sees long rows of hillocks kept free from weeds, and the plant well bunched at the top, for the lower leaves and suckers are pruned once a week; and as there is a worm which infests the tobacco, and has to be picked off and killed, during the growth of the plant all hands are kept busy in the field.

I have said that there were scarcely any towns or villages in Virginia, so one might fancy there was some mistake; for what means this great collection of houses? Surely here is a village; but look closer. There are no stores or shops or churches or schoolhouses. Rising above the rest is one principal building. It is the planter's own house, which very likely is surrounded by beautiful trees and gardens. At a little distance are the cabins of the negroes, and the gaping wooden tobacco-houses, in which the tobacco is drying, hung upon poles and well sunned and aired, for the houses are built so as to allow plenty of ventilation and sunlight. The cabins of the negroes are low wooden buildings, the chinks filled in with clay. Many of them have kitchen gardens about them, for the slaves are allowed plots of ground on which to raise corn and melons and small vegetables for their own use. The planter's house is sometimes of wood, sometimes of brick, and sometimes of stone. The one feature, however, which always strikes a stranger is the great outside chimney,—usually there is one at each end of the house,—a huge pile of brick or stone, rising above the ridge-pole. Very often, too, there are wide verandas and porches. In this climate, where there are no freezing-cold winters, it is not necessary to build chimneys in the middle of the house, where the warmth of the bricks may serve to temper the air of all the rooms. Moreover, in the warm summers it is well to keep the heat of the cooking away from the house, so the meals are prepared in kitchens built separate from the main house. Inside the great house, one finds one's self in large, airy rooms and halls; wide fireplaces hold blazing

fires in the cool days, and in the summer there is a passage of air on all sides. Sometimes the rooms are lathed and plastered, but often they are sheathed in the cedar and other woods which grow abundantly in the country. There is little of that spruce tidiness on which a New England house-keeper prides herself. The house servants are lazy and good-natured, and the people live in a generous fashion, careless of waste, and indifferent to orderly ways.

The planter has no market near by to which he can go for his food; accordingly he has his own smokehouse, in which he cures his ham and smokes



HALL-WAY OF AN OLD VIRGINIA HOUSE.

his beef; he has outhouses and barns scattered about, where he stores his provisions; and down where the brook runs, is the spring-house, built over the running stream. Here the milk and butter and eggs are kept standing in buckets in the cool fresh water. The table is an abundant but coarse one. The woods supply game, and the planter has herds of cattle. But he raises few vegetables and little wheat. The English ship brings him wines and liquors, which are freely used, and now and then one of his negro women has a genius for cooking and can make dainty dishes. The living, however, is rather profuse than nice.

It fits the rude, out-of-door life of the men. The master of the house spends much of his time in the



reckon with confidence upon his income, and, with his reckless style of living, he is often in debt. He despises small economies, and looks down upon the merchant and trader, whose business it is to watch closely what they receive and what they pay out.

The Virginian does not often go far from his plantation. His chief journey is to the capital, at Williamsburg, where he goes when the colonial House of Burgesses is in session. Then he gets out his great yellow coach, and his family drive over rough roads and come upon other planters and their families driving through the woods in the same direction. At the capital, during the session, are held balls and other grand entertainments, and the men discuss the affairs of the colony. They honor the King and pay their taxes without much grumbling, but they are used to managing affairs in Virginia without a great deal of interference from England. The new country helps to make them independent; they are far away from King and Parliament and Court; they are used to rule; and in the defense of their country against Indians and French they have been good soldiers.

But what is the Virginian lady doing all this time? It is not hard to see, when one thinks of the great house, the many servants, the hospitality shown to strangers, and the absence of towns. She is a home-keeping body. She has to provide for her household, and as she can not go shopping to town, she must keep abundant stores of everything she needs. Often she must teach her children, for very likely there is no school near, to which she can send them. She must oversee and train her servants, and set one to spinning, another to mending, and another to sewing; but she does not find it easy to have nice work done; her black slaves are seldom skilled, and she has to send to England for her finer garments. There is no doctor near at hand, and she must try her hand at prescribing for the sick on the plantation, and must nurse white and black.

In truth, the Virginian lady saves the Old Dominion. If it were not for her, the men would be rude and barbarous; but they treat her with unflinching respect, and she gives the gentleness and grace which they would quickly forget. Early in this century some one went to visit an old Virginian lady, and she has left this description of what she saw:

"On one side sits the chambermaid with her knitting; on the other, a little colored pet learning to sew; an old decent woman is there with her table and shears, cutting out the negroes' winter clothes; while the old lady directs them all, incessantly knitting herself. She points out to me several pair of nice colored stockings and gloves

she has just finished, and presents me with a pair half-done, which she begs I will finish and wear for her sake."

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE BOYHOOD OF WASHINGTON.

THE old lady thus described was the widow of George Washington, and so little had life in Virginia then changed from what it had been in 1732, that the description might easily stand for a portrait of George Washington's mother. Of his father he remembered little, for though his mother lived long after he had grown up and was famous, his father died when the boy was eleven years old.

It was near the shore of the Potomac River, between Pope's Creek and Bridge's Creek, that Augustine Washington lived when his son George was born. The land had been in the family ever since Augustine's grandfather, John Washington, had bought it, when he came over from England in 1657. John Washington was a soldier and a public-spirited man, and so the parish in which he lived — for Virginia was divided into parishes as some other colonies into townships — was named Washington. It is a quiet neighborhood; not a sign remains of the old house, and the only mark of the place is a stone slab, broken and overgrown with weeds and brambles, which lies on a bed of bricks taken from the remnants of the old chimney of the house. It bears the inscription:

Here

The 11th of February, 1732 (old style)

George Washington

was born

The English had lately agreed to use the calendar of Pope Gregory, which added eleven days to the reckoning, but people still used the old style as well as the new. By the new style, the birthday was February 22, and that is the day which is now observed. The family into which the child was born consisted of the father and mother, Augustine and Mary Washington, and two boys, Lawrence and Augustine. These were sons of Augustine Washington and a former wife who had died four years before. George Washington was the eldest of the children of Augustine and Mary Washington; he had afterward three brothers and two sisters, but one of the sisters died in infancy.

It was not long after George Washington's birth that the house in which he was born was burned, and as his father was at the time especially interested in some iron-works at a distance, it was

determined not to rebuild upon the lonely place. Accordingly Augustine Washington removed his family to a place which he owned in Stafford County, on the banks of the Rappahannock River opposite Fredericksburg. The house is not now standing, but a picture was made of it before it was destroyed. It was, like many Virginia houses of the day, divided into four rooms on a floor, and had great outside chimneys at either end.

Here George Washington spent his childhood. He learned to read, write, and cipher at a small school kept by Hobby, the sexton of the parish church. Among his playmates was Richard Henry Lee, who was afterward a famous Virginian. When the boys grew up, they wrote to each other of grave matters of war and state, but here is the beginning of their correspondence, written when they were nine years old.

"RICHARD HENRY LEE TO GEORGE WASHINGTON:

"Pa brought me two pretty books full of pictures he got them in Alexandria they have pictures of dogs and cats and tigers and elephants and ever so many pretty things cousin bids me send you one of them it has a picture of an elephant and a little Indian boy on his back like uncle Jo's sam pa says if I learn my tasks good he will let uncle Jo bring me to see you will you ask your ma to let you come to see me.

RICHARD HENRY LEE."

"GEORGE WASHINGTON TO RICHARD HENRY LEE:

"DEAR DICKEY I thank you very much for the pretty picture-book you gave me. Sam asked me to show him the pictures and I showed him all the pictures in it; and I read to him how the tame elephant took care of the master's little boy, and put him on his back and would not let anybody touch his master's little son. I can read three or four pages sometimes without missing a word. Ma says I may go to see you, and stay all day with you next week if it be not rainy. She says I may ride my pony Hero if Uncle Ben will go with me and lead Hero. I have a little piece of poetry about the picture book you gave me, but I must n't tell you who wrote the poetry.

"G. W.'s compliments to R. H. L.,

And likes his book full well,

Henceforth will count him his friend,

And hopes many happy days he may spend.

"Your good friend,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"I am going to get a whip top soon, and you may see it and whip it."

It looks very much as if Richard Henry sent his letter off just as it was written. I suspect that his correspondent's letter was looked over, corrected, and copied before it was sent. Very possibly Augustine Washington was absent at the time on one of his journeys; but at any rate the boy owed most of his training to his mother, for only two years after this, his father died, and he was left to his mother's care.

She was a woman born to command, and since she was left alone with a family and an estate to care for, she took the reins into her own hands, and never gave them up to any one else. She used to drive about in an old-fashioned open chaise, visiting the various parts of her farm, just as a planter would do on horseback. The story

is told that she had given an agent directions how to do a piece of work, and he had seen fit to do it differently, because he thought his way a better one. He showed her the improvement.

"And pray," said the lady, "who gave you any exercise of judgment in the matter? I command you, sir; there is nothing left for you but to obey."

In those days, more than now, a boy used very formal language when addressing his mother. He might love her warmly, but he was expected to treat her with a great show of respect. When Washington wrote to his mother, even after he was of age, he began his letter, "Honored Madam," and signed it, "Your dutiful son." This was a part of the manners of the time. It was like the stiff dress which men wore when they paid their respects to others; it was put on for the occasion, and one would have been thought very unmannerly who did not make a marked difference between his every-day dress and that which he wore when he went into the presence of his betters. So Washington, when he wrote to his mother, would not be so rude as to say, "Dear Mother."

Such habits as this go deeper than mere forms of speech. I do not suppose that the sons of this lady feared her, but they stood in awe of her, which is quite a different thing.

"We were all as mute as mice, when in her presence," says one of Washington's companions; and common report makes her to have been very much such a woman as her son afterward was a man.

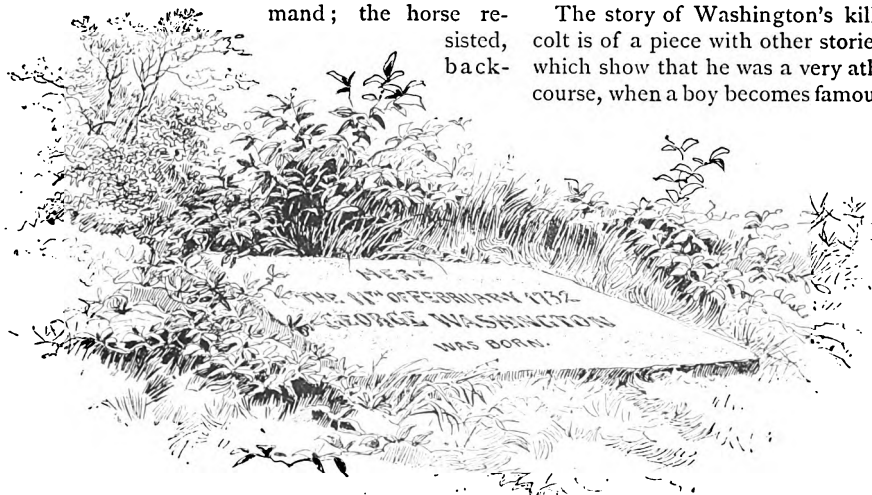
I think that George Washington owed two strong traits to his mother,—a governing spirit, and a spirit of order and method. She taught him many lessons and gave him many rules; but, after all, it was her character shaping his which was most powerful. She taught him to be truthful, but her lessons were not half so forcible as her own truthfulness.

There is a story told of George Washington's boyhood—unfortunately there are not many stories—which is to the point. His father had taken a great deal of pride in his blooded horses, and his mother afterward took great pains to keep the stock pure. She had several young horses that had not yet been broken, and one of them in particular, a sorrel, was extremely spirited. No one had been able to do anything with it, and it was pronounced thoroughly vicious, as people are apt to pronounce horses which they have not learned to master. George was determined to ride this colt, and told his companions that if they would help him catch it, he would ride and tame it.

Early in the morning they set out for the pasture, where the boys managed to surround the sorrel and then to put a bit into its mouth. Wash-

\* From B. J. Lossing's "The Home of Washington."

ington sprang on its back, the boys dropped the bridle, and away flew the angry animal. Its rider at once began to command; the horse resisted, back-



SLAB THAT MARKS THE LOCATION OF THE HOUSE WHERE WASHINGTON WAS BORN.

ing about the field, rearing and plunging. The boys became thoroughly alarmed, but Washington kept his seat, never once losing his self-control or his mastery of the colt. The struggle was a sharp one; when suddenly, as if determined to rid itself of its rider, the creature leaped into the air with a tremendous bound. It was its last. The violence burst a blood-vessel, and the noble horse fell dead.

Before the boys could sufficiently recover to consider how they should extricate themselves from the scrape, they were called to breakfast; and the mistress of the house, knowing that they had been in the fields, began to ask after her stock.

"Pray, young gentlemen," said she, "have you seen my blooded colts in your rambles? I hope they are well taken care of. My favorite, I am told, is as large as his sire."

The boys looked at one another, and no one liked to speak. Of course the mother repeated her question.

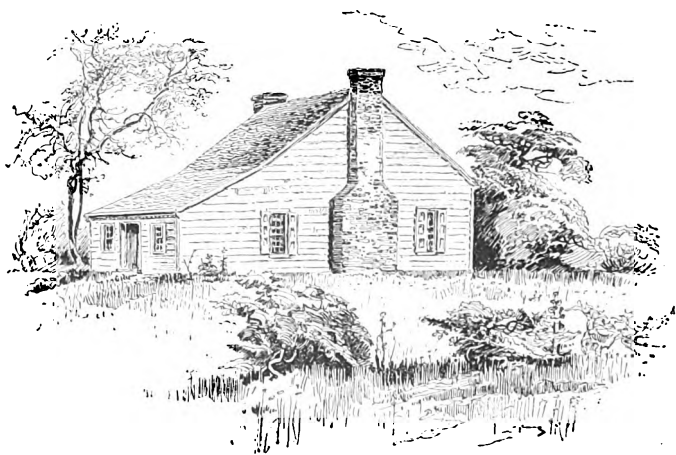
"The sorrel is dead, madam," said her son. "I killed him!"

And then he told the whole story. They say that his mother flushed with anger, as her son often used to, and then, like him, controlled herself, and presently said, quietly:

"It is well; but while I regret the loss of my favorite, I rejoice in my son who always speaks the truth."

The story of Washington's killing the blooded colt is of a piece with other stories less particular, which show that he was a very athletic fellow. Of course, when a boy becomes famous, every one likes to remember the wonderful things he did before he was famous, and Washington's playmates, when they grew up, used to show the spot by the Rappahannock near Fredericksburg where he stood and threw a stone

to the opposite bank; and at the celebrated Natural Bridge, the arch of which is two hundred feet above the ground, they always tell the visitor that George Washington threw a stone in the air the whole height. He undoubtedly took part in all the sports which were the favorites of his country at that time—he pitched heavy bars, tossed quoits, ran, leaped, and wrestled; for he was a



THE HOUSE NEAR FREDERICKSBURG WHICH WAS WASHINGTON'S HOME DURING EARLY BOYHOOD.

powerful, large-limbed young fellow, and he had a very large and strong hand.

(To be continued.)

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## THE KING OF THE FROZEN NORTH.

BY JOHN R. CORVELL.

If we did not know it to be so, it would be hard to believe that any animal could make its home in the midst of the almost perpetual snow and ice of the far north. And yet many more animals than are generally supposed to do so live in that intense cold, and have accommodated themselves to their surroundings. For example, the mosquito, which we are wont to think of as belonging only to the hottest climates, has been found, with wings and bill in good working order, as far north as man has ever gone.

However, it is not the mosquito, but the white bear, which claims attention just now, and it deserves attention for the manner in which it has adapted itself to its strange mode of life.

It is not called an amphibious animal, but might probably be so called, for it is perfectly at home in the water,—indeed it has been known to pursue and capture so nimble a fish as the salmon. Nor is it only a swift swimmer; it can swim very great distances, as it often needs to do, for it is frequently carried far out to sea on the huge cakes of ice which, as spring comes on, break off and float away to the south.

The polar bear's foot is unusually long and broad even for a bear's foot, and this peculiarity aids in enabling it to swim so rapidly. But the great foot is of most use in crossing the slippery ice or crusted snow. The under part of the foot is covered with long, soft fur, which answers the double purpose of keeping the foot warm in spite

of constant contact with the cold ice, and of preventing the awkward slipping which would certainly occur if the sole of the foot were hard and smooth.

As a rule, the white bear avoids man and exerts all its strength and cunning in capturing its prey. It prefers some member of the seal family, probably because the seals are usually so plump and tender. Apparently a baby walrus is a choice morsel for it, for it never neglects an opportunity of pounding on one.

In the water, the walrus would be more than a match even for the polar bear, its huge tusks and terrible strength making it the most formidable of sea mammals; but on the ice, despite the fierce courage with which both parents fight for their offspring, the battle is too unequal, and the unlucky little walrus, caught napping, usually falls a victim to the big bear. And it frequently happens that one or both of the parent-walruses are killed in the vain attempt to rescue their baby.

Nennook, as the white bear is called by the Eskimo, frequently displays great cunning in capturing the wary seal, which, fearing its enemy, takes its nap on the ice close by the edge, ready to roll into the water at the first alarm. The bear slips quietly into the water a long distance from the sleeping seal, and then swims under water, stopping occasionally to put out his head and breathe, until he is in such a position that the seal cannot get into the water without falling into his clutches.

## BIG HANS AND LITTLE HANS.

BY H. H. BOYESEN.

### CHAPTER I.

ON the northwestern coast of Norway, the mountains hide their heads in the clouds and dip their feet in the sea. In fact, the cliffs are in some places so tall and steep that streams, flowing from the inland glaciers and plunging over their sides, vanish in the air, being blown in a misty spray out over the ocean. In other places there may be a narrow slope, where a few potatoes, some garden vegetables, and perhaps even a

patch of wheat, may be induced to grow by dint of much coaxing; for the summer, though short, is mild and genial in those high latitudes, and has none of that fierce intensity which, with us, forces the vegetation into sudden maturity, and sends our people flying toward all the points of the compass during the first weeks in June.

In was on such a sunny little slope, right under the black mountain-wall, that Halvor Myrbraaten had built his cottage. Halvor was a merry fellow, who went about humming snatches of hymns and

old songs and dance-melodies all day long, and sometimes mixed up both words and tunes woefully; and when his memory failed him, he sang the first thing that popped into his head. Some people said they had heard him humming the multiplication table to the tune of "Old Norway's Lion," and whole pages out of Luther's Catechism to jolly dance tunes. Not that he ever meant to be irreverent; it was just his way of amusing himself. He was an odd stick, people thought, and not of much use to his family. Whatever he did, "luck" went against him. But it affected his temper very little. Halvor was still light-hearted and good-natured, and went about humming, as usual. If he went out hunting and came home with an empty pouch, it did not interfere in the least with his gayety; but knowing well the reception which was in store for him, it did occasionally happen that he paused with a quizzical look before opening the door, and perhaps, after a minute's reflection, concluded to spend the night in the barn; for Turid, his wife, had a mind of her own, and knew how to express herself with emphasis. She was, as every one admitted, a very worthy and competent woman, and accomplished more in a day than her husband did in a fortnight. But worthy and competent people are not invariably the pleasantest people to associate with, and the gay and genial good-for-nothing Halvor, with his bright, irresponsible smile and his pleasant ways, was a far more popular person in the parish than his austere, estimable, over-worked wife. For one thing, with all her poverty, she had a great deal of pride; and people who had never suspected that one so poor could have any objection to receiving alms had been much offended by her curt way of refusing their proffered gifts. Halvor, they said, showed a more realizing sense of his position; he had the humble and contrite heart which was becoming in an unsuccessful man, and accepted with equal cheerfulness and gratitude whatever was offered him, from a dollar bill to a pair of worn-out mittens. It was, in fact, this extreme readiness to accept things which first made difficulty between Halvor and his wife. It seemed to him a pure waste of labor to work for a thing which he could get for nothing; and it seemed to her a waste of something still more precious to accept as a gift what one might have honestly earned by work. But as she could never hope to have Halvor agree with her on this point, she comforted herself by impressing her own horror of alms-taking upon her children; and the children, in their turn, impressed the same sound principles upon their pet kid and the pussy cat.

There were five children at Myrbraaten. Hans,

the eldest, was ten years old, and Dolly, the youngest, was one, and the rest were scattered between. It was a pretty sight to see them of a summer afternoon on the grass plot before the house, rolling over one another and gamboling like a sportive family of kittens; only you could hardly help feeling vaguely uneasy about the mountain, the steep, black wall of which, sparsely clad with pines, rose so threateningly above them. It seemed as if it must, some day, swoop down upon them and crush them. The mother, it must be admitted, was occasionally oppressed by some such fear; but when she reflected that the mountain had stood there from time immemorial, and had never yet moved, or harmed any one, she felt ashamed of her apprehension, and blamed herself for her distrust of God's providence.

Besides the children, there was another young inhabitant of the Myrbraaten cottage, and surely a very important one. He, too, was named Hans, but, in order to distinguish him from the son of the house, the word "Little" was prefixed, and the latter, although he was really the smaller of the two, was called, by way of distinction, Big Hans. The most remarkable thing about Little Hans was that he had, in spite of his youth, a very well-developed beard. Big Hans, who had not a hair on his chin, rather envied him this manly ornament. Then, again, Little Hans was a capital fighter, and could knock you down in one round with great coolness and sweet-tempered seriousness, as if he were acting entirely from a sense of duty. He never used any hard words; but, the moment his adversary attempted to rise, Little Hans quietly gave him another knock, and winked wickedly at him, as if warning him to lie still. He never bragged of his victories, but showed a modest self-appreciation to which very few of his age ever attain. Big Hans, who valued his friend and namesake above others, and had a hearty admiration for his many fine qualities, declared himself utterly unable to rival him in combativeness, modesty, and coolness of temper. For Big Hans, I am sorry to say, was sometimes given to bragging of his muscle and of his skill in turning hand-springs and standing on his head, and he could easily be teased into a furious temper. Now, Little Hans could not turn hand-springs, nor could he stand on his head; but, though he promptly resented any trifling with his dignity, I never once knew him to lose his temper. He never laughed when anything struck him as being funny; in fact, he seemed to regard every boisterous exhibition of feeling as undignified. He only turned his head away and stood chewing a piece of paper or a straw, with his usual look of comical gravity in his eye.

Many people wondered at the fast friendship which bound Big Hans and Little Hans together. Their tastes, people said, were dissimilar; in temperament, too, they had few points of resemblance. And yet they were absolutely inseparable. Whenever Big Hans went, Little Hans was sure to follow. Often they were seen racing along the beach or climbing up the mountain-side; and, as Little Hans was a capital hand (or ought I to say foot?) at climbing, Big Hans often had hard work to keep up with him. Sometimes Little Hans would leap up a rock which was so steep that it was impossible for his friend to climb it, and then he would grin comically down at Big Hans, who would stand below calling tearfully to his companion until he descended, which usually was very soon. For Little Hans was very fond of Big Hans, and could never bear to see him cry. And that is not in the least to be wondered at, as Big Hans had saved him from starvation and death when Little Hans was really in the sorest need. Their acquaintance began in the following manner: one day when Big Hans was up in the mountains trapping hares, he heard a feeble voice in a cleft of the rocks near by, and, hurrying to the spot, he found Little Hans wedged in between two great stones, and his leg caught in so distressing a manner that it cost Big Hans nearly an hour's work to set it free. Then he dressed the bruised foot with a rag torn from the lining of his coat, and carried Little Hans home in his arms. And as Little Hans's parents had never claimed him, and he himself could give no satisfactory account of them, he had thenceforth remained at Myrbraaten, where all the children were very fond of him. Turid their mother on the other hand, had no great liking for him, especially after he had devoured her hymn-book (which was her most precious property) and eaten with much appetite a piece of Dolly's dress. For, as I intimated, Little Hans's tastes were very curious, and nothing came amiss when he was hungry. He had a trick of pulling off Dolly's stockings when she was sitting out on the green, and, if he were not discovered in time, he was sure to make his breakfast off of them. With these tastes, you will readily understand, Big Hans could have no sympathy, and the only thing which could induce him to forgive Little Hans's eccentricities was the fact that Little Hans was a goat.

## II.

IN the winter of 187-, a great deal of snow fell on the northwestern coast of Norway. The old pines about the Myrbraaten cottage were laden

down with it; the children had to be put to work with snow-shovels early in the morning, in order to hollow out a tunnel to the cow-stable where the cow stood bellowing with hunger. The mother, too, worked bravely, and sometimes when the thin roof of snow caved in and fell down upon them, and made them look like wandering snow-images, they all laughed heartily, and their mother, too, could not help laughing, because they were so happy. Little Hans also made a pretense of working, but only succeeded in being in everybody's way, and when the cold snow drizzled down upon his nose he grinned and made faces so queer that the children shouted with merriment.

Day after day, and week after week, the snow continued to descend. Big Hans and his friend sat at the window watching the large feathery flakes, as they whirled slowly and silently through the air and covered the earth far and near with a white pall. Soon there was a scarcity of wood at the Myrbraaten cottage, and Halvor was obliged to get into his skees\* and go to the forest. Humming the multiplication table (so far as he knew it) to the tune of a hymn, he pulled on his warmest jacket, took his ax from its hiding-place under the eaves, and went in a slanting line upon the mountain-side; but, before he had gone many rods it struck him that it was useless to go so far for wood, when the whole mountain-slope was covered with pines. Fresh pine would be a little hard to burn, to be sure, but then pine was full of pitch and would burn, anyhow. He therefore took off his skees, dug a hole in the snow, and felled three or four trees only a few hundred rods above the cottage. When his wife heard the sound of his ax so near the cottage, she rushed out and cried to him:

"Halvor, Halvor, don't cut down the trees on the slope! They are all that keep the snow from coming down upon us, in an avalanche, and sweeping us into the ocean!"

"Oh, the Lord will look out for his own," sang Halvor cheerily.

"The Lord put the pine-trees there to protect us," replied his wife.

But the end was that, in spite of his wife's protests, Halvor continued to fell the trees.

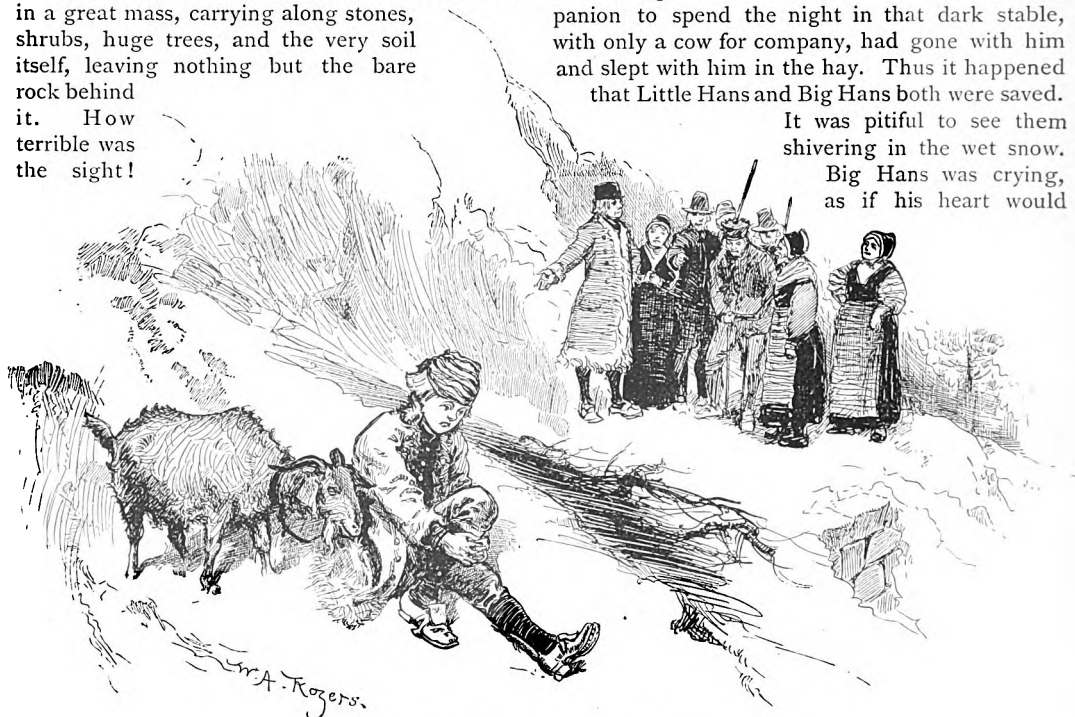
The heavy fall of snow was followed in the course of a week by a sudden thaw.

Strange creaking and groaning sounds stole through the forest. Sometimes, when a large load of snow fell, it rolled and grew as it rolled, until it dashed against a huge trunk and nearly broke it with its weight.

Then, one night, there came down a great load

\* A kind of snow-shoes, by means of which one glides over the snow without sinking into it. Skees are from five to ten feet long, bent upward and pointed at the front end and cut off squarely at the other. They must be made of tough, strong pine without knots in it.

which fell with a dull thud and rolled down and down, pushing a growing wall of snow before it, until it reached the clearing where Halvor had cut his wood; there, meeting with no obstructions, it gained a tremendous headway, sweeping all the snow and the felled trunks with it, and rushed down in a great mass, carrying along stones, shrubs, huge trees, and the very soil itself, leaving nothing but the bare rock behind it. How terrible was the sight!



"IT WAS PITIFUL TO SEE THEM SHIVERING IN THE WET SNOW."

A smoke-like cloud rose in the darkness, and a sound as of a thousand thundering cataracts filled the night. On it swept, onward, with a wild, resistless speed! At the jutting rock, where the juniper stood, the avalanche divided, tearing up the old spruces and the birches by the roots and hurling them down, but leaving the juniper standing alone on its barren peak. It was but a moment's work. The avalanche shot downward with increased speed—hark!—a sharp shriek, a smothered groan, then a fierce hissing sound of waves that rose toward the sky and returned with a long thundering cannonade to the strand! The night was darker and the silence deeper than before.

### III.

WHERE the Myrbraaten cottage had stood, the bare rock now stares black and dismal against the sun. The rumor of the calamity spread like wildfire through the valley, and the folk of the whole parish came to gaze upon the ruin which the ava-

lanche had wrought. All that was left of Myrbraaten was the cow-stable, where the cow and Little Hans and Big Hans had slept. Little Hans had been very ill-behaved the night before, so Turid had sent him to sleep with the cow; and Big Hans, who thought it would be cruel to ask his companion to spend the night in that dark stable, with only a cow for company, had gone with him and slept with him in the hay. Thus it happened that Little Hans and Big Hans both were saved.

It was pitiful to see them shivering in the wet snow.

Big Hans was crying, as if his heart would

break; and the women who crowded about him were unable to comfort him. What should he, a small boy of ten, do alone in this wide world? His father and his mother and his little brothers and sisters all were gone, and there was no one left who cared for him. Just then Little Hans, who was anxious to express his sympathy, put his nose close to Big Hans's face and rubbed it against his cheek.

"Yes, you are right, Little Hans," sobbed the boy, embracing his faithful friend; "you do care for me. You are the only one I have left now, in all the world. You and I will stand by each other always."

Little Hans then said, "Ma-a-a," which in his language meant, "Yes."

The question soon arose in the parish,— what was to be done with Big Hans? He had no relatives except a brother of his mother, who had emigrated many years before to Minnesota; and there was no one else who seemed disposed to assume the burden of his support. It was finally decided that he

should be hired out as a pauper to the lowest bidder, and that the parish should pay for his board. But when the people who bid for him refused to take Little Hans too, the boy determined, after some altercation with the authorities, to seek his uncle in America. One thing he was sure of, and that was that he would not part from Little Hans. But there was no one in the parish who would board Little Hans without extra pay. Accordingly, the cow and the barn were sold for the boy's benefit, and he and his comrade went on foot to the city, where they bought a ticket for New York.

Thus it happened that Big Hans and Little Hans became Americans. But before they reached the United States, some rather curious things happened to them. The captain of the steamship, Big Hans found, was not willing to take a goat as a passenger, and Big Hans was forced to return with his friend to the pier, while the other emigrants thronged on board. He was nearly at his wit's end, when it suddenly occurred to him to put Little Hans in a bag and smuggle him on board as baggage. This was a lucky thought. Little Hans was quite heavy, to be sure, but he seemed to comprehend the situation perfectly, and kept as still as a mouse in his bag while Big Hans, with the assistance of a benevolent fellow-passenger, lugged him up the gang-plank. And when he emerged from his retirement some time after the steamer was well under way, none of the officers even thought of throwing the poor goat overboard; for Little Hans became a great favorite with both crew and passengers, although he played various mischievous pranks, in his quiet, unostentatious way, and ate some shirts which had been hung out to dry.

It was early in April when the two friends arrived in New York. They attracted considerable attention as they walked up Broadway together; and many people turned around to laugh at the little emigrant boy, in his queer Norwegian costume, who led a full-grown goat after him by a halter. The bootblacks and the newsboys pointed their fingers at them, and, when that had no effect, made faces at them, and pulled Big Hans by his short jacket and Little Hans by his short tail. Big Hans was quite frightened when he saw how many of them there were; but, perceiving that Little Hans was not in the least ruffled, he felt ashamed of himself, and took heart again. Thus they marched on for several blocks, while the crowd behind them grew more and more boisterous and importunate. Suddenly, one big boy, who seemed to be the leader of the gang, sprang forward with a yell and knocked off Big Hans's hat, while all the rest cheered loudly; but, just as he was

turning around to enjoy his triumph, Little Hans turned around too, and gave him a bump from behind which sent him headlong into the gutter. Then, rising on his hind legs, Little Hans leaped forward again and again, and dispatched the second and third boy in the same manner, whereupon all the rest ran away, helter-skelter, scattering through the side streets. It was all done in so quiet and gentlemanly a manner, that not one of the grown-up spectators who had gathered on the sidewalk thought of interfering. Big Hans, however, who had intended to see something of the city before starting for the West, was so discouraged at the inhospitable reception the United States had given him, that he gave up his purpose, and returned disconsolately to Castle Garden. There he spent the rest of the day, and when the night came, he went to sleep on the floor, with his little bundle under his head; while Little Hans, who did not seem to be sleepy, lay down at his side, quietly munching a piece of pie which he had stolen from somebody's luncheon basket.

Early the next morning, Big Hans was awakened by a gentle pulling at his coat-collar; and, looking up, he saw that it was Little Hans. He jumped up as quickly as he could, and he found that it was high time, for all the emigrants had formed into a sort of a procession and were filing through the gate on their way to the railway station. There were some seven or eight hundred of them,—toil-worn, sad-faced men and women, and queer-looking children in all sorts of outlandish costumes. Big Hans and his friend ran to take their places at the very end of the procession, and just managed to slip through the gate before it was closed. At the railway station the boy exhibited his ticket which he had bought at the steamship office in Norway, and was just about to board the train, when the conductor cried out:

"Hold on, there! This is not a cattle train! You can't take your goat into the passenger-car!"

Big Hans did not quite comprehend what was said, but from the expression of the conductor's voice and face, he surmised that there was some objection to his comrade.

"I think I have money enough to buy a ticket for Little Hans, too," he said, in his innocent Norwegian way, as he pulled a five-dollar bill from his pocket.

"I don't want your money," cried the conductor, who knew as little of Norwegian as Big Hans did of English. "Get out of the way there with your billy goat!"

And he hustled the boy roughly out of the way to make room for the other emigrants, who were thronging up to the platform.

"Well, then," said Big Hans, "since they don't want us on the train, Little Hans, we shall have to walk to Minnesota. And as this railroad is going that way, I suppose we shall get there if we follow the track."

Little Hans seemed to think that this was a good plan; for, as soon as the train had steamed off, he started at a brisk rate along the track, so that his master had great difficulty in keeping up with him. For several hours they trudged along cheerfully, and both were in excellent spirits. Minnesota, Big Hans supposed, might, perhaps, be a

off in different directions; and, as there was no one to ask, he sat down patiently in the shade of a tree and determined to wait. Presently a man came along with a red flag.

"Perhaps you would kindly tell me if this is the way to Minnesota," said Big Hans, taking off his cap and bowing politely to the man.

The man shook his head sullenly, but did not answer; he did not understand the boy's language.

"And you don't happen to know my Uncle Peter Volden?" essayed the boy, less confidently, making another respectful bow to the flagman.



"THEY ATTRACTED CONSIDERABLE ATTENTION AS THEY WALKED UP BROADWAY TOGETHER."

day's journey off, and if he walked fast he thought he would probably be there at nightfall. When once he was there, he did not doubt but that everybody would know his Uncle Peter. He was somewhat puzzled, however, when he came to a place where no less than three railroad tracks branched

"You are a queer loon of a chap," grumbled the man; "but if you don't jump off the track with your goat, the train will run over both of you."

He had hardly spoken, when the train was seen rounding the curve, and the boy had just time to pull Little Hans over into the ditch, when the



locomotive came thundering along, sending out volumes of black smoke, which scattered slowly in the warm air, making the sunlight for a while seem gray and dingy. Big Hans was almost stunned, but picked himself up, with a little fainter heart than before, perhaps; but, whispering a snatch of a prayer which his mother had taught him, he seized Little Hans by the halter, and started once more upon his weary way after the train.

"Minnesota must be a great ways off, I am afraid," he said, addressing himself, as was his wont, to his companion; "but if we keep on walking, it seems to me we must, in the end, get there; or, what do you think, Little Hans?"

Little Hans did not choose to say what he thought, just then, for his attention had been called to some tender grass at the roadside which he knew tasted very sweet. Big Hans was then reminded that he, too, was hungry, and he sat down on a stone and ate a piece of bread which he had brought with him from Castle Garden. The sun rose higher in the sky and the heat grew more and more oppressive. Still the emigrant boy trudged on patiently. Whenever he came to a station he stopped, and read the sign, and shook his head sadly when he saw some unfamiliar name.

"Not Minnesota yet, Little Hans," he sighed; "I am afraid we shall have to take lodgings somewhere for the night. I am so footsore and tired."

It was then about six o'clock in the evening, and the two friends had walked about twenty miles. At the next station they met a hand-organ man, who was sitting on a truck, feeding his monkey.

Big Hans, who had never seen so funny an animal before, was greatly delighted. He went close up to the man, and put out his hand cautiously to touch the monkey.

"Are you going to Minnesota, too?" he asked, in a tone of great friendliness; "if so, we might bear each other company. I like that hairy little fellow of yours very much."

The hand-organ man, who, like most men of his calling, was an Italian, shook his head, and the monkey shook his head, too, as if to say, "All that may be very fine, but I don't understand it."

The boy, however, was too full of delight to notice whether he was understood or not; and when the monkey took off his little red hat and offered to shake hands with him, he laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks. He seemed to have entirely forgotten Little Hans, who was standing by, glowering at the monkey with a look which was by no means friendly. The fact was, Little Hans had never been accustomed to any rival in his master's affection, and he did not enjoy in the least the latter's interest in the monkey. He kept his jealousy to himself, however, as long as he

could; but when Big Hans, after having given ten cents to the organ man, took the monkey on his lap and patted and stroked it, Little Hans's heart was ready to burst. He could not endure seeing his affections so cruelly trifled with. Bending his head and rising on his hind legs, he darted forward and gave his rival a knock on the head that sent him tumbling in a heap at Big Hans's feet. The Italian jumped up with a terrible shout and seized his treasure in his arms. The monkey made an effort to open its eyes, gave a little shiver, and—was dead. The boy stood, staring in mute despair at the tiny stiffened body; he felt like a murderer. Hardly knowing what he did, he seized Little Hans's halter; but in the same moment the enraged owner of the monkey rushed at the goat with the butt end of his whip uplifted. Little Hans, who was dauntless as ever, dexterously dodged the blow, but the instant his antagonist had turned to vent his wrath upon his master, he gave him an impetus from behind which sent him headlong out upon the railroad track. A crowd of men and boys (of the class who always lounge about railroad stations) had now collected to see the fight, and goaded both combatants on with their jeering cries. The Italian, who was maddened with anger, had just picked himself up, and was plunging forward for a second attack upon Little Hans, when Big Hans, seeing the danger, flung himself over his friend's back, clasping his arms about his neck. The loaded end of the whip struck Big Hans in the back of the head; without a sound, the boy fell senseless upon the track.

Then a policeman arrived, and Little Hans, the Italian, and the insensible boy were taken to the police station. A doctor was summoned, and he declared that Big Hans's wound was very dangerous, and that he must be taken to the hospital. And there the emigrant boy lay for six weeks, hovering between life and death; but when, at the end of that time, he was permitted to go out, he heard with dread that he was to testify at the Italian's trial. A Norwegian interpreter was easily found, and when Hans told his simple story to the judge, there were many wet eyes in the courtroom. And he himself cried, too, for he thought that Little Hans was lost. But just as he had finished his story, he heard a loud "Ba-a-a" in his ear; he jumped down from the witness-stand and flung his arms about Little Hans's neck and laughed and cried as if he had lost his wits.

It is safe to say that such a scene had never before been witnessed in an American court-room.

The next day Big Hans and Little Hans were both sent by rail, at the expense of some kind-hearted citizens, to their uncle in Minnesota. And it was there I made their acquaintance.

## SANTA CLAUS ON SNOW-SHOES.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

"THERE'S a storm brewing," said Tempestuous Moody, bringing in a large forestick, and groaning as he laid it on the fire.

It was one hundred and two years ago, or his baptismal name would not have been Tempestuous; though I dare say he would have groaned at any date, for he could hardly have existed at all, whatever the year or century, except as a rheumatic town pauper, doing "chores" for his "keeping."

"Ah?" said busy Mrs. Vane, paying no more heed to his words than to the singing of the tea-kettle, high up in the fire-place.

"Yes, a trimmer of a storm, sartin sure," pursued Tempestuous, thrusting his hands in his pockets and watching his mistress as she swung the heavy iron pot of bean porridge upon the great "lug-pole" to warm over for breakfast, and set her corn-cakes to bake in the Dutch oven before the fire.

"Yes, Nancy, I'm afeard it's so; the clouds do look threatening," said dear old Mr. Vane, who had just entered the kitchen, and was trying to warm his chilled thumbs in his scanty silver hair.

The brisk housewife set down her red box of "Labrador tea,"—or dried raspberry leaves— with a thud.

"O Grandsir, not a real drifting storm!" exclaimed she, thinking of her husband, Lieutenant James Vane, who was on his way "home from the wars." He had left Annapolis more than two weeks before on horseback, and should have finished his journey by this time, but he had to cross a very wild country, and was probably now in the very heart of the Massachusetts wilderness.

"Maybe father 'll get snowed up, the way Captain Tuttle was," suggested little Asa, who could remember nothing about his father except his three-cornered hat and silver knee-buckles.

"No, no; I look for him any minute," said the mother with a reassuring smile; but her fingers trembled slightly as she pinned the blue and white cotton kerchief closer about her throat, and went to the west window, followed by the three elder children.

They were far from neighbors, and the most they could see through the small panes of glass were the familiar black stumps of their own "clearing," partially hidden under the December drifts, and overhead a lowering sky, with now and then a whirling snow-flake. The storm had begun.

There was a grand mountain-view from the back door, but that was obscured now; and presently the unsightly stumps and the tall well-sweep were thoroughly whitened by the fast-falling snow. A great storm had set in, a storm to be measured by feet, not inches—first the snow, then the wind following close after it.

Tempestuous groaned; but Mrs. Vane tried to smile, and her head never drooped as she drew her soft brown hair up higher than ever and fastened it with a goose-quill. "Grandsir" Vane looked at her admiringly, and told droll Indian stories, and nothing could have been cheerier than his cracked old voice, unless, may be, the chirp of a cricket. Dear Grandsir! Did he ever think of his fine old mansion in Boston, where in by-gone days he had often tossed baby Nancy up to the ceiling and kissed her under the Christmas mistletoe, according to the quaint old English fancies? Did he ever sigh for the bright candelabras she called "stars," for the richly tiled fireplaces, the heavy oaken doors, the well-groomed horses, the faithful, keen-scented hunting-dogs? Nobody knew.

And what had become of these "treasures galore?" Ah, the pitiless British soldiers had seized the house and plundered it; and the little that was left, the childless old man had freely given to his country in the hour of her need. And here he was now, in the heart of the wilderness, shivering under as rude a storm as ever beat against a settler's cabin.

For two nights there was such a shrieking and howling of the wind, such a rattling of the hinged windows, that even the children sleeping in the loft awoke at intervals and thought anxiously of their father.

Good Mr. Vane folded his aged hands under the blue woolen "counterpane," and prayed that "Nancy might not see any more trouble; for O Lord, thou knowest she has had a hard time for the past three years, and more than once it has a'most broken her heart to send her poor little children to bed with nothing for supper but molasses and water. She's a Christian woman, and bears up and bears up; but I pray Thee, O Lord, don't try her too far! I'm afeard it is n't in her to stand much more."

The storm was over at last. On the third day the sun arose in a generous mood, and looked with a neighborly smile toward the log-cabin of the Vanes. What had become of it? The place



where it used to stand was nothing now but one swelling drift of snow, capped by the very tip of the stone chimney, which served as a needful breathing-hole for the buried family inside.

The children came down the ladder in the morning, rubbing their eyes and asking what made it so dark? To their surprise, no cheerful blaze greeted them from the big fireplace. The snow had dropped into the ashes overnight and quenched the deeply-buried coals. The fire was actually out! This in itself was a dire calamity.

"What shall we do? What shall we do?" wailed Ruth, echoed by Isaac. And oh! what was that in the dim corner—a bear? No, it was only the beloved grandfather, shielded from the cold by his bear-skin coat and coon-skin cap, while he patiently clicked together two pieces of flint in order to strike a spark.

Tedious process! A friction match would have done it instantly and saved all the trouble; *only*, you see, if they had waited for a friction match, they would have waited fifty years!

"Now I know what it is that's happened; we're buried alive!" screamed Patty hysterically. Whereupon the other children screamed, too, and they all walked into the fireplace—it was as big as the bedrooms at some watering-places—and gazed with curiosity and despair up the chimney, whence came their sole ray of light.

"We were never snowed under before—never any deeper than the tops of the windows," said Ruth; "shall we ever get out?"

"Yes, indeed, some time," replied her mother, smiling with high courage.

"Well, but I s'pose we can't go to school any more this winter, nor to meetin' either," remarked Isaac, by way of experiment.

At the delightful suggestion, little Asa had to run behind the door of the "Hampshire cupboard" to hide his smiles. He knew it was wicked; but oh! the joy of not going to meetin' to be scolded by the tithing-man!—of not going to school to be flogged by the master!

"Don't be discouraged, youngsters!" said the guileless grandfather, rubbing his hands as the fire began to curl up the chimney—"Go to school?—of course you will! Not to-day, I'm afeard,—no, not to-day; but there are more days a-coming. And Tempestuous, you'll be obleeged to make a road to the barn, for the stock must be fed and watered, whether or no."

The "stock" consisted of a pig and cow. Tempestuous was "beat," so he declared. "I'll undertake anything in reason, but I *can't* get to the barn!"

His mistress turned and looked at him. She was a woman who did not mind such trifles

as impossibilities. "Yes, you can," she said; "you can get out of the gable window, and walk on snow-shoes. The barn can't be quite buried, for it is higher than the house. And you must take a shovel with you to dig your way back."

The chore-man seemed quite dazzled with the brilliancy of this scheme, till he reflected on the labor it would cost.

"Yes, ma'am," he whined; "only it is n't at all likely I can open that gable winder. But I'll try it, if you'll wait till I get limbered up,—say, along about the middle of the forenoon."

And then he limped along to the settle.

Mrs. Vane had many trials, and not the least of them had been this dead-and-alive man, neither servant nor boarder, who was never "limbered up" for any serious undertaking till "along about the middle of the forenoon." But as he could not be driven, she wisely said no more.

After breakfast, he condescended to help Mr. Vane put on the yule-log which had been brought in overnight.

"This is what they call Christmas-day, youngsters!" said the grandfather with a genial smile. "Christmas-day they call it; we can not afford to make any jollification; still I see no harm myself in a yule-log," added the old patriot, gazing complacently at the red blaze, already hot enough for a barbecue.

"And I myself see no harm in a candle," said the house-mother, lighting a tallow dip with reckless prodigality.

"Ah, well, it's a white Christmas, Nancy, a pretty white Christmas; but the Lord sent the weather, and we'll bear it."

The children's faces had brightened wonderfully.

"See me!" said Isaac, riding a chair across the floor; "I'm Paul Revere a-horseback!"

"See me; I'm a 'lobster!'"—meaning a British soldier,—said little Asa, winding a scarlet comforter about his neck.

"Well, well, let 'em caper," said the tender-hearted grandfather, turning to wipe away a tear as he mused. "Poor things—fatherless, far's I know! And here's a cold, stormy winter upon us, and not a bit of meat in the house."

Perhaps Nancy divined his thoughts, for she paused in her work to stroke his withered cheek and say,

"That's right, Grandsir; James is safe in the Lord's keeping, wherever he is, and we'll not waste the day sighing!"

"No, we'll not, Nancy. No, we'll not; you have the right kind of courage, my dear, that can't be killed out, any more than Canada thistles."

"Oh, Mother, say, may n't we parch corn and eat apples, and play fox and geese, seeing it's

Christmas?" pleaded young Paul Revere, meeting with a "header," as his horse rode into the settle.

"Yes, if you don't make too much noise. And maybe we'll roast those big potatoes and have some hasty pudding and molasses for dinner," replied the mother, well aware that nothing was better calculated to raise the tone of the family spirits.

"It's a terrible pity we could n't have a spare-rib to roast; such a complete good fire for it," observed Tempestuous, the kill-joy, looking up at the hook over the mantel-piece, from which he had often seen a juicy spare-rib suspended by a string.

But that was in the good old times before James Vane had gone to fight against King George, silly creature! Tempestuous had always kept his political views to himself, but the war was over now, and he could hurrah for George Washington as loud as the rest.

There was something weird and unnatural about the day. The candle looked as if it did not know why it was burning, and the tall clock in the corner ticked as if it were talking in its sleep. The portrait of Oliver Cromwell, coarse-featured and stern, glowered from the wall in disapproval, and the profiles of "great-grandsir and grandma'am Harvard"—black as ink, and suspected by little Asa of being negroes—looked down with astonishment; that is, if they could be said to look at all, having no eyes, and only one eyelash apiece. But the white Christmas went on all the same.

It came to be "along about the middle of the forenoon," and Tempestuous was gradually becoming limbered, and wondering "whether or no that cow and pig would n't want to see him," when suddenly a peculiar sound was heard overhead—"a trampling, crushing sound," Patty said, "as if it was in the chimney."

They all listened for it and it ceased; but presently, when they were talking, it began again,—or so Patty said, who was nearest the fireplace,—and it made her nervous.

"It's a strange day. Oh, if Father would only come!" sighed she.

"Where can he be?" asked the other children, for the twentieth time.

Ah! If they could only have known! If they could only have guessed!

The good man had been greatly hindered on his journey by the storm, as they rightly supposed. For the past two days, as his horse could not go through the drifts, he had been obliged to leave

the animal behind, and walk on snow-shoes. To-day he had traveled in this hard way for ten miles over hills and valleys of snow, till now, at eleven o'clock, he was actually standing on his own white roof, faint and exhausted, listening to the prattle of his children. How had he been able to distinguish his own buried house, lying silently in its "white sleep"? The outline of the chimney had been his only landmark. Still there he stood now, well muffled in bear-skins, his pockets full of candy and toys for the little ones—the kind father! but waiting for the right moment to reveal himself.

How he longed to see as well as hear! How famished he was, after a fast of nearly twenty-four hours! And what a savory odor was wafted to his nostrils from the pot of pease boiling on the lug-pole! Yet the sound of his voice would terrify the children, and he dared not speak. He laughed silently at his absurd position, but it was a tantalizing one, and was fast becoming unendurable.

At last, when he could wait no longer in his eagerness to see and embrace his family, he threw a snow-ball down the chimney, shouting as it bounced upon the fore-stick:

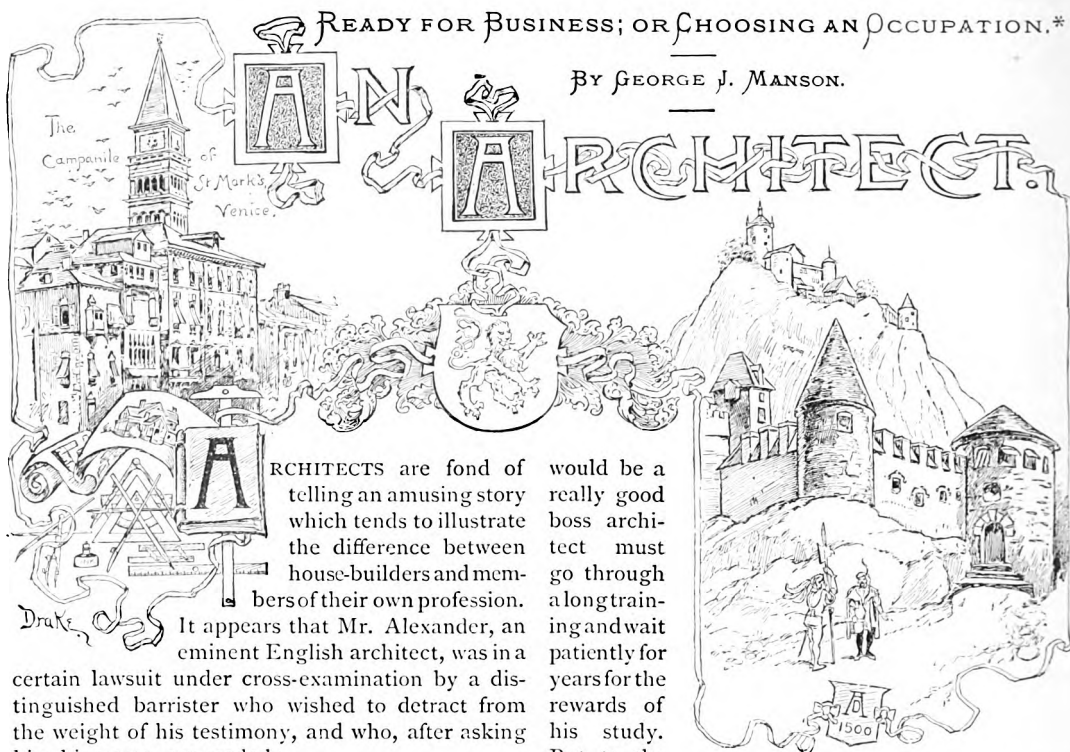
"Don't be afraid! It's only Father."

The people of those early days had strong nerves, perhaps; at any rate, no one fainted. And, of course, after a moment they understood it all; and then the children shouted! "Grandsir" said, "The Lord be praised!" Tempestuous sprang from the settle without groaning; and Mrs. Vane, who always had her thoughts about her, exclaimed: "Wait, James! We'll take the fire off the andirons and cool the chimney, and then you can come down!"

For nobody thought of stopping for Tempestuous to dig out the gable window. He had to do it as soon as his master saw him, let me tell you, and I am glad to record that the imprisoned "stock" were found alive and well.

But was n't it a strange home-coming for Lieutenant Vane? And did any man ever "drop down" upon his family more unexpectedly? I'm sure no one ever met with a warmer reception!

And it is my opinion that he is the first Santa Claus who ever ventured into a New England chimney. If you doubt it, Patty's granddaughter can show you the very snow-shoes he wore on that strange white Christmas a hundred and two years ago.



ARCHITECTS are fond of telling an amusing story which tends to illustrate the difference between house-builders and members of their own profession.

It appears that Mr. Alexander, an eminent English architect, was in a certain lawsuit under cross-examination by a distinguished barrister who wished to detract from the weight of his testimony, and who, after asking him his name, proceeded:

"You are a builder, I believe?"

"No, sir," was the reply, "I am not a builder; I am an architect."

"They are much the same, I suppose?"

"I beg your pardon, sir; I can not admit that; I consider them to be totally different."

"Oh, indeed! perhaps you will state wherein this great difference exists."

"An architect, sir," replied Mr. Alexander, "conceives the design, prepares the plan, draws out the specifications—in short, supplies the mind; the builder is the bricklayer or the carpenter. The builder, in fact, is the machine; the architect, the power that puts the machine together and sets it going."

"Oh, very well, Mr. Architect," said the lawyer; "and now, after your ingenious distinction without a difference, perhaps you can inform the court who was the architect of the Tower of Babel?"—to which question Mr. Alexander made the prompt and telling rejoinder:

"There was *no* architect, sir, and hence the confusion."

Mr. Alexander evidently had a very good opinion of his profession, and, considering the difficulty with which success in it is attended, he was certainly justified in thinking well of it. For, it is only fair to say at the outset that the boy who

would be a really good boss architect must go through a long training and wait patiently for years for the rewards of his study.

But to the youth who can afford to "labor and to wait," and who has a proper talent for the occupation, the profession of an architect furnishes a very agreeable, lucrative, and "genteel" field for earning a living.

At the age of fifteen, a boy can tell whether he is fitted by nature and circumstances to be an architect. To begin with, he should have an artistic mind; at all events, a mind that is not positively and absolutely mechanical in its operations. A distinguished architect informed me, much to my surprise, that he was not by nature sufficiently artistic for the purposes of his profession, and, in that regard, he had to rely on well-qualified assistants. On the other hand, there must be a taste for mathematics, for, while the purely artistic mind can give the architectural idea beauty in form, it will of itself fail in the power of construction. The boy should understand algebra and geometry; should have learned to draw from casts and from life, and should begin to cultivate his taste, which little word, as defined by Webster is, "nice perception, or the power of perceiving and relishing excellence in human performance; the faculty of discerning beauty, order, conformity, symmetry, or whatever constitutes excellence." And this effort should be directed, not only toward art, but into literature and music, also.

In art, it would be well to make a special study of color. A term or two in one of the schools of technology and design would be very beneficial; for in such an institution, coming in contact, as he will, with other pupils, and having all sorts of difficult problems forced upon his attention, his intellect will be quickened and his progress helped by the spirit of competition. But the mere fact of having graduated at such an institution will be of no help to him unless he has made good use of the advantages it affords. The schools are not to blame,—but too many boys, while able to answer questions put to them in regard to special studies, are not able to put to practical use the learning they have acquired. Such, at least, is a complaint often heard from practical architects.

Having finished his school studies at the age of, say, seventeen, if the boy is able to spare the time and the money, he should go to Paris and there become a pupil in the School of Fine Arts. This is practically a free school. There is an initiation fee amounting to ten dollars, and dues are assessed each month to the sum of about one dollar and twenty cents of American money,—these dues being applied to the purchase of material for the school. Boys and young men from all countries go there to study painting, sculpture, and architecture; and, it may be said, there is no part of the world where better accommodations and more inspiring influences can be found for the study of these arts than the capital of France.

To enter the architectural branch of this school, the candidate must pass an examination in elementary mathematics, history, free-hand drawing, and architecture. He is obliged to obtain a certain number of “points,” or good marks, as we should call them, before he can be considered a pupil.

There are two classes in the architectural school, the second and first. The beginner enters the second class, and while there passes an examination in mathematics, including analytical geometry, conic sections, geometry, perspective, and surveying. Then there is an examination in architectural construction, which is partly oral, and partly consists in making an original design for a building; the student has three months’ time in which to make this plan. In the meanwhile, he hears lectures on various topics pertaining to his studies. Aside from this, every two months there is a twelve hours’ “competition.” each student making the sketch of a building which, during the two months following the competition, is to be wrought out and elaborated, under the direction of a professor. These sketches are publicly exhibited and inspected by a committee of twenty or twenty-five of the most eminent architects of Paris. The committee render judgment upon them, and

award “first” or “second mention,” according to the quality of the work. To become a pupil of the first class, one must have passed six examinations and have obtained six “first mentions” in the competitions of which I have just spoken.

In the first class, there are no more examinations, but the contests are much more difficult. The competitions are still public, and a jury still gives its judgment on the work of the pupils.

There is no specific time for graduation; a student graduates when he has received the required number of “first mentions.” It would hardly be possible, under the most favorable conditions, to graduate in less time than two years and six months. Many pupils remain at the school from five to eight years without being able to enter the first class.

After graduating from this school, the pupil enters the office of an architect, in some European or American city, at a salary commensurate with his abilities. There he will very soon acquire a practical knowledge of his profession, and after a while will be able to open an office for himself.

But let us suppose that the boy could not afford to go to Paris, and that he has graduated from one of the Technical Schools of Design, of which there are several in the country. What does he do then? He enters the office of an architect. In England this is considered a great privilege and has to be roundly paid for; but here no charge is exacted, and the student occasionally, though only for a short time, gives his services gratuitously to his employer. His first work will be what is called “inking.” The “plan” of a building is first made in pencil, for the reason that during the progress of the drawing erasures may have to be made. When the drawing is considered to be correct, the lines are “inked” over by the beginner with a ruling-pen. Under the direction of his employer, he will also be studying books on architectural construction. The best book on this subject is an English work, entitled “Notes on Building Construction,” in four volumes, three of which have been published. And here it may be said that the literature of architecture is vast. Some of the most useful books are in the French language; hence a knowledge of that language, or at least the ability to read it, is exceedingly desirable.

The boy’s progress will depend on his talent and industry. After a while he will be able to make a plan of a floor in a small house; then of several floors; then an “elevation,” which is a representation of the flat side of a building, drawn with mathematical accuracy, but without the slightest attention to effect; and from that he will gradually work into details and complete knowledge.



While working for his employer, and learning the theoretical part of his profession, he will not have had many opportunities, during the ordinary hours of business, to have seen work in the course of execution. These opportunities he must seize as best he can. His office hours will not be so late that he can not, if he is so disposed, find time to visit buildings in course of erection and see how the work is being done. For the architect is a sort of clerk of the works, and is obliged to see that the plan he has made is being carried out according to the specifications. He must obtain a knowledge of all the materials used in the construction of a building,—the wood, the stone, the iron, the plumbing pipes and fittings. All this seems quite formidable, but it is not a severe task. The information is picked up gradually during the progress of office work, and the effort in obtaining it will hardly be felt.

The question of what wages the student will have while he is in the office is a very difficult one to answer. There is no settled rate of pay for young men in such positions; the general rule seems to be to pay them what they are worth. One assistant may be making six or eight dollars a week, and another, in the same office, twenty dollars a week, both having been there the same length of time. It may be said, however, that after he has been in an architect's office for five years a young man, who has the proper talent and has been faithful to his work, should be earning from twenty-five to thirty dollars a week. If he has been indolent, he can not expect such wages. A prominent architect informed me that he had employed in his office men fifty years of age who were absolutely inaccurate in the simplest details of the art; because they had never taken the pains to *thoroughly* learn their profession.

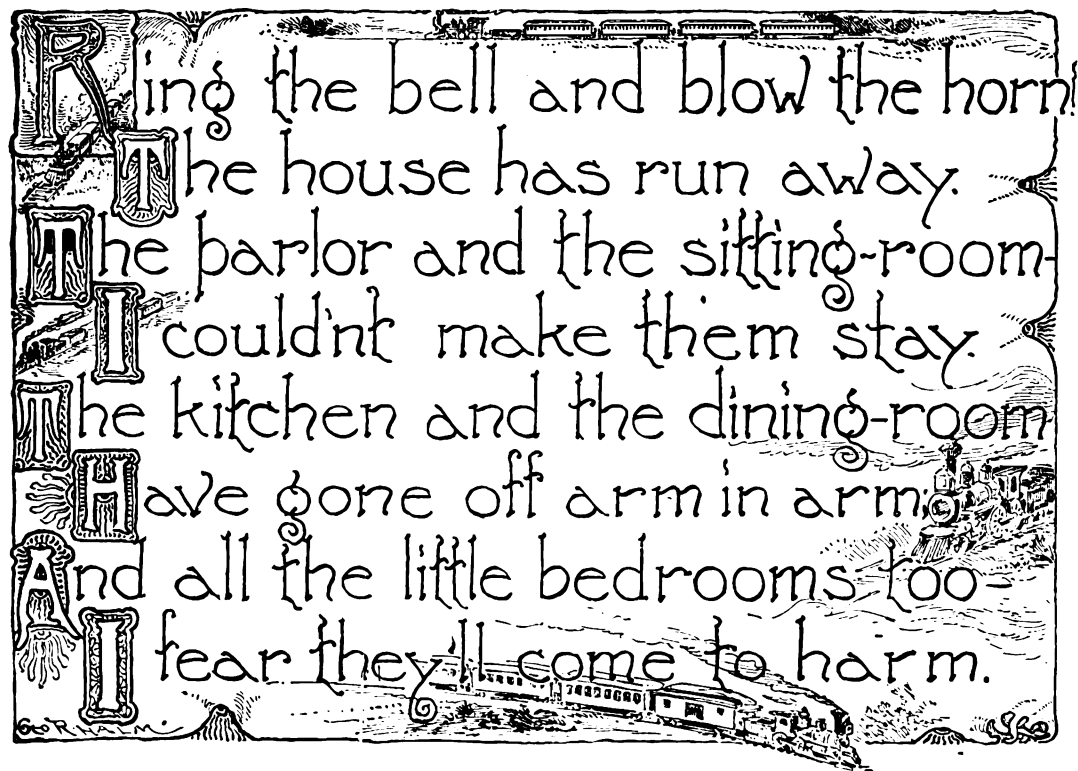
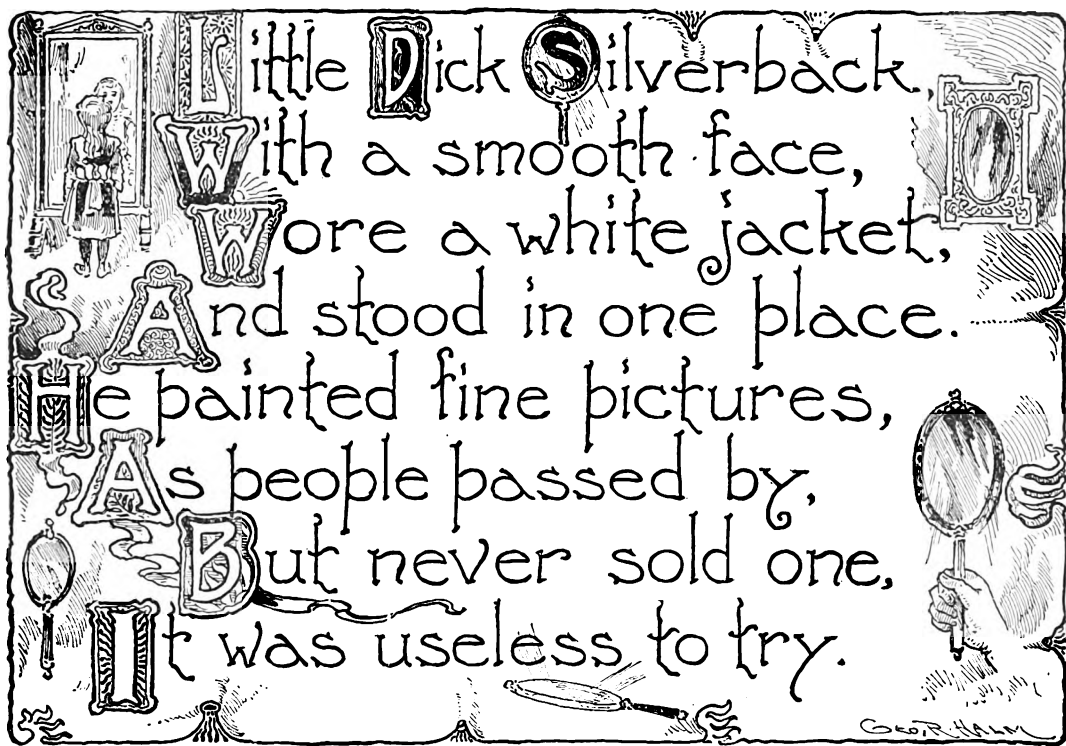
But the enterprising young architect will probably wish to open an office of his own. To do this successfully he must secure patrons through personal acquaintances and influential friends. When he starts, he will know something in regard to what he can depend upon. He has a certain circle of friends and acquaintances. From these he ought reasonably to expect a certain number of commissions, and, if he does good work, he will be recommended from one to another, until his services are in demand. No rule can be set down in such a case any more than in regard to a lawyer's or a doctor's practice. It all depends upon

the man and his surroundings. For some time, he will have to make plans of small private houses and private dwellings. When he has become the architect of some public building, and has designed a structure which not only pleases his employers, but attracts the attention of the general public, it may be safe to say that he is on the high road to pecuniary fortune.

For drawing the plan of a house to cost six or seven thousand dollars the architect receives from three hundred to three hundred and fifty dollars; in short, as a rule, his fee is five per cent. on the cost of the building. But upon buildings costing one hundred thousand dollars or more, the price paid the architect is usually a matter of special agreement.

During his early years, his greatest expense will be for books. As already stated, the literature of architecture is extensive and, it might be added, expensive; but books the young architect must have, and many of them. His capital lies as much in his head as in his fingers, and the more he knows, the better able will he be to do his work, and the better work will he be able to do. He must be a constant student. The taste of the public changes; new styles of building are demanded; new materials are introduced in their construction. A few years ago, terra cotta began to be extensively used in building, and forthwith all the architects had to make a special study of that article, which, as you know, plays an important part in some of the finest buildings in our large cities. The student must read also good periodicals relating to his profession, and, if possible, some of the French publications, which are very good.

If a young man fails in making at least a good living as an architect, it seems to me it must be through his own fault. From what I have said, he must see that the full knowledge for the profession is not easily acquired. It takes time, and a long time, to become proficient in it; but this will not deter a youth whose ambition and talent lie in that direction. "Some travelers," says Bishop Hall, "have more shrunk at the map than at the way; between both, how many stand still with their arms folded!" Once having started on your architectural journey, pursue it bravely, perseveringly, patiently, to the end. Above all, having made up your mind to be an architect, look to it that you do not stand with folded arms lingering by the way-side.





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The father of the two children had come to America, two years before, strong-hearted and hopeful,—poor fellow!—with his rosy-cheeked young wife and two chubby, round-eyed babies. But the rosy-cheeked young wife had died, and he was left all alone in a strange country with his two little children to keep and care for; and at first he had succeeded very fairly,—by tilling, scraping, and clearing the small patch of ground he owned. But at last came a year when, between the potato-bugs in the ground, and the chills and the fever in his own bones, he had a sorry time; and on Christmas Eve of that year, he had been more than a week in bed, aching in every joint, and perfectly helpless with the worst attack he had yet known.

The children, poor little things, were very good, and cared for him to the best of their small ability. Meenie was only five years old, but rather tall for her age,—indeed, she was quite as tall as Otto, who was six, and more helpful than many an American boy of twelve. He kept the fire bright with broken branches which he picked up, and fed his sister with bread and sausage as long as there was any with which to feed her. The father could eat nothing, and Otto munched his crusts dry. That night he had given Meenie the last bit of bread; there was not a crumb more in the cupboard, nor

## CHRISTMAS STARS.

BY A. TEMPLE BELLEW.

T a window, trying to count the stars in the Christmas sky, stood two little children. The little girl and the little boy had both been born in a far-away country called Germany; and the hut in which they were many, so smoky and was it within, and tered was it by trees but it was really in the New Jersey, and the waved bare branches above of the woods that crowned Orange Mountains.

of the two children had

a scrap of sausage, nor a penny with which to buy any. And if there had been heaps of pennies, Otto would not have known where to spend them, for their father did all their shopping, such as it was, at the village three miles away, and they themselves rarely stirred outside the woods.

The father turned in his sleep and muttered strange words, for the fever had mounted to his head. Meenie was frightened, so Otto took her to the window to count the stars, and, as they watched, a thought came into Otto's mind.

It was Christmas Eve—that he knew perfectly, for his father had been telling them about it continually for weeks before, and had even talked of it in his sleep during the last few days. And whenever he spoke of Christmas he would tell them the story of the wise men following the star until it led them to the manger where the little Christ child lay. He had heard it read and told so often by the good pastor of his little native village that the words had never lost themselves in his mind, and he was always able to repeat it, and in exactly the same way, every time they wanted to hear it; and it was of this story that Otto was thinking as they counted the stars. He wondered which star it was—it must have been that large bright one so nearly overhead; perhaps, if he were to follow it, he too might find the Christ child, and then all their troubles would be ended;—he might try at least.

"Meenie," he said,—in German, as he could not speak English,—*"I am going to follow that big star there, and see if I can find the little Christ child."*

"Yes, and Meenie will go too," answered Meenie, nodding her head with satisfaction.

"No, no, Meenie, it will be too cold, and you will be too tired."

But Meenie only smiled, and repeated, *"Meenie will go too!"* So Otto said no more.

He built up the fire with the largest sticks he could find, and placed a tin cup of water by his father's bedside, in case he should awake and be thirsty before their return; then he wrapped Meenie up in the queer, green, knitted scarf she always wore out-of-doors, and they crept from the house.

It was cold, cold, dreadfully cold! The sky was black and cold; the stars were shining and cold; and the wind came in long cold gusts that made the trees shudder, as if they missed their summer clothing. The snow was frozen so stiff on top that



Meenie's wooden shoes clattered upon it like a pair of castanets.

Watching the star and their own footsteps by turns, they made their way through the wood to the high-road; there the wind, having no trees to break its force, came howling down upon them and made Meenie whimper with cold. Otto chafed her fingers in his own cold little hands, and ran with her, to warm themselves; but the road was so slippery, packed hard by wagons and sleighs, that they were afraid of falling, and soon walked again. Whenever they looked up at the star, it beamed back at them, clear and steady.

"We are following it," said Otto, and Meenie nodded hopefully.

It was a long, bleak, dark tramp for two little children; a wearisome walk, even for grown people. Sometimes a sleigh would go jingling by, and once a man, spying the two small figures in the gloom, offered them a ride, but they did not understand, and were only frightened, and he drove on. Sometimes the road led through woods, sometimes it was uphill, sometimes downhill, and sometimes level; then came a sharp turn by an old quarry—oh, so dreary!

And then they saw the lights of a village sparkling in the hollow below them.

"Here are houses!" cried Otto—"a great many houses—watch where the star stops!"

They looked up at their guide, but a fleecy cloud, one of many drifting from the horizon, had hidden it from sight. "It is gone!" said Meenie in dismay.

"It has fallen to the ground," said Otto; "let us see where it is shining."

They looked eagerly at all the lights before them. One building seemed brighter than the rest; it was nearer to them, but that was not the reason,—it was really more full of light, which its many long windows

let out in a flood upon the snow. "It must be there," said Otto; "come, Meenie."

Holding fast to each other, they half ran, half slid down the hill, until they reached the open gate. There were steps to mount, a long flagged walk between the evergreens, more steps, and then a

swinging door. Otto pushed this open, and they found themselves in a perfect sea of children. Just then the lights went down, down; there was a burst of music, organ and childish voices singing:

"Ring out the bells for Christmas!"

At the same moment, there blazed forth at the farther end of the room a tree glorified to its top-most bough as with hundreds of stars.

Dazed by the light, the warmth, the music, and the tree with its stars, the two little Germans clung to each other, and stared at everything, half-frightened, all-bewildered. It was so strange and beautiful, the voices rising and falling softly, the air fragrant with the smell of pine and cedar, and the wonderful tree gleaming in the distance.

The music stopped, and some one began speaking near the tree; then there was a ripple in the sea of children, and a wave of little girls went up the room to the speaker, returning to their places with various bright-colored parcels. This was repeated with wave after wave, until Otto and Meenie became used to it, and almost ceased wondering at it; then they began to remember why they had taken the journey, and Meenie whispered: "Where is the Christ child?"

"I don't know. I am looking," answered Otto, peering anxiously about the room.

At the sound of their voices, an old gentleman, at whose heels they had been standing all the time, looked down at them through his big gold-rimmed spectacles, and said: "Hallo! Where did you come from, you queer little people?"

Otto could not understand, but felt that he was being questioned about something, and so explained why they had come out that evening. The old gentleman, in his turn, could not understand; he looked puzzled for a minute, then touched the shoulder of a young lady who was just in front of him, and said: "Belle, here's a chance for you to try your German."

The young lady turned with a rustle of silk.

"Oh, you dear little things!" she cried, kneeling down by the children and looking at them with eyes as brown and soft as her own seal-skin muff; then she said something to them in German, in which there seemed to be a great many "kins," and Otto eagerly responded.

"What is it, Belle?" questioned the old gentleman. Belle in a few quick words told him of the sick father, the empty cupboard, and the long cold journey to find the Christ child.

"Poor little things; poor little things!" said the old gentleman. "Here, Belle, I say, where's the candy or something? Here," seizing a gilded horn that dangled from her hand, "now little sloshkin, or whatever they call you, take this; I think you can understand that."

And while Meenie was "understanding it," he had an earnest talk, first with Belle, and then with an old lady, who came bustling up to them, and the result was that the two children presently found themselves tucked under buffalo robes in a soft-cushioned sleigh, being whisked along over the icy road, and next in a big room before a blazing fire, where the old gentleman fed them with all sorts of goodies, sweet and savory, until Belle and the old lady interfered out of regard for the children's lives; then they were again put in the sleigh, with the old gentleman, the young lady, the black driver, and quite a number of baskets and bundles.

Here the little wanderers fell asleep, and so they never noticed the long dark road over which they had so wearily journeyed before, nor the big soft star now disentangled from the cloud and shining clearly upon them again.

The black driver, who knew the way by more than one route, took a turn where there was a clearing in the woods, and so drove the sleigh almost up to the door of the "little Dutch house," as he called it.

The father had been dozing, waking, and dozing again, all unconscious of his children's absence; and now he became suddenly wide-awake, to find the room aglow with fire-light and candles, and a number of people bustling about; after one "*ach!*" of astonishment, he lay back, placidly staring at them in that big baby sort of content so peculiarly German, and at the loaves of bread, the plump hams, the pies, and the endless parcels that were being heaped on the table; at the old gentleman who felt his pulse, and gave him a powder to swallow; at the black man who filled one corner of the room with a pile of wood nearly half as high as himself; and finally at his own two little children, now fast asleep beside him, under the thick soft blankets which the young lady spread over them all, while she spoke words of kindness in his own tongue. Then his big blue eyes grew piteous instead of placid, and the tears came trickling down his hollow cheeks, whereupon the old gentleman immediately began to feed him with soup, and scold Belle for crying, as if the tears were not running down his own dear old face.

It was not until everything was placed so that Otto would have no trouble, the fire safely banked, and the father sleeping soundly, that the old gentleman and his party left the "little Dutch house."

The stars were gleaming frostily in the Christmas morning sky as they drove home, and as Belle looked up at the largest and brightest of them all, she promised herself that the little German boy and girl should never regret their long journey in search of the Christ child.

## AMONG THE LAW-MAKERS.\*

*(Recollections of a Page in the United States Senate.)*

BY EDMUND ALTON.



THE UNITED STATES POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT, AT WASHINGTON.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

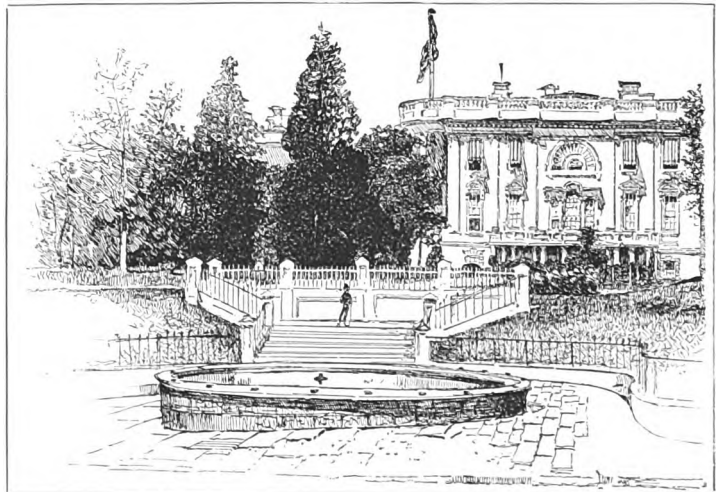
## THE CITY OF WASHINGTON, AND THE CAPITOL.

THE city of Washington, as the seat of our Federal Government, is of interest to all patriotic Americans. It is styled the City of Palaces, and the term is just; yet its architectural features do not surpass in beauty its natural loveliness, and it is called also the City of Magnificent Distances. Let us not end our record until we have noted a few of its attractions.

I shall imagine that I have encountered a young and sturdy tourist standing in the center of Judiciary Square, with a guide-book in his hand, not knowing which is north or which is south, or in what direction he ought to go. The first thing I do is to turn his face toward the west, so that he may "get his bearings," as the saying is. Upon his left is the City Hall, with its local

courts of justice; upon his right, the large brick Pension Building.

Leaving the park, we walk but the length of two short blocks, when we reach the marble headquarters of the Postmaster-General, occupy-



THE WHITE HOUSE, FROM NEAR THE TREASURY.

ing an entire square,—a building interesting from the outside, and equally interesting within, because

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of the curiosities collected in the Dead-letter division, and the army of clerks busily at work in the various rooms.

As we emerge through the northern door, we are at once confronted by the splendid Patent Office, with massive columns, lengthy corridors, expansive Model-room, and its array of glass cases filled with the creations of American ingenuity. This building covers twice as much ground as its neighbor across the way, and is the official home of the Secretary of the Interior, with a few of his subordinate officers, such as the Commissioners of Patents, of the General Land-office, and of Indian Affairs, and their hundreds of clerks. As the Secretary has not room here for all his immense force, the other bureaus, including those of Pensions, the Geological Survey, and the Census, are located elsewhere.

Continuing onward toward the west, we soon arrive at the Treasury Building, dingy and solemn in its external appearance, as seen from the Fifteenth street side, but very attractive when we reach the elegant Cash-room, and gaze from the gallery upon the Eldorado of wealth below. As we can not get any of it, however, without a law of Congress, there is no need to stop and trouble Secretary or Treasurer.

Passing out upon the northern steps, we see on the opposite side of the street the Department of

same side as the Treasury, is the Executive Mansion, or "White House," with its East-room, Red-room, Blue-room, and other historic apartments. This is the place to find the President, and to apply to him for almost anything, from an office to an autograph.

Passing by the conservatory, and leaving the White House grounds by the western gate, and glancing, as we go, at the equestrian statue to the north, we appear before the edifice dedicated to the uses of the three Departments,—the State, the War, and the Navy.

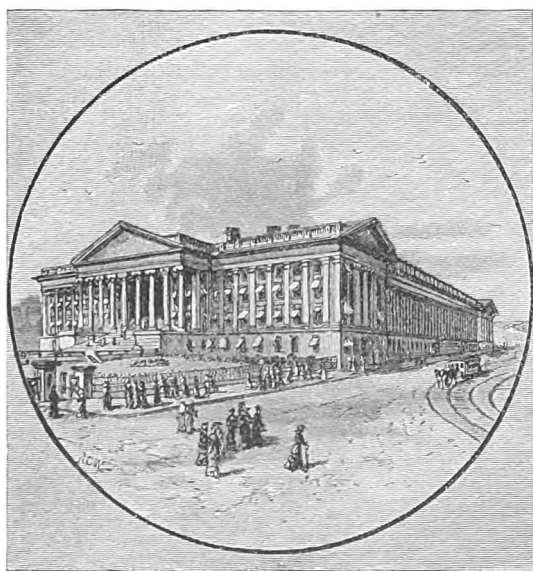
This completes the tour of the Executive Departments; so, if we wish, we may take our way, like the course of empire, a few streets further westward, and visit the National Observatory, where, by the wonderful telescope, we can get a good look at the Man in the Moon.

Within full view of the White House, and but five-minutes' walk to the south, is the Obelisk, or Washington Monument. Of course our young tourist goes there, and perhaps enters the elevator and takes a voyage up, up, up, for more than five hundred feet. When he is up there, of course, there is nothing to do but to take a look at the surrounding country through the "peep-holes," and then come down.

Having reached the bottom, the nearest building of consequence is the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, where the Government makes its paper money. Passing through the adjoining square, belonging to the Department of Agriculture, we cross a street, and enter the grounds of the Smithsonian Institute,—the abode of mummies and stuffed boa-constrictors, and other queer creatures. Here our friend may revel in curiosities to his heart's content. He may enter either the Institute or the building on the other side, which goes by the name of the National Museum.

Leaving this, he soon reaches the Botanical Gardens, where he sees further curiosities in the shape of exotic plants and flowers. As he quits this last inclosure, there looms up before his eyes the Capitol. With a few steps he enters the sacred precincts of its grounds. I call them sacred, for they are. The building and its surrounding park are not under the control of the city authorities, but are governed immediately by the two Houses of Congress, with their special officers of police. By "city authorities," I mean the officers of the municipal government, which, as I have told you, is entirely subject to the will of Congress.

Of course, he has not seen all the offices in which the executive affairs of the Government are con-



THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

Justice,—the brown-colored hiding-place of the Attorney-General, and the Court of Claims.

Within a stone's-throw, to the west, and on the

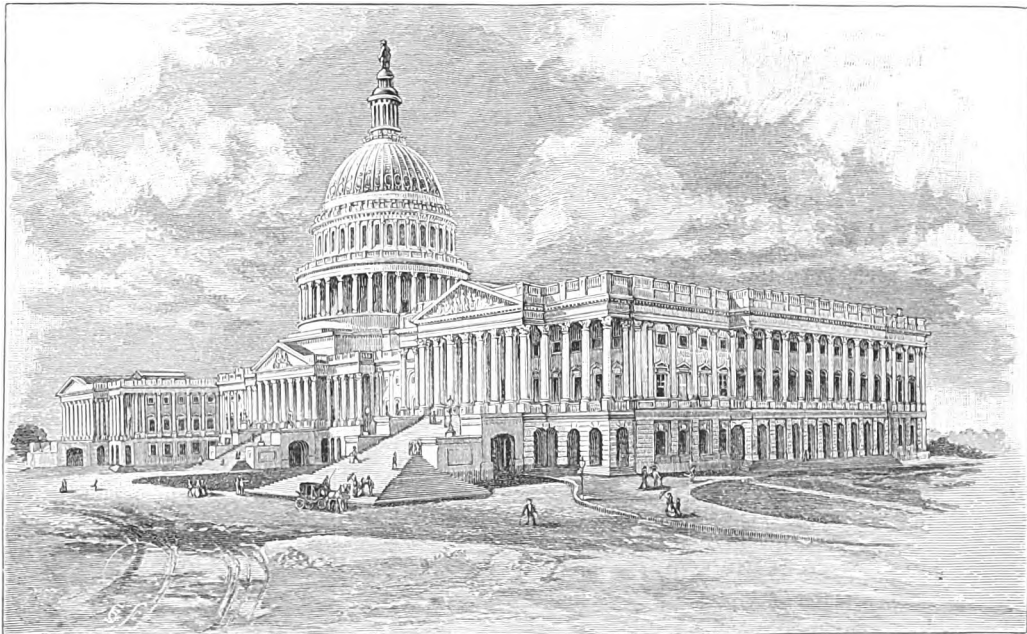


ducted. Neither has he visited all the points of interest which he ought to visit. The outskirts of the city, with their natural scenery, are a realm of delight. Far over upon the eastern hills of the Potomac is the beautiful Asylum for the Insane. At the extreme end of the city is the Government Arsenal. Farther on, around the Eastern Branch, is the Navy Yard; farther still is the Congressional Cemetery. Due north of the Capitol is the dreary-looking building presided over by the public printer. On the hills above is the Soldiers' Home; and it would be well for the sight-seer to take a jaunt into its woods, if for no other purpose than to gaze through the long vista of trees, and

If I could persuade him, he would, upon recrossing the river, pursue his journey beyond the Georgetown Heights, and look at the reservoir, the chain bridge, the still more wonderful Cabin John Bridge, and the great falls of the Potomac.

If he prefer the works of art to the works of nature, he may find some entertainment in the city. The Executive Buildings contain portraits of the presidents and cabinet officers of our history; and there is the Corcoran Gallery of Art, with choice paintings and sculpture.

But we may as well assume that the fatigued young tourist has not taken my advice, but has remained stubbornly at the Botanical Gardens.



THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON. (EAST FRONT.)

see the Capitol perched in the little opening at the end — a lovely picture set in a velvet drapery of leaves.

If our young friend have a horse, I advise him not to return from the Home without taking a ride along the bridle-paths of Rock Creek on the west; if not a lover of nature, he may as well go a few miles in the other direction, and tramp over the famous dueling-ground of Bladensburg. But he really ought to cross through the city and over the river to Arlington Heights, and go through the National Cemetery, with its thousands of white slabs marking the resting-place of the heroes of our war, and the pathetic monument reared to the memory of "The Unknown Dead."

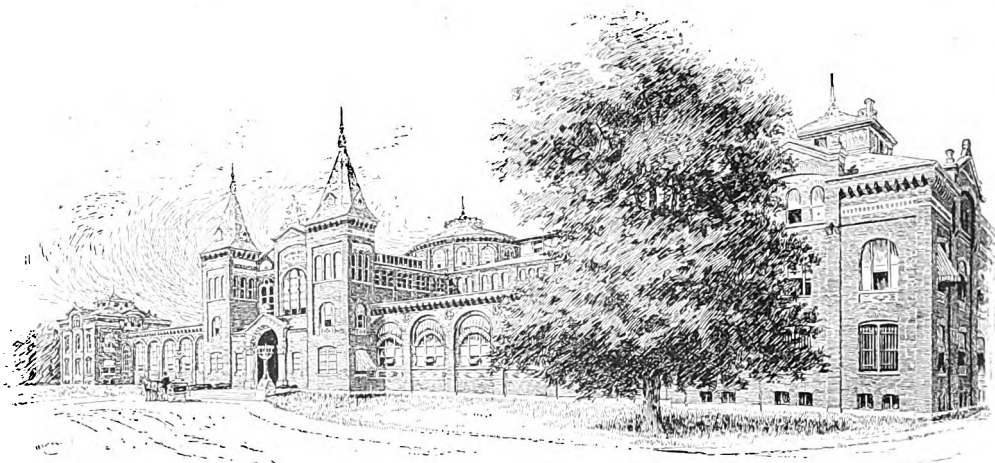
Entering the Capitol walk, till recently shaded by arching trees, he comes upon the statue of Chief-Justice Marshall, at the foot of the terrace.

Before he begins the ascent of the steps of the Capitol, he should observe the grand colonnades on the three porticoes; if he wishes to see more, he will find them on the northern, southern, and western balconies. And before entering the Rotunda, he may well pause to inspect the figures on the bronze doors.

On the walls of the Rotunda are some large framed pictures, representing the "Pilgrim Fathers" on their way to this country, the "Baptism of Pocohontas," the "Surrender of Cornwallis," and other incidents in American history. Higher up

on the walls is a frescoed circle, illustrative of certain epochs in our country's career. At the top is the canopy, where the visitor sees General Washington and the thirteen States, with an angel blowing a horn. I presume it stands for Fame. In the

building. I take my companion up another bronze staircase, and bring him into the President's room at its head. From this I take him into the Senate lobby and Marble Room, where he may notice, as in the President's room, the indefinite multiplica-



THE NATIONAL MUSEUM. (FRONT VIEW.)

groups surrounding this central assembly, he may discover figures resembling other men well known in the annals of the nation.

In another moment we are in the old Hall of Representatives, with its many statues and its two mosaic portraits. I confess that I am not very fond of all the works of art about the Capitol. I shall take the liberty to pass them by in silence. I ought, however, to praise the figure of History, standing in her marble chariot, with her book of record before her. One of the interesting features of the room is its "echoes"; by putting his ear to the wall, the listener can hear everything that is said by the people passing through the Hall, even to a faint whisper. Another amusing pastime is to try to discover faces and figures in the *breccia* columns.

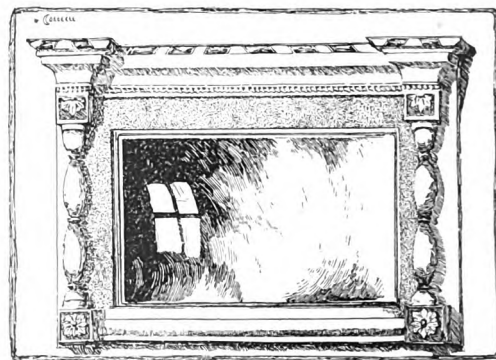
A few steps farther, and we enter the present Hall of Representatives, containing a few pictures. Without pausing to look at them, we pass into the lobby and reception-room, and find the walls decorated with the portraits of the many Speakers who have, in the past, presided over the House.

Leaving the House lobby near the Speaker's room, and descending the bronze staircase, we pass around through the long colonnade on the floor below, and soon reach a circular room filled with the pillars that support the Rotunda. Having passed this, we reach the Senate wing of the

tion of rooms, caused by the reflections of the opposite mirrors.

Again going into the lobby, we turn to the left and look into the Vice-President's room. An object of interest here is the little looking-glass purchased many years ago,—a purchase denounced by the senators as an act of reckless extravagance!

Turning to the right, we step from the lobby



THE OLD MIRROR IN THE VICE-PRESIDENT'S ROOM.

into the Senate Chamber. It contains no paintings, but if my companion is like the average sight-seer he will mount the steps and sit in the

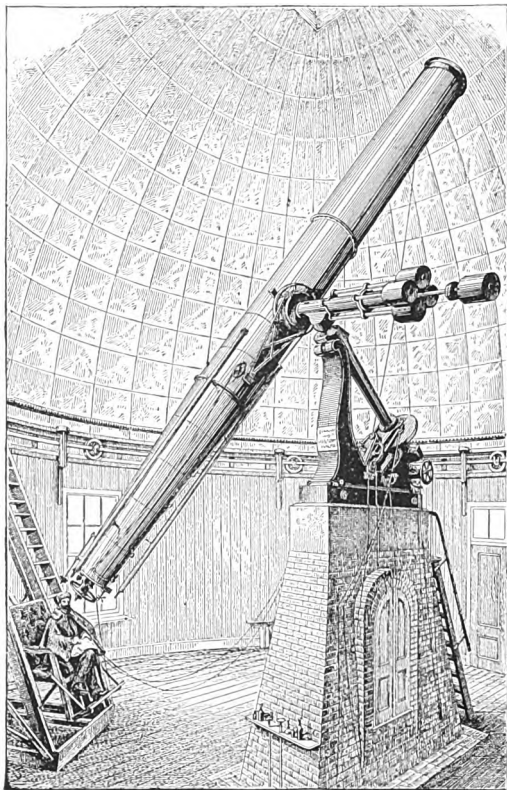
chair of the Vice-President, and handle the historic little gavel that has descended with the memories of former times to the senators of to-day. He may also look at the little snuff-boxes, not quite so old, but playing as important a part in the traditional lore of that body. Near Captain Bassett's chair is another box, containing an instrument that puts in motion the "automatic pages." This is a new contrivance of electric wires, after the fashion of the fire and messenger alarms, and saves the human pages much labor in "hunting up" senators on a call of the yeas and nays, or when their presence is wanted for anything else. The wires connect with all the committee-rooms and other places frequented by the law-makers; and by one, two, three, or four turns of the machine, a tinkle is set up all over the Senate wing, signaling to the senators exactly what is being done. If curious, the stranger may wander into the cloak-rooms and imagine how the law-makers make themselves comfortable when a tedious talker is occupying the floor in the Chamber.

Making our exit by way of the eastern door, and taking a glance into the Reception Room, and perhaps walking out to the bronze doors, we turn to the right and pause at the steps leading to the ladies' gallery. Midway up the stairs, is a representation of the battle on Lake Erie, and on the floor above there are some other pictures.

Walking around the gallery corridor, and noticing upon the doors the sections reserved for the executive officers, diplomatic corps, and families of congressmen, we descend the staircase opposite to that we have just ascended.

At the foot of the steps, and in the same relative position as the statue of Franklin, is a statue of John Hancock, whose bold signature on the Declaration of Independence is familiar to the world.

Half-way up these stairs is a representation (or an alleged representation) of the battle of Chapultepec. Of this painting I do not know what to say. It is mystifying to most spectators. No one knows what the different soldiers are about. They seem to be going in all directions. There are several horsemen in the battle, but one always struck my fancy. He is on a fiery steed, and is apparently leading some gallant and desperate charge. It used to trouble me, when a page, for I was very anxious to know what general it represented. I never knew until recently. During the last special session of the Senate, the galleries were almost daily cleared for the transaction of executive business, guards being stationed at the steps to prevent persons from entering. One day



THE GREAT TELESCOPE IN THE NATIONAL OBSERVATORY.

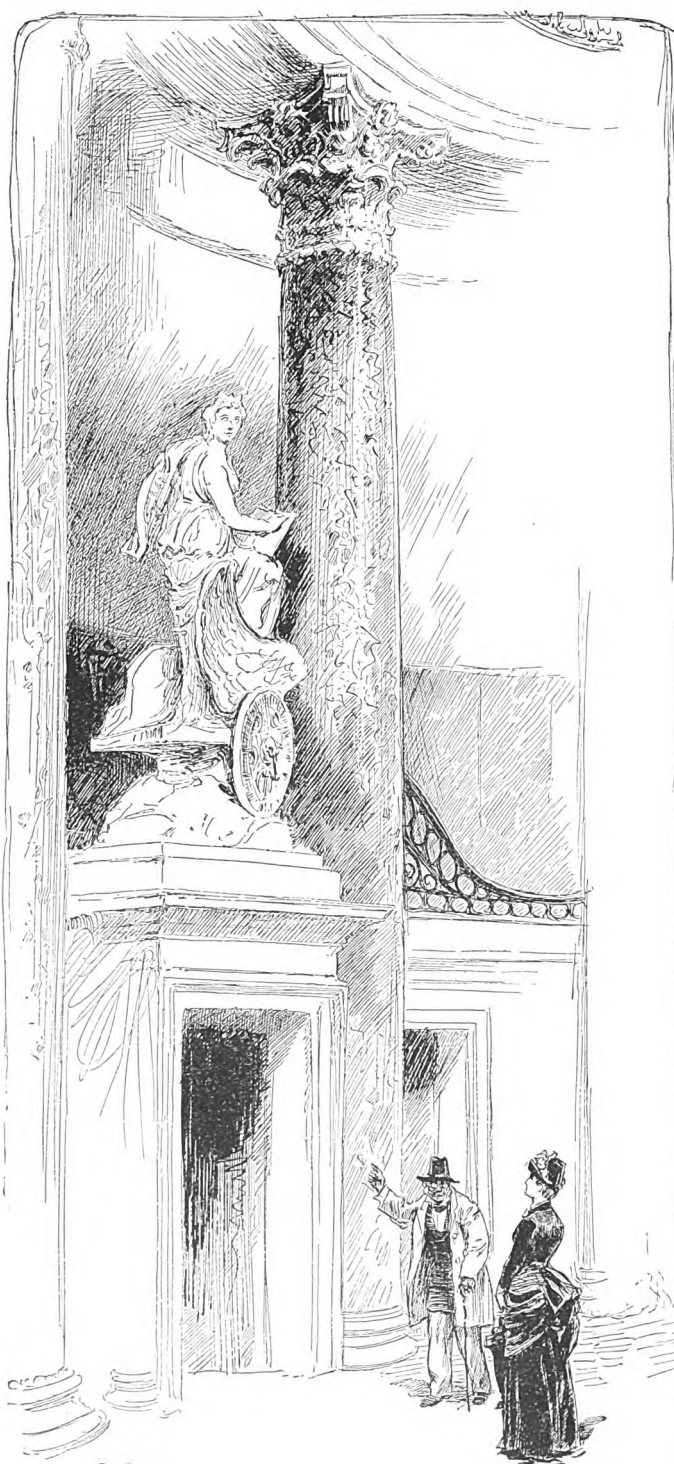
a little fat man came into this place, and, with a grand gesture and a funny brogue, called the attention of the guards to the picture.

"Do you see *that man on that horse?*" he asked, pointing to the gallant charger. "Well, *I am that man!*"

Saying which he slapped himself forcibly on his chest, and pompously disappeared. He repeated this performance on several succeeding days, but did not give his name — simply saying:

"*I am that man!*"

Continuing the descent of the stairs to the subterranean regions, I show my friend the coal cellars and other dismal places where the pages delighted to roam, and also the heating and ventilating apparatus, with its donkey engines and huge fan that sends air up to the Senate. And on the way up I stop at a dark little room and hint vaguely at its contents. I can not enter, because Captain Bassett has the key. But I have been in it in times gone by, and know some of its mysteries. There is perhaps more valuable bric-à-brac in it than in all the rest of the entire building — the exclusive property of the Captain. What he particularly prizes is one of the old lamps used



W.A. RICHES.  
MARBLE STATUE, "HISTORY,"  
IN THE OLD HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES.

when the Senate met in its old quarters. The Chamber was then lighted in the style of the eighteenth century. Lamps were fastened to the desks of the Vice-President and Secretary; and on each senator's desk rested a candle. These candles were of sufficient length to burn through half a night, but at the opening of a door a draught would extinguish them. Captain Bassett was one of the two pages then employed, and he had to be constantly answering such calls as, "Here, page, light my candle!" and "Here, page, snuff my candle!" from such men as Daniel Webster and Henry Clay.

Returning to the principal story, we pass around the south side of the Senate to the central corridor, observing opposite the main entrance to the Senate a venerable clock that, being too tall for the shelf, has stood many years on the floor.

A short distance down the corridor we reach the old Senate Chamber, which, as I have told you in a previous chapter, is now occupied by the Supreme Court.

Passing onward, just before we come to the Rotunda, is a door which I open to show the way to the Dome. The ascent is very complicated. We first wind around some iron steps, then enter a cold stone passage and go up other steps, and finally emerge upon an iron walk, in the open air, from which the pages used to clamber out upon the roof. As a visitor is not permitted to do this, however, we continue the journey up some more winding iron steps, and finally reach a door where we pause for a moment to catch breath. Grasping the iron railing, we assist ourselves to the top of a steep flight, and reach a grateful landing where, for the first time, we look down into the Rotunda. We may also go outside and wander on the "battlements."

But we have not yet reached our destination. Up, up, we go, the stairs becoming steeper and

steeper. Stopping occasionally to rest and to view the huge braces and iron net-work that support the Dome, we attain the gallery. We amuse ourselves for a while by looking down from the immense height upon the people on the floor, and also try the whispering properties of the place. Then we continue our climb, pass above the canopy, and, as further ascent is barred by the gate leading to the chandelier which lights the Dome, and immediately beneath the Goddess of Liberty, we go out upon the balcony. This is the pinnacle! I have described a view from it on a summer night. But it is as grand by day as it is entrancing by the light of the moon and stars.

From this extreme height, it is proper to go to the extreme depth; so I hurry the young tourist down and take him to a spot hundreds of feet

If our young friend should wish to see the laws made by Congress since the beginning of the Government (in round numbers, fifteen thousand), I may take him into the Law Library, and show him the statutes-at-large. If he should wish to judge of the amount of discussion expended by the legislators during a century, I should escort him to the Senate Library, and point out hundreds of heavy *Journals, Globes, and Records*. If he should wish more information as to the performances of the law-makers, I have only to show him the Document Rooms, and study the amazed look upon his countenance as he gazes about him. Room after room is literally filled with the bills and other measures that have been introduced.

Next in order, our young friend may well visit the Library of Congress, with its myriad of books.



IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL.

below. This is the crypt, designed for the sepulture of the remains of Washington—a small oblong vault two stories below the Rotunda floor, and exactly in the center of the building. For more than half a century a light was kept burning in this place, guarded by an officer. This custom was not abandoned until after the Civil War, when the office of Keeper of the Crypt was finally abolished.

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There he will find works of sage, humorist, novelist, scientist, and poet, all mixed up in grand confusion,—books of archæology, philosophy, and travels, fiction, music, poetry, and statistics,—all helter-skelter, here, there, and everywhere,—on the floors, on the railings, on the steps, and in the windows, wherever the ingenuity of the librarian could make room for them to lodge in the ex-



tensive domain over which he presides. And yet, with all his economy, he has not space to hold them all. They clog the steps of the tourist on the floor below, they obstruct the passage

building! And there, in the circular space surrounding the crypt, in a part of the room devoted to broken statuary and the night councils of the pages, he has had to seek temporary shelter for the books; and there, within a short while, unless Congress shall speedily come to his relief, this series of mine, having now been nearly finished, is perhaps destined to be entombed!

Such are a few of the wonders of the Capitol. I leave the young tourist to find the other points of interest by himself.

If he has entered the city by way of the Potomac, the first object that met his

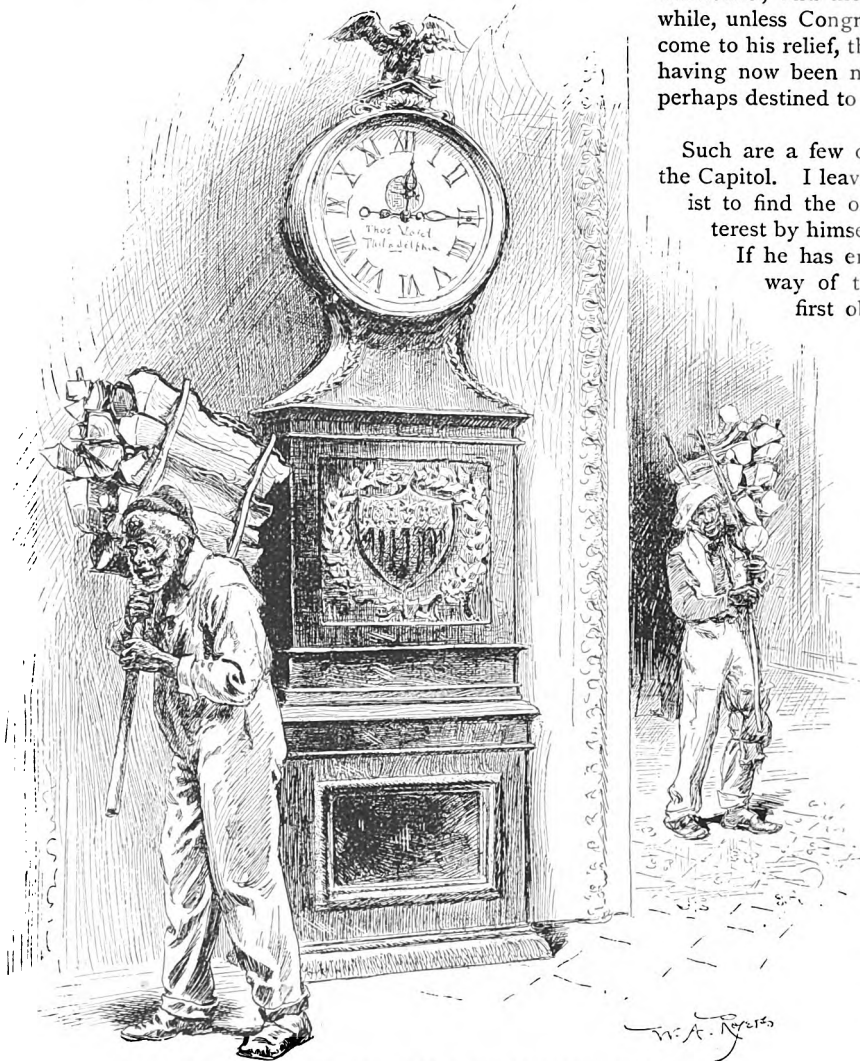
view, as the boat, having passed Mount Vernon, turned the bend in the river, was the Washington Monument in the distance; the second was the Capitol. Leaving it in the evening by the railway, as the cars pass the eastern branch and the bend of the road, those same two objects are the last in sight.

And as he travels rapidly away, and watches the dark form of the Goddess of Liberty — yet more like a

of the officials when traversing the galleries above. In his desperation, the librarian has cried out to Congress to give him a decent repository for his books; but Congress has, for years, done nothing but smile at his perplexity. Crowded from shelf to floor, from floor to wall, he has finally been driven to the very dungeons of the

beautiful star in its transit than an eclipsing planet — sweep slowly and gracefully across the face of the spotless and loftier shaft beyond, he will, if a sensitive and reflective young fellow, carry with him a pleasant remembrance of the Federal city he has visited, and will realize, better than before, the grandeur of the authority centered there.

(To be continued.)



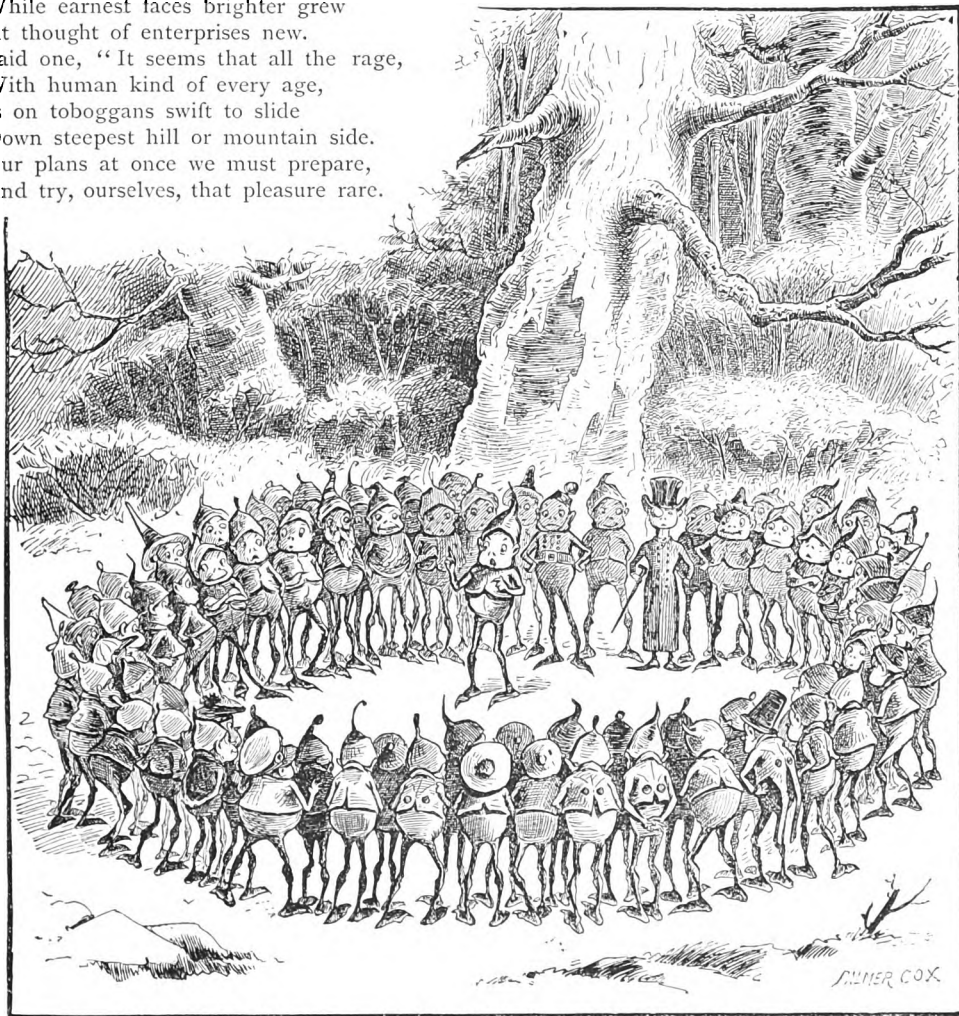
THE OLD CLOCK IN THE CORRIDOR, NEAR THE ENTRANCE TO THE SENATE.

## THE BROWNIES TOBOGGANING.

BY PALMER COX.

ONE evening, when the snow lay white  
 On level plain and mountain height,  
 The Brownies mustered, one and all,  
 In answer to a special call.  
 All clustered in a ring they stood  
 Within the shelter of the wood,  
 While earnest faces brighter grew  
 At thought of enterprises new.  
 Said one, "It seems that all the rage,  
 With human kind of every age,  
 Is on toboggans swift to slide  
 Down steepest hill or mountain side.  
 Our plans at once we must prepare,  
 And try, ourselves, that pleasure rare.

We'll not depend on other hands  
 To satisfy these new demands;  
 The merchants' wares we'll let alone  
 And make toboggans of our own;  
 A lumber-yard some miles from here  
 Has seasoned lumber all the year.



We might enough toboggans find  
 In town, perhaps, of every kind,  
 If some one chanced to know where they  
 Awaiting sale are stowed away."  
 Another spoke, "Within us lies  
 The power to make our own supplies;

There pine and cedar may be found,  
 Like ancient castles, piled around.  
 Some boards are thick and some are thin,  
 But all will bend like sheets of tin.  
 At once we'll hasten to the spot,  
 And, though a fence surrounds the lot,





That should they turn, as turn they might,  
They'd keep the downward course aright;  
They fashioned some for three or four,  
And some to carry eight or more,  
While some were made to take a crowd  
And room for half the band allowed.

We'll often muster on the height,  
And make the most of every night,  
Until the rains of spring descend  
And bring such pleasures to an end."

Before the middle watch of night,  
The Brownies sought the mountain height,  
And down the steepest grade it showed  
The band in wild procession rode;  
Some lay at length, some found a seat;  
Some bravely stood on bracing feet;  
But trouble, as we understand,  
Oft moves with pleasure, hand in hand,  
And even Brownies were not free  
From evil snag or stubborn tree  
That split toboggans like a quill,  
And scattered riders down the hill.  
With pitch and toss and plunge they  
flew;  
Some skimmed the drifts, some tunneled  
through,  
Then out across the frozen plain  
At dizzy speed they shot amain,  
Through splintered rails and flying gates  
Of half a dozen large estates;  
Until it seemed that ocean wide  
Alone could check the fearful ride.

And thus until the stars had waned,  
The sport of coasting was maintained.  
Then, while they sought with lively race,  
In deeper woods a hiding-place,  
"How strange," said one, "we never tried  
Till now the wild toboggan ride!  
But since we've proved the pleasure fine  
That's found upon the steep incline,



## WHY CO-RA-LIE WAS ILL.

MAY could not see why her dol-ly daugh-ter should feel ill. She had been well e-nough the night be-fore, but that morn-ing, Mam-ma May said she found her dar-ling in a high fe-ver, with a bad head-ache. May took her up, be-cause Co-ra-lie nev-er could bear to stay in bed; and she gave her a dose of wa-ter, out of a bot-tle, to cure the fe-ver. Then she made some gin-ger-bread pills, and gave Co-ra-lie a pill ev-er-y hour through the day. But when night came, the doll was no bet-ter, and Mam-ma May said to *her* moth-er, "I must sit up all night! The dear child must not be left a-lone." "Why not put her crib on the ta-ble be-side your bed," said her moth-er. "You would not take cold then." "Yes, I sup-pose that would do," said May. "But of course I shall not sleep a *wink*, Mam-ma!" "Oh no!" said her moth-er. "Of course you will not." So May put Co-ra-lie to bed, and tucked her up nice-ly, and then she set the crib close to her own bed, and put on one of Aunt Sue's night-caps, be-cause nurses al-ways wore them: and then she went to bed her-self. She tried hard to keep a-wake. But by and by her eyes hurt her, and though she was not a bit sleep-y, she shut them for a few min-utes, just to rest them. Pret-ty soon she heard a lit-tle noise, and thought she saw—what do you think? she thought she saw Co-ra-lie out of bed, and slid-ing down the leg of the ta-ble. May thought that the doll was walk-ing in her sleep. "I must not wake her too quick-ly!" she said to her-self, "for she might go cra-zy." But Co-ra-lie real-ly *looked* very wide a-wake. She ran straight to the lit-tle drawer where Mam-ma May kept her good-ies, and she took out the box of can-dy that Un-cle Jack had sent a few days be-fore, and then she be-gan to eat as fast as she could. It did not seem as if a doll *could* eat so fast. Then May was an-gry. "You wick-ed doll!" she cried. "You greed-y, bad child! No won-der you are sick! I'm sure you ought to be!"—Just then in came her moth-er with a lamp, to see what was the mat-ter. "Mam-ma," cried May, "I know now why Co-ra-lie is sick! She has been eat-ing my can-dy!" "What do you mean, dear?" said her moth-er. "Here is poor Co-ra-lie in bed, fast a-sleep. And where is your can-dy? I thought you had put it a-way." May looked and looked, and, sure enough, there was Co-ra-lie in bed: and no can-dy was to be seen. "Well, Mam-ma," said May, at last, "it is real-ly ver-y strange. I just shut my eyes for a few min-utes to rest them. You know I told you, Mam-ma, that I should not sleep a *wink*." "Yes," said her moth-er; "I know you did."





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

AH, but my birds were happy last year, on a day late in the bright December! That dear Little School-ma'am had told the children of the red school-house about some good little German *kinder* who made dainty sheaves of full wheat, and, tying them to a high pole, set it up as a Christmas feast for the birds,—and how the birds from every quarter soon plunged into it with delight, and in their turn chirped a happy Christmas carol for the children.

Well, hearing about all this, what did my blessed children of the red school-house do, when Christmas was near, but set up in the very snow a fine affair like a May-pole, excepting that it held out long chains of golden wheat—And that was the secret of the chirping and chattering and flutters of delight, among my birds.

And now for this item about

#### LIFE IN A SNOWFLAKE.

DEAR JACK: I send you this account from a newspaper which may interest your boys and girls.

Yours truly, C. E.

"Some imaginative and wonderfully learned German scholars tell us that every snowflake is inhabited by happy little beings, who begin their existence, hold their revels, live long lives of happiness and delight, die and are buried, all during the descent of the snowflake from the world of clouds to the solid land. These scholars also tell us that every square foot of air possesses from twelve to fifteen million of more or less perfect little beings, and that at every ordinary breath we destroy a million, more or less, of these happy lives. The sigh of a healthy lover is supposed to swallow up about fourteen million. They insist that the dust, which will, as all know, accumulate in the most secure and secret places, is merely the remains of millions and billions of these little beings who

have died of old age. All this, of course, is mere guess-work. But I do know that the snow in some parts of the world is thickly inhabited. I have seen new snow in Idaho black with little insects. People there call them snow-fleas. They are as lively as possible, and will darken your footprints, walk as fast as you may. They are found only on the high mountains, and only in very fresh and very deep snow. They, of course, do not annoy you in any way. They are infinitely smaller than the ordinary flea, but they are not a whit less lively in their locomotion."

#### A DEER AS A WATCH-DOG; BAKED MATCHES; AND OTHER QUEER THINGS.

If you don't believe it, dearly beloved, just read this letter that has come all the way from South America.

PARÁ, October 21st, 1885.

DEAR JACK: I wonder whether you have ever had a letter from Brazil or the Amazon River.

I am a little girl who lives at Pará, near the great river, and in a country house near the town. We sometimes have many strange and pretty birds and animals in our garden—parrots, guaras, large turtles, sloths, and monkeys. Once we had a tame deer that was just like a watch-dog, only instead of barking he would run against people with his horns. So he had to be fastened, like any savage dog.

We also had two peacocks that slept at night in the branches of a high tree. The bats pestered them greatly. When the peacocks came down for their meal, very late in the morning, they looked tired and weak. So ever after, a night-lamp was hung in the tree to frighten the bats away.

I will tell you a story I once heard of what happened to Mr. Agassiz when he was here, many years ago. He used to put his "specimens,"—as he called his beetles, insects, and other little scientific findings,—into a barrel of rum in order to preserve them. One day Mr. Agassiz received a present of a very nice little monkey, and told his black servant to take it home. He, supposing it was for the same purpose as were the "specimens," dumped it also into the barrel. Mr. A. was indeed very sorry and vexed about it.

You know we have two seasons here—the wet and the dry. In the wet season everything gets damp and moldy. We even have to *bake* the matches in the oven, or else they won't light quickly. Now I must say good-bye.

Your little friend and admirer,

AMY E. S.

#### THE CARJOLE.

LAST month the Little School-ma'am told us about the pastures of Norway and now she sends you another message concerning the carjole peculiar to that cold, queer country. The name carjole sounds like some sort of humorous bird; but the little lady says it is simply the national and peculiar carriage of Norway. The carjole is drawn by one small and always very sober horse, and it is just like a spoon on wheels. You sit in the bowl, and it is a tight fit. Your legs stretch out straight along the handle, as though you were sitting in the bottom of a canoe. The end of the handle is turned up to brace your feet, and there you are, filling the inside full. You either may drive yourself or be driven by a small child, perched somehow on the outside. The harness is made up largely of rope, and the carjole, according to the Little School-ma'am, looks as if it were made of fragments saved from Noah's ark, or picked out of the wreck of Pharaoh's chariots. But the whole affair is strong, and takes you safely to your destination.

## AN AFRICAN NEW-YEAR'S CARD.

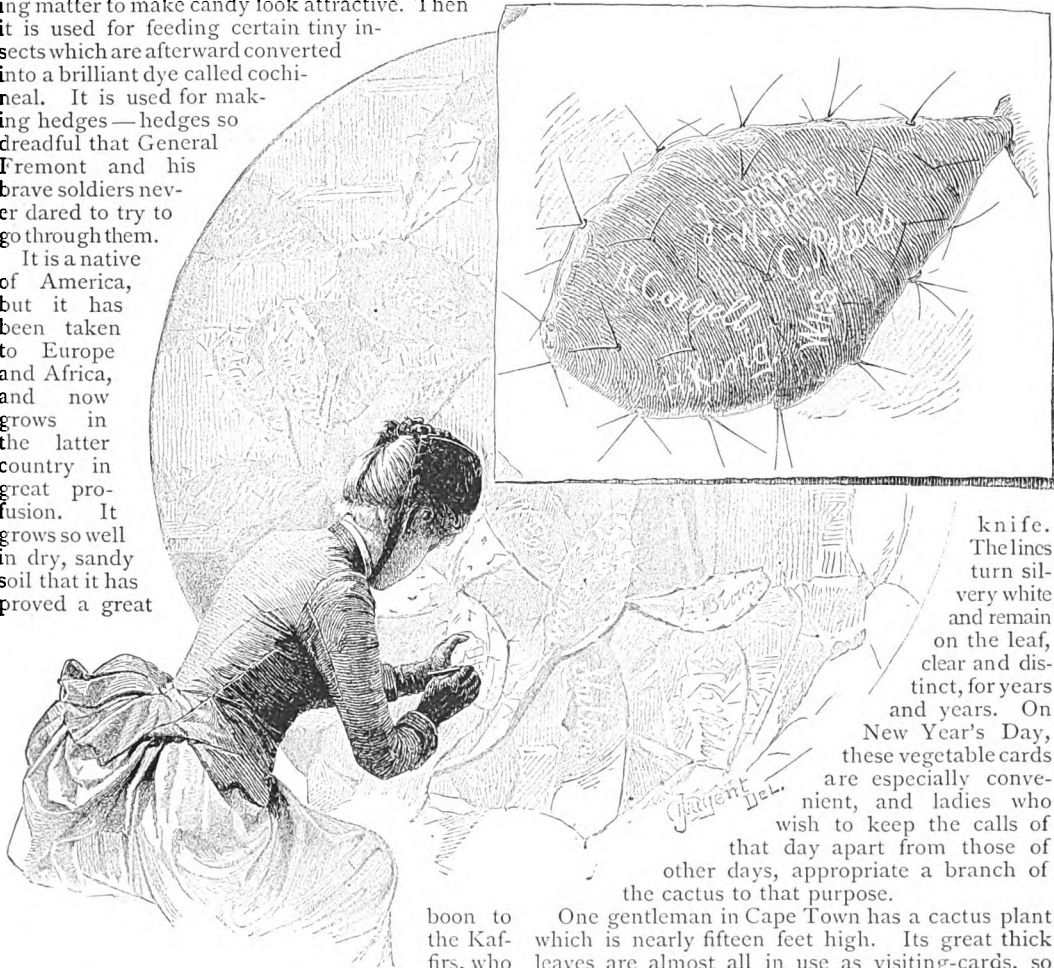
DEAR JACK: Of course all your boys and girls know what the cactus is—a green, grotesque-looking plant, almost covered with sharp spines and bearing a most gorgeous flower; but I am sure they do not know all of the uses to which the cactus can be put, nor do I believe that the most ingenious guesses could come near to the truth.

Take the prickly pear, for example. From one species is obtained a beverage called colinche, a liquid used in water-color painting, and a coloring matter to make candy look attractive. Then it is used for feeding certain tiny insects which are afterward converted into a brilliant dye called cochineal. It is used for making hedges—hedges so dreadful that General Fremont and his brave soldiers never dared to try to go through them.

It is a native of America, but it has been taken to Europe and Africa, and now grows in the latter country in great profusion. It grows so well in dry, sandy soil that it has proved a great

thick leaves covered with spines as sharp as needles! But, wait a moment. The leaves of the particular kind of cactus so used are not very prickly, and, moreover, they are not carried about, but are left growing on the plant, which stands at the foot of the front steps.

When a lady calls she has only to draw out one of those ever ready hat pins, with which ladies are always provided, and with the sharp point scratch her name on the glossy, green surface of a leaf. A gentleman generally uses the point of his pen-



seasons of drought, almost live on the prickly fruit, while hungry cattle will greedily eat the leaves. As for the ostrich, it simply revels in dainty morsels of cactus-leaf bristling with sharp spines.

But, after all, the oddest use of the cactus prevails in Cape Town, South Africa, where its leaves are made to serve the purpose of visiting-cards. Fancy carrying about in your coat-pocket a lot of

boon to the Kaf-firs, who often, in

One gentleman in Cape Town has a cactus plant which is nearly fifteen feet high. Its great thick leaves are almost all in use as visiting-cards, so that he has a complete and lasting record of his visitors. It cannot be said that this practice adds to the beauty of the plant, but then it is oddity and not beauty that is desired in such cases.

There is one cactus, not so plentiful as that just described, which is of a very accommodating character. It not only has smooth leaves, but the spines it has are so large and stiff that they can be used as pens for writing on the leaves.

Yours truly,

J. R. C.

## EDITORIAL NOTE.

## THE GORDON BOYS' HOME IN LONDON.

*To the Boys & Girl Readers of St Nicholas in England & America  
and Tennyson's best wishes*

OUR older readers are no doubt familiar, through the newspapers, with the leading incidents in the career of that brave and philanthropic English General, Charles George Gordon, whose adventurous and helpful life came to a close in the Soudan, last winter. Lord Tennyson has sent to the readers of *ST. NICHOLAS*, with the above personal greeting in his own handwriting, an announcement of a proposed charitable institution in London, which is to be established as a memorial of General Gordon.

Among the many philanthropic thoughts that animated the British hero was a desire to help, in some practical way, the poor boys of overcrowded London. And the committee having the memorial in charge wisely concluded that in no better manner could they honor his memory and perpetuate his unselfish devotion than in founding an institution that should rescue English boys of the poorer classes from the criminal influences amid which so many grow to manhood in that vast metropolis.

Lord Tennyson, to whom General Gordon had often expressed his benevolent wish, Archdeacon Farrar, and other distinguished Englishmen whose names are familiar on both sides of the sea, have interested themselves in the project, and a committee has been appointed to perfect and execute the plan which has grown out of General Gordon's own desire.

It is designed that the Gordon Boys' Home should accommodate about 500 boys, between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, and give them a training that shall prepare them for a self-supporting and helpful career. It is at this period of life that growing boys really need help. Too old to continue in the institutions designed for the care of children, and too young to engage in the real struggle of existence,

they are more exposed to temptation and more readily led into the downward path than at any other time of life. Desiring to extend to such lads a helping hand, the Gordon Boys' Home appeals for aid from all those who, in various parts of the world, have learned to regard with admiration the life of General Gordon, and who wish to bring his example home to those he worked so hard to benefit. The Committee's circular states that subscriptions may be sent to the Lord Mayor of London at the Mansion House, or to Mr. George C. Russell, Secretary of the Gordon Boys' Home, 20 Cockspur street, London, S. W., from whom all desired information may be obtained.

This announcement is of special interest to our young readers in England. But General Gordon's memory belongs to all the English-speaking race, and there are many Americans who share the British admiration of the heroic soldier—among them, our own poet, Whittier, who expressed a desire that the Laureate should write a poem on Gordon. This wish came to the knowledge of Lord Tennyson, and he sent to Mr. Whittier the following note containing lines which the English poet had written for the Gordon monument in Westminster Abbey:

DEAR MR. WHITTIER: Your request has been forwarded to me, and I herein send you an epitaph for Gordon in our Westminster Abbey—that is, for his cenotaph:

"Warrior of God, man's friend, not here below,  
But somewhere dead far in the waste Soudan,—  
Thou livest in all hearts, for all men know  
This earth hath borne no simpler, nobler man."

With best wishes, yours very faithfully,

TENNYSON.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

QUEBEC, November 7, 1885.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your interesting and useful magazine pleases me very much. I have been reading over the letters from the little girls and boys in your Letter-Box, and I thought I might contribute one also. I notice that most of them are written by little American children, but I am a little Canadian girl, ten years of age, and live in the old-fashioned city of Quebec, which I know all your people think a very funny place; some call it the "old Curiosity Shop." I don't see anything so very queer about it, but I suppose that is because I have lived here all my life. I know we have some very jolly times in it, especially in the winter. We generally have snow about this time of year, but this season we had snow on the 31st of October; it was about three inches deep, but did not remain, and it has been raining now for a week. I suppose you have heard of our winter sports,—tobogganing, snow-shoeing, skating, etc. The one I enjoy most is sliding, and we have some grand hills here. Our winters are almost too long, though; and they are so cold! The snow also is so deep that I have great trouble in getting to school, and sometimes have to put on my snow-shoes to help me along. Last year the snow in some of our narrow streets reached such a height, that in walking along we looked into the second-story windows of the houses, and indeed with some of the small ones we could almost have seen down the chimney, which would have been very convenient for you, St. Nicholas.

I have a great deal more to say, but in case you should think my

letter worth putting in your magazine, I would not like to take up too much of your valuable space, so I will bid you good-bye for the present. Yours very truly,

BELLE.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., November 10, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You were given to me last Christmas, as a present, and though I received many nice presents, you give me more pleasure than all. I am always so glad when you come, for I love to read your grand stories, and I think the little "Brownies" are the cutest little creatures, and especially the industrious Irishman and the lazy "Dude." I was so sorry when "Driven Back to Eden" was finished. I was reading in the *History of New York* that when the Dutch first settled that place, some sailed over in a ship called the "*Goede Vrouw*," on the prow of which was carved an image of St. Nicholas; so that was the first time St. Nicholas ever visited America, and I know he has, from that time to this, given many little girls and boys very much pleasure, and although he used to come only at Christmas, we are glad that he still has his headquarters at New York, and comes once a month instead of once a year. I live in the quaint old city of Alexandria, Virginia, in sight of the church in which General Washington worshiped, and I have frequently sat in his pew, and have visited "Mt. Vernon," his home.

Your devoted reader, LUCIA.



PIERRE, D. T.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old, and live out on a claim in Dakota. I look forward very eagerly for the coming of your bright pretty face every month, and enjoy everything there is to read, from the first to the last page.

I lived in the "Black Hills" two years. I keep wondering all the time how Mr. Palmer Cox ever thought of anything so funny as the pictures of those "Brownies," all so different and so many of them. We have a hearty laugh over every picture.

I have a pony to ride.

Papa caught me two "jack-rabbits"; they grow to be immense fellows; their ears are almost as long as mules'. They are white in the winter and gray in summer.

This is my first letter to a paper of any kind. I hope it will not prove tiresome. With the best wishes, from your loving reader,

SIBYL M. SAMMIS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My papa has a friend who is an artist, and he came to see us the other evening and told us that he had been "studying up old costumes," and then he made a funny drawing for us children. He said it showed how "children used to dress three hundred years ago, when good Queen Bess was on the throne of England." We were all delighted with the drawing, and he gave

BROOKLYN, October.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for five years, and enjoy reading your stories very much. I have been away thirteen weeks this summer, and I have had a delightful time. Just before I came home we went nutting, and gathered twenty-eight quarts of hickory-nuts and about six quarts of butternuts. I enjoyed gathering the nuts very much, as I never had been nutting before.

I am very fond of drawing, and one day, as I was taking a walk in the woods, I found a turtle and I drew him. I have also drawn five or six pictures of my brother's dog.

Sincerely yours,

LOUISIANA W.

LAWRENCEVILLE, TIOGA CO., PA., November, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy about six years old. I take the ST. NICHOLAS, and have taken it a long time. I can read the most of it, and was very much delighted with the two stories, "His One Fault" and "Driven Back to Eden." I read the "Patient Cat" to many visitors. "The Coast-Guard" I have learned to recite, as well as many others. In cold weather, I have the most dangerous kind of croup, and am very much confined to the house. So dear "ST. NICK" is a most welcome visitor. I have a papa and mamma, and Cousin Julie lives with me. I can-



It to us. The other day we asked him if we mightn't send it to St. Nicholas, for other children to see, and he said we might. So here it is. Isn't it funny? Mamma said the children's dresses were almost as stiff as the furniture. I think so too.

Your loving reader,

EFFIE H.

LONDON, October 26, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It was asked by William S. Torrance, in the October number of ST. NICHOLAS, which legs the tadpole has first. The fore-legs come first. I had one that I caught and kept in a pickle-jar. I watched the tail gradually disappear. The change took from three weeks to a month. I had a friend who tried to keep some in a tin pail, but they always died. Since the August number was issued, I have traveled from my home in San Francisco to London, but I still take ST. NICHOLAS with the same interest. I remain, your constant reader,

MAMIE MACD.

not write well enough, so Grandmamma writes for me. I live in a pretty old town in the hills of northern Pennsylvania, and am very happy here, where I remain, your constant reader and loving friend,

JAMIE P.

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 25, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I take you every month and always enjoy reading your interesting stories. Your November number came the other day, and I was surprised to see such a different cover on you, but I like it much better than the old one. Then, too, it will be very nice to look for the sign of the Zodiac every month. I have read your first chapter of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and I think it is very interesting indeed. It does not take me long to read you, and then when I finish I wish it was time for your next number to come.

I must not write any more, for fear of making my letter too long for your valuable space. Your affectionate reader, MARY R. C.

SOUTH ORANGE, November, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two girls, twelve and thirteen years old. We shall not tell you which is twelve or which is thirteen, but shall leave you to guess. We like the ST. NICHOLAS very much, and think it is the nicest magazine we have ever read. We are very glad Miss Alcott has begun to write again, as we like her stories very much.

Last month's number was very interesting; and we are anxiously expecting the Christmas number.

Yours truly, NELLIE N. and BESSIE F.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are three cousins, and we are visiting our Grandma — at least two of us are. One of us lives here, and he is the one who takes you. We saw a letter in your August number where three wrote in one letter, and we are going to do the same.

I am George; I am going to do the writing because I take you. I would write with ink, only Grandma won't let me. I like "His One Fault" better than any other story; I always read it first. I began to take you last year, and I think you are just splendid. I have one pet, it is a parrot; he says lots of things; his name is Jock.

I am Amos; I like you so well that Mamma is going to take you for my brother Art and me. I have no pets, but I have a bicycle; I am just learning to ride it, so I get a great many falls.

I am Art; I don't read any stories at all; I am too young, but Grandma reads all the letters, poetry, and Brownies to me. I have found the dude and policeman in all the pictures. I live in Detroit, so does Amos. We hope you will print this; it has taken us two hours to write it.

GEORGE (9), AMOS (8), ART (4).

TOLEDO, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother George, and my cousins, Amos and Art, wrote to you about two weeks ago, and are waiting impatiently for the next ST. NICHOLAS. I live 'way out in the country, and as no little girls live near us, and the boys will not play with a girl, I have a pretty lonesome time of it; but I should be still more lonesome if my dear ST. NICHOLAS did not come the twenty-sixth of every month. It is the only thing I have to read, as it is the only child's book in the house. Now, what do the children think of that, who have lots and lots of books of their own? We began to take you last September: you were my birthday present, and this year you are to be George's. My favorite stories are "Little Britomartis" and "Driven Back to Eden." I am glad school has commenced, but the boys are not; boys are not the least bit like girls, are they?

Yesterday was my birthday; I received a cover for my ST. NICHOLASES, a ring, some note-paper, and a handkerchief.

I remain your friend, URANIA.

ASH CAÑON, HUACHUCA MTS., ARIZONA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two friends who have come out here to live. Our winter home is in Tombstone, a town about thirty miles from here. There are live-oaks all over the place, and we think it ought to be called Oak Cañon instead of Ash.

We had quite an excitement, last spring, about the Indians (the Apache tribe), who came out of their reservation and were killing people all through New Mexico and Arizona; but there were twelve men here, so we were not much afraid, and most of the danger is past now.

The only things we are much afraid of now are rattlesnakes, tarantulas, centipedes, and scorpions; some of each of them have been found here since we came.

All the girls on the ranch have been poisoned by the poison oak vine. The poison comes out on the face and hands; they swell up and a sort of rash spreads over them; it is anything but pleasant.

We have a great many pets, — six dogs, four cats, five pigeons, a canary-bird, a burro (donkey), and ever so many cows and horses and chickens.

We must now say good-bye, as we are afraid this letter will be too long, and we want it to be published, as it is the first we have ever written to a magazine.

PENELOPE AND DOROTHY.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about a cat that we know. Her name is Daisy, and she is a Maltese. Her master has taught her to stand on a table, about two and a half yards off from him, while in one hand he holds a hoop covered with tissue paper, through which she jumps, and lands on his shoulder. Jumping through two rings — one inside the other — and through a very small one just large enough to let her body go through, are some of her tricks. Daisy can also swing, jump over her master's hands, turn somersaults and walk the tight-rope. Of course, after each trick her master gives her a piece of meat.

Your constant reader, E. F. G.

BALTIMORE, August.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you of a little trick that your readers may like to know. It is to tell how many spots are on dice without looking at them. A pair of dice being thrown, tell the thrower to count the spots on one of them, and add five to the sum, then to multiply the result by five, and to add to the product the number of spots on the remaining die. This being done, request the thrower to name the amount, and after subtracting twenty-five from it, the remaining number will consist of two figures, which will be the same as those on the dice.

Yours truly, "OSCEOLA."

PEMBROKE, November 3, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not think any of your little readers look forward to the coming of ST. NICHOLAS with more pleasure than I do. I am eleven years old, and go to school every day. I have a great number of dolls, with which I amuse myself. I am counting the days till the snow comes, for I am anxious to go out sliding. I have two sleighs, one called "Go Ahead," and the other, "Lucy Long"; the former is the best, and can beat any sleigh in town.

Now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I think I have written enough, so I will close my letter with best wishes for the coming season.

HORTIE O'M.

MILWAUKEE, November 5, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My Uncle Jim sends you to me every year. I am seven years old, and I have a bank; and if Uncle Jim does not send you to me this Christmas, I am going to take three dollars out of my bank and send it to you myself, because I love you so much.

HARRY H.

BRISTOL, October 4, 1885.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl ten years old, with one brother, papa, and mamma. In summer we go to our cottage at the seaside. I want to tell you about a spider I saw down there. One day my cousin and friend and I went out on the rocks, and we saw a spider with a lot of fuzzy things all over his back. I stepped on him, and what do you think the fuzzy things were? They were little bits of spiders about as big as a pin-head. If I had known that they were baby spiders taking a ride on their mother's back, I don't think I should have put my foot on them.

We have taken ST. NICHOLAS for seven years and have them all bound, and we read them more than any of our other books. Hoping that I shall always have ST. NICHOLAS, I am,

Your constant reader, ANTOINETTE N.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two little boys who live at Helena, Montana. We spent last summer at Nahant, Massachusetts, with Uncle Martin and Auntie Anna. We had never seen the ocean till we came there, and Uncle Martin made up a verse about us; perhaps you would like to hear it.

"Cornelius and Alfred came out from the West

All on a bright summer's day,  
To see the great ocean, so bright and so blue,  
To read the ST. NICK, and make hay."

Aunt Anna says the poetry is trash, but we like it immensely! We found a very funny flower that grows in Montana, and we do not know the name. Perhaps you or some of your readers can tell us, as we have often seen questions answered in your dear Letter-box. It had six long, dark-red petals, with a bright yellow center; the stamens were rather short with large heads; and the stem was long and thin.

We think the ST. NICHOLAS is the very best book there is, and "His One Fault" perfectly fine.

Please thank Mr. Trowbridge for us, and do print our letter in the Letter-Box, as it is the first one we've sent you.

Your sincere readers,  
CORNELIUS N.  
ALFRED SIMPSON N.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sept. 29, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: America is my native country, but just now I am traveling in Europe with my parents, brother, and two friends; and I thought you might like to hear from one of your little readers in the far-off city of St. Petersburg.

One day we all took a drosky ride, and as a drosky accommodates but one passenger, we each had a separate one except brother

Bob and myself, who rode together. We looked very funny, no doubt, for the drivers kept in line almost all the time. We drove past the Emperor's winter palace, which contains five hundred rooms. It is an immense orange-covered building, with statues on the top all the way around. Since then I have been through one hundred and eighty of these rooms, and I do not think it is nearly so fine as the summer palace of Katherine II., at Tsarkoi Selo, which is a spacious building, profusely gilded on the inside, and was formerly decorated on the outside with gold leaf, which is now almost entirely replaced by bronze. In one room the chandeliers are made of pure crystal, and the walls of another room are entirely covered with amber, while the floor is mahogany inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The church, which is under the same roof, is ornamented with lapis lazuli. In the palace is a room elegantly fitted up for a gymnasium. Among other things is a highly polished, inclined plane, upon which the imperial children coasted on bits of carpet. The guide allowed Rob and myself to slide down five or six times.

I think the little Russians must have a hard time learning their alphabet, as it contains thirty-six instead of twenty-six letters. Rob and I are able to spell out some of the signs as we pass by.

I must now close, hoping soon to see a number of your highly prized magazine. Your loving friend,  
MADEL S. DUNCAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a little puzzle-story that may interest your readers:

A Dutchman purchased a farm in Minnesota. As he could not speak English, he hired John Jones to act as his interpreter, as well as to assist him with farm work.

One day during harvest, the Dutchman, who was at work in the field, sent word home to his wife that he had hired six extra men, and that she must provide dinner for them. To do this it was necessary that she should purchase provisions from the neighboring town. But John Jones was at work in the field, and neither she nor her son Hans could speak a word of English.

In this dilemma, her eyes fell upon the Bible of John Jones, which was on the table beside of her own Dutch Bible, and the following plan suggested itself. Finding the names of the articles she needed in her own Bible, she marked the corresponding passages in the English Bible.

Little Hans harnessed the horse, and going to town with the two Bibles in his wagon, he had no difficulty in making known his wants. He purchased from the grocer something mentioned in (1) Psalms, lxxxix. 16; (2) Isaiah, vii. 22, (3) 1 Samuel, xvii. 18. From the baker

he bought (4) Psalms, cxxxii. 15; (5) 1 Kings, xvii. 13. From the butcher he bought (6) Luke, xv. 23; (7) Genesis, xxii. 8.

His mother had also marked a passage (8) Hebrews, xiii. 22. Where did he go?

One of the cooking utensils had been broken, and, to replace it, a word had been marked in (9) Leviticus, vii. 9. Some other things had to be replaced, and Hans's mother marked the last word in (10) Judges, v. 25, and a word in (11) Genesis, xl. 11. Hans also found marked the last three words in (12) Exodus, xxxix. 37. In case this could not be had, he was to buy something mentioned in (13) Matthew, v. 15, which would answer the same purpose.

After doing his errands, Hans returned to the grocer's for his parcels, and feeling warm and thirsty, he pointed to (14) 2 Samuel, xxiii. 15. The grocer pointed to (15) 1 Timothy, v. 23. This Hans refused; but he was grateful when a glass of something mentioned in (16) Hebrews, v. 12 was handed to him. To express his gratitude he pointed to one word in (17) 1 Thessalonians, v. 18, and then, turning to (18) Ruth, ii. 10, he marked the latter half of the verse.

The grocer, pleased with the lad's intelligence, gave him a handful of the two articles last named in (19) Genesis, xliii. 11, and some of the fruit mentioned in (20) Jeremiah, xxiv. 2.

Hans was so delighted with his success that on his return, when his mother sent him to call the men to dinner, Hans wished to carry the Bible with him, that he might point to three words in (21) John, xxi. 12. This his mother would not allow him to do, although he gave as his reason (22) Exodus, iv. 10. Reference to the last word in (23) Exodus, iv. 2 brought him to instant obedience, and he meekly pointed to the parenthesis in (24) Exodus, ix. 28.  
G. L. V.

WE must thank the young friends named in the following list for pleasant letters:

Fannie S. Ludlow, Bunnie Steele, Margaret Candon, H. M. Rochester, Flossie M. Keith, Evelyn, Adele Kinzie, Annie B. K., Bella Emra, Phebe Kelley, Mildred W. Strong, Louis W. M., Ralph M. Fletcher, Willie Heyde, Myrtle H. Foster, E. M. Cope, Herman Nelson Steele, Elsie Rose Clark, Beatrice P. K., Irene M. Hayes, Elsie B., Alice Lynde, "Maude S.," Laura L., Jeannette M., Lloyd R. Blyn, Mary Higley, Jessie Ludlow, Violet Campbell, Cammie Reyburn, H. Clarke, Harry Stearns, Helen Mann, Georgia Bond, F. W. S., Amelia McKellogg, G. Reese Satterlee, Louis T. Wilson, Charlie H. Robertson, Alice Cary, E. Burk, Katrina B. Ely, Ethel L. S., Helen Smith.



#### A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO OUR MINERALOGISTS.

OUR wish is equally cordial that all our other "ists" may have a happy year, but we mention mineralogists in particular, because they are peculiarly fortunate in the prospect of the assistance of Professor W. O. Crosby of the Boston Society of Natural History. In reference to our appeal for aid in this department, Professor Crosby writes:

"My college work is well started now, and I have decided to give the work in your departments of mineralogy and geology a trial. Before undertaking a series of lessons, I desire to become more familiar with the Association and its methods of work; and I propose now, if you think it expedient, merely to answer questions and identify specimens; i. e.,—to give assistance and instruction to individuals only, until I am more fully initiated."

Professor Crosby will need no introduction to the members of the A. A., for his *Common Minerals and Rocks*, and his valuable collections of minerals have already made his name familiar and welcome to us all. All wishing to avail themselves of this offer may address him, care of Boston Society of Natural History, cor. Berkeley and Boylston sts., Boston, Mass. Stamps must, of course, be inclosed for reply, and if specimens are sent for identification, the postage for their return must also be inclosed.

There is also good news for our ornithologists and mammalogists, for Mr. A. W. Butler, Secretary of the Brookville Society of Natural History, writes:

"Anything I can do in the way of answering questions, etc., regarding Ornithology and Mammalogy, I will do."

Address Mr. Amos W. Butler, Brookville, Ind.

## AWARD OF A PRIZE.

THE prize of fifty labeled specimens of shells offered by Mr. Harry E. Dore, for best collection of Mollusca, has been awarded to Mr. G. S. Marston, of De Pere, Wis., President of Chapter 679. Mr. Dore writes: "He showed much interest in gathering so many species, and deserves credit."

## THE NEXT CONVENTION.

AT our very delightful convention in Philadelphia, the opinion was expressed that similar meetings should be held not oftener than once in two years. In accordance with that view, no efforts have been made in that direction in 1885. But we must be thinking about 1886. Many Western Chapters were unable to be represented at Philadelphia on account of the distance, and there is a strong feeling that this year we ought to hold our convention in such a place as to give them a chance. The indications are that the Association may receive an invitation from Iowa, and there are many reasons which would make such an invitation extremely hard to resist.

## A KIND OFFER.

MANY of our young friends will avail themselves of the following offer, which no one can fail to appreciate.

## THE ASTOR LIBRARY, NEW YORK CITY.

My son and I are both engaged in the Astor Library, and shall be happy to assist any Chapter with reference to books. Our library has a very fine collection of books on all branches of study pursued by the A. A., and if we can be of any service, you are at liberty to use the name of the undersigned for any such purpose.

C. H. A. BJERREGAARD,

One of the Librarians of the Astor Library

## REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS AND FRIENDS.

336, *Pine City, Minn.* Everything progressing finely. I took my collection of insects to the Pine County Fair, and took first premium.—Ernest L. Stephan, Sec.

1, *Lenox, Mass.* I have seen a young bird hatch from the egg. It was in a hanging nest about four feet from the ground, on a small oak. The egg cracked around the large end, and a piece came off like a lid.—Eugene H. Home, Cor. Mem., Stratham, N. H.

[*This observation is quite correct. The young chick does not pick a hole through the shell, as is commonly supposed, nor burst it, but using a sharp point on the upper mandible as a cutter, it turns its head around nearly in a circle, and cuts one end of the shell off "like a lid." The hard, sharp point afterward falls off.*]

605, *East Orange, N. J.* During the past eighteen months Ch. 605 has increased from a membership of five, until we now have twenty-four active and eight honorary members. We have a balance of twenty dollars in our treasury. We have started a small library, the society appropriating fifteen dollars and the individual members contributing books. So you see we are not dead, by any means.—Loren L. Hopkins, Pres.; Walter W. Jackson, Secretary.

569, *Ludington, Mich.* We start anew this fall. We have twelve boys between the ages of twelve and fifteen, and more to join. We have also four grown members. We study geology and mineralogy, and with the help of some ladies have raised fifteen dollars, with which to get a cabinet and perhaps some books. We are making collections of minerals, shells, woods, corals, etc. We found some very curious lightning-tubes on a sand-hill by the lake. They were caused by the lightning striking some weeds, and fusing the sand around them. They must have been a yard in length, but very brittle. The deeper they were in the earth, the smaller they were.—Mrs. A. E. Elsworth

[*The technical name is Fulgurite.*]

3635 LOCUST STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA., October 27, '85.

I have to report both satisfaction and regret for my summer work. I did not accomplish near as much as I had hoped to, but have no cause for complaint. I collected a number of alcoholic specimens of marine invertebrates, among which were some very fine stalked barnacles. The New Jersey coast is not all that can be desired for biological work, though it is quite rich in molluscan life. For some months past I have been pursuing a course in Vegetable Biology, and my two weeks' vacation enabled me to make considerable progress; the mosses particularly struck my fancy, and afforded many exquisite objects for the microscope. At present I am studying in my room two species of moss, corn, earth-worms, and some water-insects. One thing which, if it turns out well, will give me more satisfaction than any of my summer efforts is the formation of a new Chapter in Doylestown, Pa. I think if members of the A. A. would

try to organize a Chapter in any place that contains *none*, the A. A. would spread much faster than its present good rate of growth, and would amply repay any trouble spent in such "missionary" work.

In one cell of a mud-wasp's nest, I found twenty plump, fresh spiders, besides the larva; in another, a few dried spiders and no trace of egg or larva; did the mother forget to lay an egg, or did one of the spiders come to, and eat it and the others? Who will enlighten us on this point?—Wm. E. McHenry.

158, *Davenport, Iowa.* Our Chapter has held meetings every week but one since our last report, which have been well attended. At present we have sixteen regular, three corresponding and nine honorary members. During the summer the society had a delightful camp-out near the city, while individual members took longer journeys, one making a canoe trip down the Maquoketa river in this State, while two others came down the lower part, of the Wapsipinicon river in a skiff. The former of these rivers flows through a deep valley formed in Niagara limestone; the cliffs in many places rising almost vertically from the water to a height of almost two hundred feet. We have published a monthly paper, the *Hawkeye Observer*. The Iowa Assembly of the A. A. meets here next August.—Edw. K. Putnam, Cor. Sec.

777, *Seneca Falls, N. Y.* We are thoroughly organized and meet every Wednesday night. We boys have built a club-house on one of the members' land, which is eight feet wide, ten feet long, and seven feet high. We have a stove, so we can keep warm. We have a shelf for our cabinets in one end. We have not got our cabinet in yet, but it consists of collections of birds' eggs and preserved snakes. We have a snake five feet seven inches long which is stuffed. Some of the boys have a collection of bugs. We think we can get along all right. We have ten members; we take two papers, and are getting along very well. We all like the study. Some weeks we have to write about some bird or some animal, and whoever fails to write is charged a fee of two cents; and for absence a fee of three cents more is charged. We held a meeting last night, and a motion was made that I make out my report and send you. One of the boys has a badge which cost one dollar and a half, and we think of sending and getting one. As soon as our cabinets are in we are going to invite our friends to see them.—Lester G. Seigfried, Sec.

637, *Adrian, Mich.* As most of our members were away from home the past summer, we did not do very much work, although some of us caught some very fine specimens, and a great many of them under the electric light. We made an exhibit at the County Fair some weeks ago, as you will see by the inclosed clippings, taken from the daily papers. We took twelve dollars in premiums, and our expenses were very light—only for the making of two show-cases, our membership ticket, and some glass that was broken. We have had our rooms with the Adrian Scientific Society for the past year, but we have rented rooms by ourselves, and move this week. We have had several applications for membership, among which are some from ladies. After we get our rooms in shape, we shall admit them. We expect to take up some course of study this winter, but what it will be has not yet been decided. We have purchased *Packard's Guide*, and find it invaluable in the study of entomology. Several members have other valuable books, which they have kindly loaned.

Before closing I will try and give you a short description of our exhibit at the fair. We had a space 24 x 14 feet. Along the front we had our show-cases, two of them filled with insects, and the other with birds' eggs. There were over 3000 specimens of insects, among which was the Hercules Beetle, and a grasshopper over six inches long. There were over 500 birds' eggs, among which was a set of five Long-eared Owl and a set of Anna's humming-bird and nest; a fine collection of sea curiosities; alcoholic specimens; an alligator over six feet long; and many minerals and curiosities of all sorts. Considerable laughter was caused by a pig's-tail whistle. I inclose a photo of part of the exhibit; it is not very good, as the light was very bad, and it was only my second attempt at photography. We are in very good shape now, and when we get settled in our new rooms we hope to get down to some sound work. With our best wishes to yourself and the A. A., I am very truly yours.—Edw. J. Stebbins, Sec.

## EXCHANGES.

Birds' eggs and minerals, for eggs.—E. A. Burlingame, 337 Broad St., Providence, R. I.

Insects. A large collection. Correspondence desired.—Samuel F. Gross, Jr., Box 177, Morristown, Pa.

Cecropia, Prometheus, and other cocoons, for Io, Luna, and other desirable pupae or butterflies.—James L. Mitchell, Jr., Grand Hotel, Indianapolis, Ind.

Birds' eggs, blown through one smooth hole in side, sets or single, for same.—Frank W. Wentworth, 1161 Chapel street, New Haven, Conn.

Rhode Island Lepidoptera.—Lucian Sharpe, Jr., 56 Angell St., Providence, R. I.

Microscopic objects, for Lepidoptera and Coleoptera. Send lists.—T. Mills Clark, 117 East 17th St., New York.

Californian ferns, for those of other localities or countries. No poor or mounted specimens desired. Write first, stating what you

have. Address Miss M. E. Parsons, P. O. Box 674, San Rafael, Marin Co., California.

Lava, Sandwich Island shells, petrified wood, sulphur quartz, rattlesnake rattles, gold quartz and mica, for any good specimens of minerals, fossils, or shells.—Miss Gertrude Wheeler, Sec. of Ch. A. of Berkeley, Alameda Co., California.

555. Olympia, Washington Ter., P. O. Box 23. Determined phanerogams of Oregon and Washington Ter., determined Puget Sound clams, Pacific coast wood-mosses, diatoms, crude, cleaned, and mounted, for determined species only. Specific offers requested.—Robert Blankenship, Sec.

Fossil Cyathophyllum, Dictophyton and "petrified moss," magnetic iron ore, and silver ore. Chapters desiring any of these may address W. H. Church, Bath, N. Y., Sec. No. 645.

#### NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
897	Charlestown, Mass.	6.	George K. Sargent, 50 Russell Street.
898	Southport, Conn.	14.	Warren G. Waterman.
899	Birmingham, Ala. (A)	5.	W. C. Watts.
900	San Francisco, Cal.	7.	Harvey Loy, 733 Pine St.
901	Hartford, Conn. (F)	6.	W. H. Gilbert, 68 Wooster St., Hartford, Conn.
902	Mobile, Ala. (A)	6.	Louis Tucker, N. E. Cor. Church and Conception Sts.

903	Covington, Ky. (A)	6.	Lloyd Stephenson, 816 Scott Street.
904	Williamsport, Pa. (A)	5.	W. G. Wallace, 11 West 4th Street.
905	Philadelphia (H)	7.	Jus. B. Fite, 1517 N. 22d St.
906	Washington, Conn. (A)	15.	Miss Bessie B. Baker.
907	Meriden, Iowa (A)	6.	G. D. Weintz.
908	Toledo, Ohio	6.	Irving Squire, 115 Washington Street.

#### DISSOLVED.

203	Framingham, Mass. (A)	4.	James C. Valentine.
882	Arlington, Mass.	6.	F. E. Stanton. ( <i>Members removed.</i> )

#### A REMINDER.

PLEASE remember that, in accordance with our new plan, proposed in *November* issue, reports will be due during the first week in January, from Chapters 1-100 inclusive. All are invited to join our Association.

Address all communications intended for this department to the President of the A. A.,

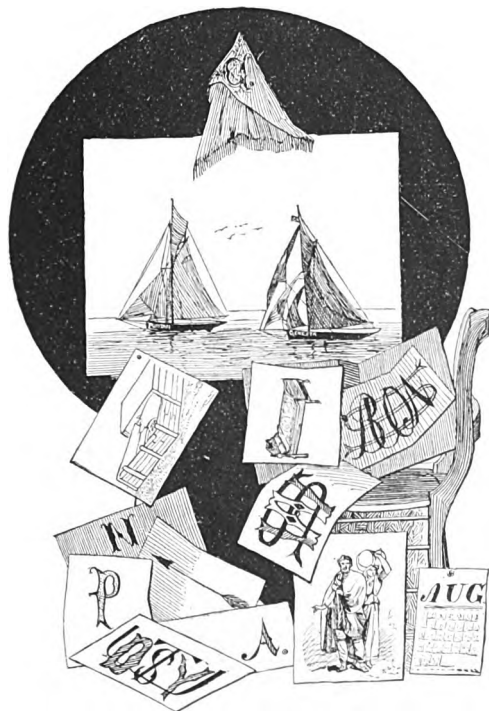
MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD,  
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

### WORD-SQUARE.

1. More dainty. 2. To accustom. 3. Solid bodies with six equal square sides. 4. To raise. 5. Reposes.

### TWO DIAMONDS.



THE central word of each diamond is the name of a famous yacht, and the objects pictured around the boats form the answers to the following:

1. 1. A letter from Europe. 2. An abbreviation for a month. 3. A weapon. 4. A victorious yacht. 5. Barbarians. 6. A verb.

7. A letter from Spain. II. 1. A letter from Portugal. 2. A couch. 3. An extra dividend. 4. A fine yacht. 5. Clouded with dust. 6. An inclosure. 7. A letter from France.

A. W. S. AND H. W.

### RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. A city in Massachusetts. 2. A feminine name. 3. To mend. 4. The thin part of milk. 5. An insurgent.

DOWNWARD: 1. A consonant. 2. A verb. 3. To lay over. 4. Ages. 5. A bishop's cap. 6. 43,560 square feet. 7. Part of a wheel. 8. Myself. 9. A consonant. "ANN O'TATOR."

### RIDDLE.

I'M a word of two words, on that pray depend;  
My first is one's comrade, his helper, or friend;  
My second 's a victor,—'tis first and 'tis last,  
'Tis high and 'tis low,—'t is with confidence cast;  
The king, queen, and courtier must bow down and yield,  
As it vanquishes often the best in the field.  
Of all my six letters, the first two, you 'll see,  
Stand for one of the States of our famous country.  
My third, fourth, fifth, sixth, is a fabric so fine,  
That patience and skill to produce it combine.  
My second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth, you will find,  
Can reduce any lady to stoutness inclined.  
It is white, it is black,—has its friends and its foes,  
Whether worn at the waist or quite near to the toes.  
In my whole the great monarch relinquishes life;  
'T is the scene of much gayety, splendor, or strife;  
The abode of a prince o'er a lordly domain;  
Come, read me my riddle,—the answer is plain.

M. B. C.

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of one hundred and thirteen letters, and form a verse of four lines.

My 104-53-61-16-95-23 is talented. My 74-98-32-82-4 is one of imperfect understanding. My 39-86-44 is very small. My 27-77-112-30-35-68-63 is proceeding by degrees. My 71-10-41-1-66-8 is a sickness. My 106-49-80-17-13 is part of a rake. My 101-18-57-47 is a garden vegetable. My 25-20-90-84-6 is a tenth part. My 92-110-60 is part of a needle. My 50-65-75-88-91-113 is one or the other. My 55-5-22-99-76 are certain useful animals. My 79-97-108 is to compete. My 43-102-51-15-94-9-58-81 is to bear down by impudence. My 42-62-11-111-36 is attracts. My 17-67-89-33-105-85-46 is a plant bearing beautiful flowers, which grows abundantly in Scotland. My 72-59-93-29-21-3-107-73 is asperity. My 96-48-78-38-26 is the god of eloquence among the ancient Egyptians. My 83-7-31-52-70 is tendency. My 56-34-24-109 is the fore part of a ship. My 19-87-100-40-69 is two. My 2-45-103-28 is a small pointed piece of iron. My 14-64-54-12 is a Christian name common in Germany.

GILBERT FOREST.









# ST. NICHOLAS.

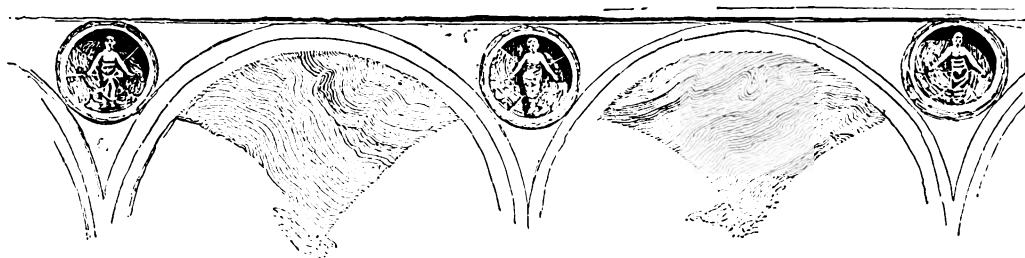
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No. 4.

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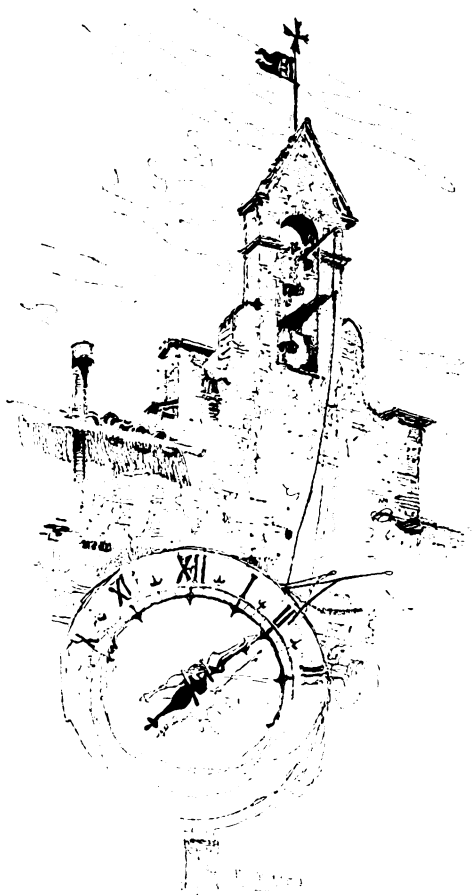
## SOME FAMOUS FLORENTINE BABIES.



MORE than five hundred years ago the good people of Florence were much troubled because of the many poor homeless children in their city. There were but few foundling asylums in those days, and the poor little waifs and strays perished miserably or grew up to be beggars and thieves, excepting now and then when they were found in time and cared for by kind men and women. And so it was decided that there ought to be a home, where all could be taken in and saved from their misery. And no sooner was the good work thought of than every one wished to do something to help it. Leonardo Aretino, one of the greatest scholars of that day, spoke so earnestly and eloquently about it, that Giovanni de' Medici, the gonfaloniere of justice, or chief magistrate of the city, took the matter into his own hands, and commanded that an asylum should be built. One of the most powerful Florentine associations of workmen, known as the guild of silk, agreed to manage the work. A famous architect furnished the designs for it, and a great artist made it beautiful with his dec-

orations. It is about these that I wish especially to tell you. And to do so, I must begin with a few words about the artist and his family.

There lived in Florence, in the fifteenth century, a sculptor whose name was Luca della Robbia. He was the son of a Florentine. He was taught, when a child, to read and write, and then, while he was still young, he was apprenticed to one of the goldsmiths whose work was famous throughout Europe. But, like many other young Florentines who have begun life as he did, he did not keep very long at this work, but became a sculptor. He cared so much for his work—as much as most boys of his age care for play—that he would keep at it all night long. Sometimes he would be very cold, for Florence, with high mountains all around it, is cold enough in winter; and even in summer-time a sculptor's studio, full of wet clay, as it must always be, is chilly and damp. But Luca bore it bravely, only stopping now and then to kindle a fire of shavings with which to warm his half-frozen feet. He lived for a while in



THE TOWER OF THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL IN FLORENCE.

Rimini, but it was at this time that artists in Florence were working with their whole hearts and souls to make their new cathedral beautiful. There never were people who loved their city as the Florentines loved theirs, and Luca hurried back, that he too might have a share in the great decorations. And very lovely were his contributions, for he represented on a marble bas-relief for the organ-screen a choir of boys singing and playing on many musical instruments, and so life-like are they, that as you look at them you almost forget they are marble, and wait to hear their music.

But it is by another kind of work that Luca della Robbia is best known. For he longed, in his great ambition, to do what no one else had done; and there were Florentine sculptors as great as he, and even greater. And so he soon began to work in clay alone, which he glazed and colored, and in this way he made beautiful things which every one wanted as soon as they were seen. And orders from churches and convents,

from palaces and hospitals, poured in upon him; for no one knew the secret of this kind of work but himself. And, by and by, he had more commissions than he could attend to, and so he called to him his brothers—they all were sculptors—and he told them the secret, and they and their sons worked with him. And one of the nephews of the great Luca, known as Andrea, became almost as famous as his uncle. And so they went on working and sending their lovely reliefs to every part of Italy for many years. But the family died out with Luca's grandchildren, and as none of them had ever revealed their secret, no one after their death could work in majolica, or glazed clay, as they had done.

It was with this majolica that Andrea, the great Luca's nephew, decorated the asylum for the poor children—the *Spedale degl' Innocenti*, as it was called. On the outer side of the building, toward the broad *piazza* by which it stands, is an arcade. On this he set up a row of medallions, each of which represents a baby in swaddling-clothes. The medallions are colored in blue, but the pretty little babies are white; and, though there are many of them, no two are alike. Some have curling hair tumbling over their foreheads; some have the short straight locks you so often see on real babies; and some have hardly any hair at all. Here is one who looks as if he were laughing outright; here another who is half pouting; and here still another, who is smiling in that gentle, quiet way in which babies so often smile in their sleep, when their mothers or nurses will tell you the angels are whispering to them. It was a pretty idea to put these little figures where every one passing can see them, and where they seem like suppliants for the children within, whose smiles and pouts too often change to tears and wailing, and whose needs are many.

If you go under the arcade and into the square around which the asylum is built, you will see over a door on your left another bas-relief by the same great master. It is a picture of the Annunciation, that hour when Mary, the mother of the Saviour, was told of the coming of the Holy Child; it is a subject which the old artists never grew tired of representing, either on canvas, or in marble or clay. But nowhere can you find one more beautiful than this of Andrea della Robbia; and around the group, like a border, is a semicircle of cherubs' heads. Such demure little angels as some of them are, with hair neatly parted in the middle, and a resigned or attentive expression on their fresh baby faces! But others look so mischievous and roguish that you feel sure, if they were to come to life and descend from their high place, they would play many merry, fairy-like pranks.



ONE OF THE DELLA ROBBIA MEDALLIONS ON THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL IN FLORENCE.

The hospital grew richer as time went on, until to-day it supports more than seven thousand poor friendless children. But they do not all live in the old building, with its beautiful decorations. Boys, when they are old enough, are sent out into the country that they may work in the fields. Girls

are made servants or are taught a trade. But they all are under the care of the charity founded by the good Florentines so many years ago; and when they are in trouble they go back to the old building designed by Brunelleschi and decorated by Andrea della Robbia, with the beautiful little



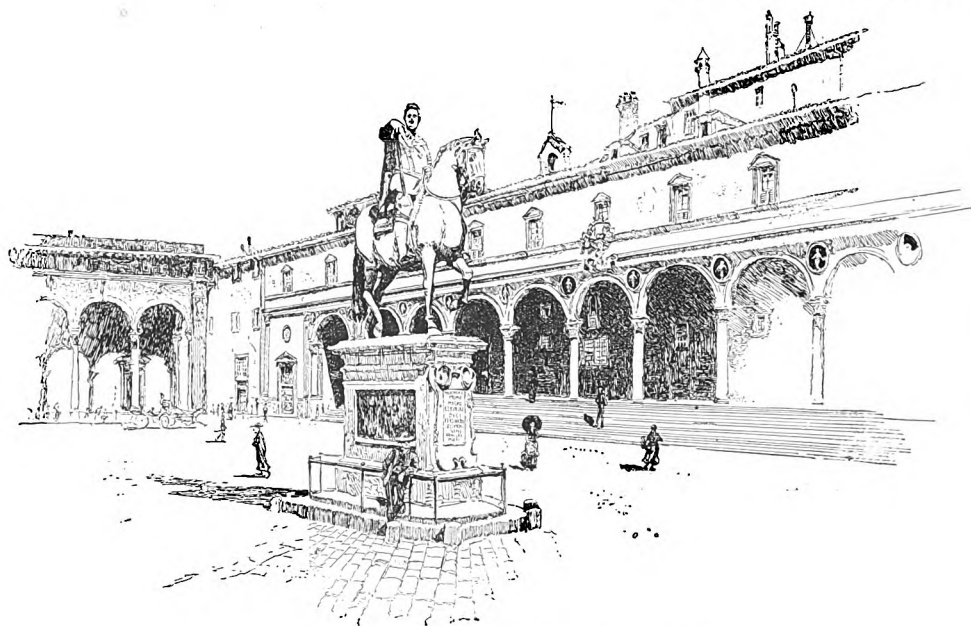
ONE OF THE DELLA ROBBIA MEDALLIONS ON THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL IN FLORENCE.

figures, called nowadays the Della Robbia *Bambini* (or babies).

And so, year after year children are brought in, to grow up and go out into the great world, and to have their places taken by more poor little shelterless ones, of whom there are in Florence, as in every other large city, always too many. But, while foundlings have come and gone, the pretty

white babies have never moved from their blue beds over the arcade, and they still smile and pout and laugh at the passer-by, whether the rain pours down upon them, or whether the sun shines over the wide piazza, even as they did in the days long ago before the last of the Della Robbias had died and their beautiful secret of making their special kind of glazed majolica had been lost forever.

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.



PIAZZA AND FRONT OF THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL IN FLORENCE.

### GRANDFATHER'S VALENTINE.

OUT in the sunshine golden,  
The pomegranates glow  
With waxen cups vermillion;  
The roses are in blow;  
Betwixt the dusk magnolias,  
I see the red-birds' wings,  
And in the swaying live-oaks  
A merry mocker sings.

The orange-trees are budded;  
The jasmines hang with gold;  
And 'neath the solemn pine-trees,  
Sand-lilies white unfold.

But oh, my heart's beloved,  
My little love, my dear,  
It seems like dreary winter  
Because you are not here!

You have my heart, my darling,  
Up in the land of cold;  
And with you is the summer,  
My Rose, my six-year-old.  
I feel the winter weather,  
For I am sixty-nine.  
Oh, come and bring the summer,  
My dearest valentine!

GRANDFATHER.

FLORIDA, February, 1886.

## FISH-SPEARING THROUGH THE ICE.

BY J. O. ROORBACH.

ABOUT thirty years ago, I was stranded by the severe winter weather, which put a stop to navigation, at the old army station of Green Bay, now a flourishing city in the great State of Wisconsin, at the mouth of the Fox River,—at the southwestern extremity of a long arm of Lake Michigan. Society in that far-off army post, though cut off by the long winter from the outside world, was very delightful in those days, and the good times I had, both indoors and out, during those snow-bound months, I have never forgotten.

But what I wish especially to describe for the boy readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* is a curious Indian custom that I discovered in the course of my winter rambles. I had frequently noticed, while booming along the ice road on Fox River behind one of the fast little French ponies, a curious lot of black dots on the ice, in the retired nooks and coves along the farther shore. "What are they?" I asked; and the invariable reply was: "They are Indians fishing." This puzzled me still more, and I resolved to investigate. So one day I crossed the frozen river, and, approaching one of those mysterious black dots, found it to be apparently only a bundle in a blanket, scarcely large enough to contain a human form. But, looking closer, I could see, first from one bundle and then from another, the quick motion of a pole, or spear-handle, bobbing up and down. A word, a touch, even a gentle push, only called out a grunt in reply, but at last one bundle did stretch itself into a bright young Indian brave with wondering and wonderful eyes peering at me from under a mop of black and glossy hair. A little tobacco, a little pantomime, and a little broken English succeeded in making him understand that I wished to know how he carried on his fishing under that funny heap.

Then I saw it all. Seated, Turk fashion, on the border of his blanket, which he could thus draw up so as to entirely envelop himself in it, he was completely in the dark, so far as the daylight was concerned; and, thus enshrouded, he was hovering over a round hole in the ice, about eighteen inches in diameter. A small tripod of birch sticks erected over the hole helped to hold up the blanket and steady a spear, which, with a delicate handle nine or ten feet long, was held in the right hand, the tines resting on the edge of the hole, and the end of the pole sticking through an opening in the blanket above. From the other hand,

dropped into the water a string on the end of which was a rude wooden decoy-fish, small enough to represent bait to the unsuspecting perch or pickerel who should spy it. This decoy was loaded so as to sink slowly, and was so moved and maneuvered as to imitate the motions of a living fish.

Crawling under the blanket with my Indian friend, I was surprised at the distinctness and beauty with which everything could be seen by the subdued light that came up through the ice. The bottom of the river, six or eight feet below us, was clearly visible, and seemed barely four feet away. The grasses, vegetable growths, and spots of pebbly bottom formed curious little vistas and recesses, in some of which dreamily floated a school of perch and smaller fish. Each little air-bubble sparkled like a gem, and the eye delighted in tracing and watching the mystery of beautiful water formations, where every crevice seemed a little fairy world, with changing lights or shadows made by the sunlight through the transparent ice.

The wooden decoy-fish, meanwhile, was being delicately handled by the Indian fisherman, now raised gently to the top of the water, then sinking slowly; the very action of sinking and the position of its artificial fins made it run forward, now this way, and now that, until it really seemed alive.

Suddenly, from somewhere—I could not tell where, it seemed to come by magic—a large "dory," or "moon-eyed pike," appeared on the river bottom. The watchful Indian slowly raised the decoy-bait toward the surface, the larger fish following it with interested and puzzled eyes. There was a sudden movement of the spear; down it darted; its sharp prongs pierced the unsuspecting pike, which was speedily drawn up and thrown wriggling on the ice. Then the blanket was re-adjusted, and the fishing was resumed. My bright young Indian friend said he could catch from twenty to thirty pounds of fish in an afternoon in this manner, and sometimes could even secure double that quantity.

So ingenious and exciting a method of fishing interested me greatly, and when, years after, I again visited Green Bay, with two bright boys and zealous fishermen of my own, we, with some other wide-awake young fellows, adapted the Indian method of fishing,—which was somewhat too rough to be literally followed,—to suit the abilities and ingenuities of civilized American lads.

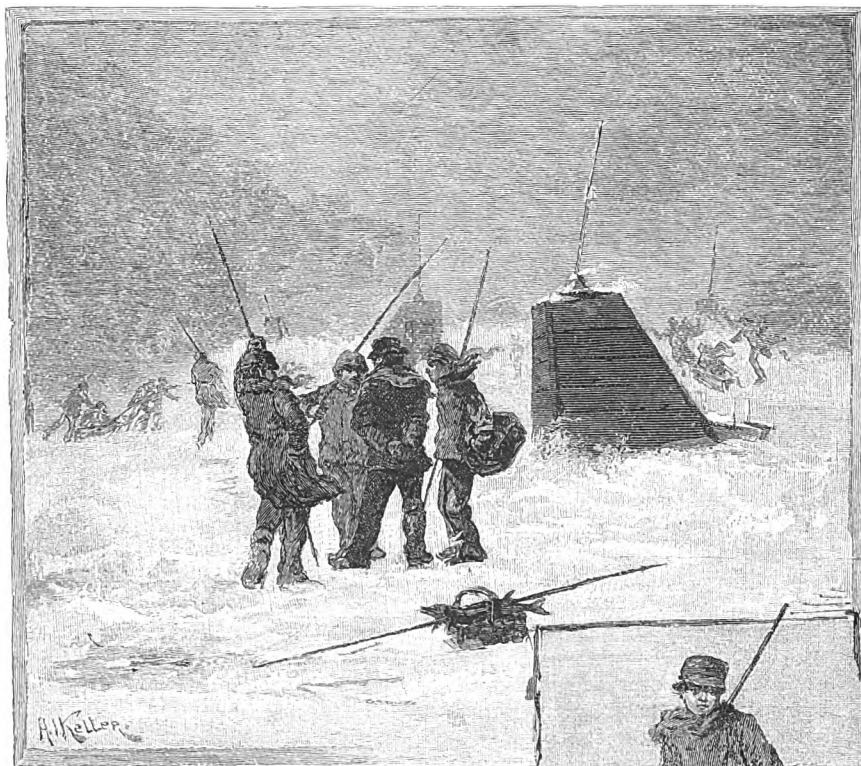




tion on this page affords the best description of the house, which can of course be modified to suit the tastes or convenience of any one who may choose to build a little structure of the kind. One of my friends uses a six-foot-square house with a floor, a seat, and a small charcoal stove; he can thus enjoy a change of position, his pipe, or book, at leisure, at such times as the fish are not running.

iron, with tines four inches long. If quarter-inch iron is used, the tines should be six inches long; if one-eighth inch, four inches will be long enough. Any blacksmith can make these tines with barbs as shown in the figure on the next page. We had them pointed and bent at the upper end, so as to be driven into the handle, as shown by the dotted lines.

Our spear-handles were made from straight pine



BOY-SPEARERS ON A NEW JERSEY PICKEREL-POND.

The best time for the sport is just before and just after sunset.

Of course no floor is necessary, and any block or bit of board which raises the sportsman a few inches from the ice would serve for a seat.

I must add by way of caution that every hole or crack in the box should be covered; as a direct ray of light not only obstructs the vision, but prevents fish from coming to the hole. Any opening that may be discovered after setting up the box on the ice, can be closed with a handful of snow.

The tines of the spears which we used were made of quarter-inch, round iron; and for fish weighing two or three pounds, three-sixteenths or one-eighth iron will answer. I have caught four and five pound pickerel on a spear of one-eighth inch



or spruce shingle laths about one and a quarter inches wide, tapering from the thickness of the lath at one end, to three-fourths of an inch at the other. They may be from nine to twelve feet in length — but a good average is ten feet.

The handle should be grooved so that the tines

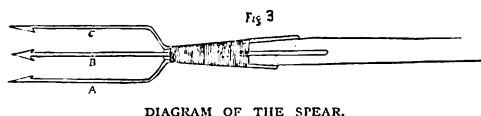


DIAGRAM OF THE SPEAR.

may be sunk at least half-way into it, to prevent slipping or twisting. They should be lashed very tightly and carefully to the pole with stove-pipe wire or any other malleable wire.

The artificial bait or minnow, of which there are two outline figures on this page, we whittled out of pine. They were three or four inches long, and in proportions as drawn. In the side-view,



Fig 1

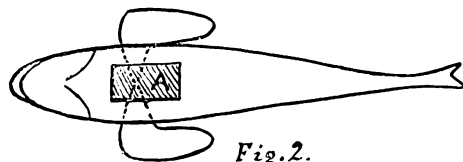


Fig. 2.

DIAGRAMS OF THE ARTIFICIAL BAIT.

the dotted and shaded part, A, shows the shape and proportion of a hollow, opening from below, to be run full of melted lead; we made these hollows larger at the top, so that the lead would not drop out, and poured in lead enough to sink the minnow rapidly. After cutting out the hole, and before running in the lead, we drove in the side-fins, which we cut from bits of tin with a pair of strong scissors. The dotted lines show how these fins met in the center of the space which held lead. The lead thus held the fins, and the fins kept the lead more securely in place. The back-fin was also cut from tin and driven into a slit made with a knife along the back. A bent pin made a small eye, or staple, which was set over the center of the lead and just ahead of the back fin. We definitely settled the position of the staple by tying a fine fish-line to it and experimenting in a pail of water. When the fish hung perfectly level, the staple was in the proper position. By pulling the string, the resistance of the water on the side-fins caused the fish to shoot ahead; and on slacking the thread, it also shot ahead while sinking; in this way, by giving the thread little short jerks and alternately lifting and lowering, we made our decoy-bait to play about in very fish-like motions.

Sometimes we used uncolored minnows, and sometimes we painted them white, the back a dark greenish gray.

The young fisherman must not keep too continued an action with the bait; but he should merely raise and lower it a few inches, by little half-inch jerks, for a few minutes at a time; every once in a while, however, he may raise it quickly nearly to the top of the hole. Here it should be made to swim and glide about, in whatever way it will, while

sinking to a depth of three or four feet. Then it should be guided in a circle around the outer limit as far as can be seen, then returned to the center, about three or four feet down; and again, kept almost still. Probably the fisherman will suddenly be surprised to see a large fish almost under his eyes. Now, without excitement, gradually lifting the bait with one hand, with the other he takes the spear, and poises it over the fish, letting it gently slide through the hand and approach him, while he attracts his intended victim with the motions of the bait.

When he has lowered the spear to about eighteen

inches or a foot from the fish's back, being careful to keep the hand raised, he should strike it suddenly and he will be apt to catch. This is a trick which any one can soon learn. Of course a few failures must be expected, at first.

If a lad feel nervous and uncertain, and can not use both hands as described, let him throw the line over the left knee so as to hold the minnow just over the fish, which will probably remain long enough for him to lower the spear gently with both hands and to strike with certainty. As a rule the boys followed this course, but the expert manner is that first described.

During a snow-storm or on a partly cloudy day, or just before and after sunset, are the best times for successful sport.

It will not be difficult to see; for if the box shuts out all outside light, it will be beautifully transparent and clear below, even until late in the evening. If the ice is covered with snow, it should be cleared away for a space.

A thick overcoat should be worn, although the animal heat in the box will make the spearman warm enough, and sometimes too warm. I have fished comfortably when the thermometer was ten degrees below zero.

The door of the house should be on the left hand of the spearman, who should sit with his back to the perpendicular end. When he catches a fish, he unbuttons the door, pokes the fish outside, pulls the spear in, and resumes fishing.

On many of our inland lakes and ponds this fish-spearing can be combined with a day's skating and other amusements, and will give to many a boy a good day's sport which he will long remember.

## VOICES OF PROPHECY.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

WHEN I to the woodland was wont to repair,  
In the season of pleasure and mirth,  
It rustled to myriad flocks of the air  
And numberless tribes of the earth.

How slender the sound that is echoed here now  
These bright, frozen arches to thrill! —  
The snap of a twig or the creak of a bough  
Or the sigh of the wind on the hill.

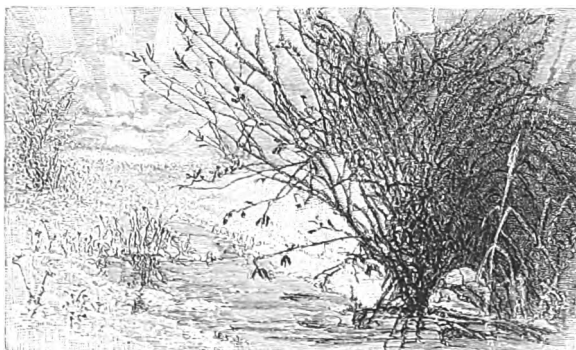
The nest of the warbler is empty and tossed;  
The partridge is lonely and shy;  
And, clad in a livery white as the frost,  
The rabbit slips silently by.

The squirrel is hid in the heart of a tree,  
Secure from the sleet and the snow.  
And who was so merry and saucy as he? —  
The jauntiest fellow I know!

Yet, under the burden of ice at its brink,  
All shining and glassy and gray,  
The sweet-throated stream where I loitered to drink  
Is murmuring still on its way.

And hark! what a note from the dusky retreat  
The bird of the winter sends forth!  
Who taught you defiance of tempest and sleet,  
O lover and loved of the North?

Though forest and hill-side are heavy with snow,  
Yet hope is alive in the breast,—  
The water, imprisoned, is calling below;  
The chickadee chirps of her nest!



## LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

## CHAPTER IV.

IT was during the voyage that Cedric's mother told him that his home was not to be hers; and when he first understood it, his grief was so great that Mr. Havisham saw that the Earl had been wise in making the arrangements that his mother should be quite near him, and see him often; for it was very plain he could not have borne the separation otherwise. But his mother managed the little fellow so sweetly and lovingly, and made him feel that she would be so near him, that, after a while, he ceased to be oppressed by the fear of any real parting.

"My house is not far from the Castle, Ceddie," she repeated each time the subject was referred to — "a very little way from yours, and you can always run in and see me every day, and you will have so many things to tell me! and we shall be so happy together! It is a beautiful place. Your papa has often told me about it. He loved it very much; and you will love it too."

"I should love it better if you were there," his small lordship said, with a heavy little sigh.

He could not but feel puzzled by so strange a state of affairs, which could put his "Dearest" in one house and himself in another.

The fact was that Mrs. Errol had thought it better not to tell him why this plan had been made.

"I should prefer he should not be told," she said to Mr. Havisham. "He would not really understand; he would only be shocked and hurt; and I feel sure that his feeling for the Earl will be a more natural and affectionate one if he does not know that his grandfather dislikes me so bitterly. He has never seen hatred or hardness, and it would be a great blow to him to find out that any one could hate me. He is so loving himself, and I am so dear to him! It is better for him that he should not be told until he is much older, and it is far better for the Earl. It would make a barrier between them, even though Ceddie is such a child."

So Cedric only knew that there was some mysterious reason for the arrangement, some reason which he was not old enough to understand, but which would be explained when he was older. He was puzzled; but, after all, it was not the reason he cared about so much; and after many talks with his mother, in which she comforted him and placed before him the bright side of the picture, the dark side of it gradually began to fade out, though now

and then Mr. Havisham saw him sitting in some queer little old-fashioned attitude, watching the sea, with a very grave face, and more than once he heard an unchildish sigh rise to his lips.

"I don't like it," he said once as he was having one of his almost venerable talks with the lawyer. "You don't know how much I don't like it; but there are a great many troubles in this world, and you have to bear them. Mary says so, and I've heard Mr. Hobbs say it too. And Dearest wants me to like to live with my grandpapa, because, you see, all his children are dead, and that's very mournful. It makes you sorry for a man, when all his children have died — and one was killed suddenly."

One of the things which always delighted the people who made the acquaintance of his young lordship was the sage little air he wore at times when he gave himself up to conversation; — combined with his occasionally elderly remarks and the extreme innocence and seriousness of his round childish face, it was irresistible. He was such a handsome, blooming, curly-headed little fellow, that, when he sat down and nursed his knee with his chubby hands, and conversed with much gravity, he was a source of great entertainment to his hearers. Gradually Mr. Havisham had begun to derive a great deal of private pleasure and amusement from his society.

"And so you are going to try to like the Earl," he said.

"Yes," answered his lordship. "He's my relation, and of course you have to like your relations; and besides, he's been very kind to me. When a person does so many things for you, and wants you to have everything you wish for, of course you'd like him if he was n't your relation; but when he's your relation and does that, why, you're very fond of him."

"Do you think," suggested Mr. Havisham, "that he will be fond of you?"

"Well," said Cedric, "I think he will, because, you see, I'm his relation, too, and I'm his boy's little boy besides, and, well, don't you see — of course he must be fond of me now, or he would n't want me to have everything that I like, and he would n't have sent you for me."

"Oh!" remarked the lawyer, "that's it, is it?"

"Yes," said Cedric, "that's it. Don't you think that's it, too? Of course a man would be fond of his grandson."

The people who had been seasick had no sooner recovered from their seasickness, and come on deck to recline in their steamer-chairs and enjoy themselves, than every one seemed to know the romantic story of little Lord Fauntleroy, and every one took an interest in the little fellow, who ran about the ship or walked with his mother or the tall, thin old lawyer, or talked to the sailors. Every one liked him; he made friends everywhere. He was ever ready to make friends. When the gentlemen walked up and down the deck, and let him walk with them, he stepped out with a manly, sturdy little tramp, and answered all their jokes with much gay enjoyment; when the ladies talked to him, there was always laughter in the group of which he was the center; when he played with the children, there was always magnificent fun on hand. Among the sailors he had the heartiest friends; he heard miraculous stories about pirates and shipwrecks and desert islands; he learned to splice ropes and rig toy ships, and gained an amount of information concerning "tops'les" and "main-s'les," quite surprising. His conversation had, indeed, quite a nautical flavor at times, and on one occasion he raised a shout of laughter in a group of ladies and gentlemen who were sitting on deck, wrapped in shawls and overcoats, by saying sweetly, and with a very engaging expression:

"Shiver my timbers, but it's a cold day!"

It surprised him when they laughed. He had picked up this sea-faring remark from an "elderly naval man" of the name of Jerry, who told him stories in which it occurred frequently. To judge from his stories of his own adventures, Jerry had made some two or three thousand voyages, and had been invariably shipwrecked on each occasion on an island densely populated with bloodthirsty cannibals. Judging, also, by these same exciting adventures, he had been partially roasted and eaten frequently and had been scalped some fifteen or twenty times.

"That is why he is so bald," explained Lord Fauntleroy to his mamma. "After you have been scalped several times the hair never grows again. Jerry's never grew after that last time, when the King of the Parromachaweebins did it with the knife made out of the skull of the Chief of the Wopslemumpkies. He says it was one of the most serious times he ever had. He was so frightened that his hair stood right straight up when the king flourished his knife, and it never would lie down, and the king wears it that way now, and it looks something like a hair-brush. I never heard anything like the asperiences Jerry has had! I should so like to tell Mr. Hobbs about them!"

Sometimes, when the weather was very disagreeable and people were kept below decks in the saloon,

a party of his grown-up friends would persuade him to tell them some of these "asperiences" of Jerry's, and as he sat relating them with great delight and fervor, there was certainly no more popular voyager on any ocean steamer crossing the Atlantic than little Lord Fauntleroy. He was always innocently and good-naturedly ready to do his small best to add to the general entertainment,



JERRY NARRATES SOME OF HIS ADVENTURES.

and there was a charm in the very unconsciousness of his own childish importance.

"Jerry's stories int'rust them very much," he said to his mamma. "For my part—you must excuse me, Dearest—but sometimes I should have thought they could n't be all quite true, if they had n't happened to Jerry himself; but as they all happened to Jerry—well, it's very strange, you know, and perhaps sometimes he may forget and be a little mistaken, as he's been scalped so often.

Being scalped a great many times might make a person forgetful."

It was eleven days after he had said good-bye to his friend Dick before he reached Liverpool; and it was on the night of the twelfth day that the carriage, in which he and his mother and Mr. Havisham had driven from the station, stopped before the gates of Court Lodge. They could not see much of the house in the darkness. Cedric only saw that there was a driveway under great arching trees, and after the carriage had rolled down this driveway a short distance, he saw an open door and a stream of bright light coming through it.

Mary had come with them to attend her mistress, and she had reached the house before them. When Cedric jumped out of the carriage he saw one or two servants standing in the wide, bright hall, and Mary stood in the doorway.

Lord Fauntleroy sprang at her with a gay little shout.

"Did you get here, Mary?" he said. "Here's Mary, Dearest," and he kissed the maid on her rough red cheek.

"I am glad you are here, Mary," Mrs. Errol said to her in a low voice. "It is such a comfort to me to see you. It takes the strangeness away." And she held out her little hand which Mary squeezed encouragingly. She knew how this first "strangeness" must feel to this little mother who had left her own land and was about to give up her child.

The English servants looked with curiosity at both the boy and his mother. They had heard all sorts of rumors about them both; they knew how angry the old Earl had been, and why Mrs. Errol was to live at the lodge and her little boy at the castle; they knew all about the great fortune he was to inherit, and about the savage old grandfather and his gout and his tempers.

"He 'll have no easy time of it, poor little chap," they had said among themselves.

But they did not know what sort of a little lord had come among them; they did not quite understand the character of the next Earl of Dorincourt.

He pulled off his overcoat quite as if he were used to doing things for himself, and began to look about him. He looked about the broad hall, at the pictures and stags' antlers and curious things that ornamented it. They seemed curious to him because he had never seen such things before in a private house.

"Dearest," he said, "this is a very pretty house, is n't it? I am glad you are going to live here. It's quite a large house."

It was quite a large house compared to the one in the shabby New York street, and it was

very pretty and cheerful. Mary led them upstairs to a bright chintz-hung bedroom where a fire was burning, and a large snow-white Persian cat was sleeping luxuriously on the white fur hearth-rug.

"It was the house-kaper up at the Castle, ma'am, sint her to yez," explained Mary. "It's herself is a kind-hearted lady an' has had iverything done to prepar' fur yez. I seen her meself a few minnits, an' she was fond av the Capt'in, ma'am, an' graivs fur him; and she said to say the big cat slapin' on the rug moight make the room same homeloike to yez. She knowed Capt'in Errol whin he was a bye—an' a foine handsom' bye she ses he was, an' a foine young man wid a plisint word fur every one, great an' shmall. An' ses I to her, ses I: 'He's lift a bye that's loike him, ma'am, fur a foiner little felly niver stipped in shoe-leather.'"

When they were ready, they went downstairs into another big bright room; its ceiling was low, and the furniture was heavy and beautifully carved, the chairs were deep and had high massive backs, and there were queer shelves and cabinets with strange, pretty ornaments on them. There was a great tiger-skin before the fire, and an arm-chair on each side of it. The stately white cat had responded to Lord Fauntleroy's stroking and followed him downstairs, and when he threw himself down upon the rug, she curled herself up grandly beside him as if she intended to make friends. Cedric was so pleased that he put his head down by hers, and lay stroking her, not noticing what his mother and Mr. Havisham were saying.

They were, indeed, speaking in a rather low tone. Mrs. Errol looked a little pale and agitated.

"He need not go to-night?" she said. "He will stay with me to-night?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Havisham in the same low tone; "it will not be necessary for him to go to-night. I myself will go to the Castle as soon as we have dined, and inform the Earl of our arrival."

Mrs. Errol glanced down at Cedric. He was lying in a graceful, careless attitude upon the black-and-yellow skin; the fire shone on his handsome, flushed little face, and on the tumbled, curly hair spread out on the rug; the big cat was purring in drowsy content, she liked the caressing touch of the kind little hand on her fur.

Mrs. Errol smiled faintly.

"His lordship does not know all that he is taking from me," she said rather sadly. Then she looked at the lawyer. "Will you tell him, if you please," she said, "that I should rather not have the money?"

"The money!" Mr. Havisham exclaimed. "You can not mean the income he proposed to settle upon you!"

"Yes," she answered, quite simply; "I think I

should rather not have it. I am obliged to accept the house, and I thank him for it, because it makes it possible for me to be near my child; but I have a little money of my own,—enough to live simply upon,—and I should rather not take the other. As he dislikes me so much, I should feel a little as if I were selling Cedric to him. I am giving him up only because I love him enough to forget myself for his good, and because his father would wish it to be so.”

Mr. Havisham rubbed his chin.

“This is very strange,” he said. “He will be very angry. He won’t understand it.”

“I think he will understand it, after he thinks it over,” she said. “I do not really need the money, and why should I accept luxuries from the man who hates me so much that he takes my little boy from me—his son’s child?”

Mr. Havisham looked reflective for a few moments.

“I will deliver your message,” he said afterward.

And then the dinner was brought in and they sat down together, the big cat taking a seat on a chair near Cedric’s and purring majestically throughout the meal.

When, later in the evening, Mr. Havisham presented himself at the Castle, he was taken at once to the Earl. He found him sitting by the fire in a luxurious easy-chair, his foot on a gout-stool. He looked at the lawyer sharply from under his shaggy eyebrows, but Mr. Havisham could see that, in spite of his pretense of calmness, he was nervous and secretly excited.

“Well,” he said; “well, Havisham, come back, have you? What’s the news?”

“Lord Fauntleroy and his mother are at Court Lodge,” replied Mr. Havisham. “They bore the voyage very well and are in excellent health.”

The Earl made a half-impatient sound and moved his hand restlessly.

“Glad to hear it,” he said brusquely. “So far, so good. Make yourself comfortable. Have a glass of wine and settle down. What else?”

“His lordship remains with his mother to-night. To-morrow I will bring him to the Castle.”

The Earl’s elbow was resting on the arm of his chair; he put his hand up and shielded his eyes with it.

“Well,” he said; “go on. You know I told you not to write to me about the matter, and I know nothing whatever about it. What kind of a lad is he? I don’t care about the mother; what sort of a lad is he?”

Mr. Havisham drank a little of the glass of port he had poured out for himself, and sat holding it in his hand.

“It is rather difficult to judge of the character of a child of seven,” he said cautiously.

The Earl’s prejudices were very intense. He looked up quickly and uttered a rough word.

“A fool, is he?” he exclaimed. “Or a clumsy cub? His American blood tells, does it?”

“I do not think it has injured him, my lord,” replied the lawyer in his dry, deliberate fashion. “I don’t know much about children, but I thought him rather a fine lad.”

His manner of speech was always deliberate and unenthusiastic, but he made it a trifle more so than usual. He had a shrewd fancy that it would be better that the Earl should judge for himself, and be quite unprepared for his first interview with his grandson.

“Healthy and well-grown?” asked my lord.

“Apparently very healthy, and quite well-grown,” replied the lawyer.

“Straight-limbed and well enough to lock at?” demanded the Earl.

A very slight smile touched Mr. Havisham’s thin lips. There rose up before his mind’s eye the picture he had left at Court Lodge,—the beautiful, graceful child’s body lying upon the tiger-skin in careless comfort—the bright, tumbled hair spread on the rug—the bright, rosy boy’s face.

“Rather a handsome boy, I think, my lord, as boys go,” he said, “though I am scarcely a judge, perhaps. But you will find him somewhat different from most English children, I dare say.”

“I have n’t a doubt of that,” snarled the Earl, a twinge of gout seizing him. “A lot of impudent little beggars, those American children; I’ve heard that often enough.”

“It is not exactly impudence in his case,” said Mr. Havisham. “I can scarcely describe what the difference is. He has lived more with older people than with children, and the difference seems to be a mixture of maturity and childishness.”

“American impudence!” protested the Earl. “I’ve heard of it before. They call it precocity and freedom. Beastly, impudent bad manners; that’s what it is!”

Mr. Havisham drank some more port. He seldom argued with his lordly patron,—never when his lordly patron’s noble leg was inflamed by gout. At such times it was always better to leave him alone. So there was a silence of a few moments. It was Mr. Havisham who broke it.

“I have a message to deliver from Mrs. Errol,” he remarked.

“I don’t want any of her messages!” growled his lordship; “the less I hear of her the better.”

“This is a rather important one,” explained the lawyer. “She prefers not to accept the income you proposed to settle on her.”



The Earl started visibly.

"What 's that?" he cried out. "What 's that?"

Mr. Havisham repeated his words.

"She says it is not necessary, and that as the relations between you are not friendly ——"

"Not friendly!" ejaculated my lord savagely; "I should say they were not friendly! I hate to think of her! A mercenary, sharp-voiced American! I don't wish to see her!"

"My lord," said Mr. Havisham, "you can

blustered my lord. "She shall have it sent to her. She sha'n't tell people that she has to live like a pauper because I have done nothing for her! She wants to give the boy a bad opinion of me! I suppose she has poisoned his mind against me already!"

"No," said Mr. Havisham. "I have another message, which will prove to you that she has not done that."

"I don't want to hear it!" panted the Earl, out of breath with anger and excitement and gout.



"THE BIG CAT WAS PURRING IN DROWSY CONTENT; SHE LIKED THE CARESSING TOUCH OF THE KIND LITTLE HAND."

scarcely call her mercenary. She has asked for nothing. She does not accept the money you offer her."

"All done for effect!" snapped his noble lordship. "She wants to wheedle me into seeing her. She thinks I shall admire her spirit. I don't admire it! It 's only American independence! I wont have her living like a beggar at my park gates. As she's the boy's mother, she has a position to keep up, and she shall keep it up. She shall have the money, whether she likes it or not!"

"She wont spend it," said Mr. Havisham.

"I don't care whether she spends it or not!"

But Mr. Havisham delivered it.

"She asks you not to let Lord Fauntleroy hear anything which would lead him to understand that you separate him from her because of your prejudice against her. He is very fond of her, and she is convinced that it would cause a barrier to exist between you. She says he would not comprehend it, and it might make him fear you in some measure, or at least cause him to feel less affection for you. She has told him that he is too young to understand the reason, but shall hear it when he is older. She wishes that there should be no shadow on your first meeting."

The Earl sank back into his chair. His deep-set fierce old eyes gleamed under his beetling brows.

"Come, now!" he said, still breathlessly. "Come, now! You don't mean the mother has n't told him?"

"Not one word, my lord," replied the lawyer coolly. "That I can assure you. The child is prepared to believe you the most amiable and affectionate of grandparents. Nothing—absolutely nothing has been said to him to give him the slightest doubt of your perfection. And as I carried out your commands in every detail, while in New York, he certainly regards you as a wonder of generosity."

*(To be continued.)*

"He does, eh?" said the Earl.

"I give you my word of honor," said Mr. Havisham, "that Lord Fauntleroy's impressions of you will depend entirely upon yourself. And if you will pardon the liberty I take in making the suggestion, I think you will succeed better with him if you take the precaution not to speak slightly of his mother."

"Pooh, pooh!" said the Earl. "The youngster's only seven years old!"

"He has spent those seven years at his mother's side," returned Mr. Havisham; "and she has all his affection."

## THE GIRL WHO LOST HER POCKET.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

EVERY one knew that Kitty Brimblecom was careless long before she lost her pocket. She lost not only little things such as thimbles and pencils and pocket-knives, but she lost her hat and one of her shoes, the soup-ladle and the pendulum of the clock, her wax doll's head and her brother Jack's tame owl; but all that was nothing compared with losing the baby! He was her own brother, and was only six months old when she lost him. Nurse had him out in the park, in his carriage, and was sitting on a bench gossiping with a crony, when Kitty seized the opportunity to run away, rolling the carriage before her. It went very easily, and she thought she could give the baby a ride just as well as Nurse; but unhappily, when she went into the crowded street a hand-organ with a monkey came along. Kitty was especially interested in monkeys; her brother Jack had said they would stuff their cheeks full of nuts, just like squirrels; she had some nuts in her pocket, and wished to see whether this monkey would make his cheeks stick out with them. And she left the baby in his carriage on the sidewalk, and forgot all about him!

And such a time as there was about it! Kitty's mother fainted, and Nurse had hysterics, and two policemen were employed to find the baby, and Jack said it was just like Kitty, and her father said she could not be trusted at all,—and it was ten o'clock at night before they found him!

And that monkey just cracked the nuts and ate them like anybody else. And Jack said he had never said that monkeys would stuff their cheeks full like squirrels.

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Kitty resolved that nothing should ever tempt her to be careless again.

And she did improve very much after that. If she had not, her mother would never have allowed her to spend a whole month at Grandma's. Grandma lived in the country, on a farm, and there were good times to be had there, even in winter. The whole family went there to spend Christmas, and Grandma wanted Kitty to be left with her, for a long visit. She said Kitty's cheeks were pale, and she thought a little vacation would do her good, and she wanted her to keep the house bright and lively. And she did n't pay the least attention to Jack when he said that perhaps Kitty might make it too lively, and that she'd better keep him to find the things that Kitty would lose. Grandma did n't think Kitty so troublesome a girl as she was considered at home; she was a very kind grandmother, and found excuses for her grandchild. Perhaps you may have noticed that grandmothers are very often like that.

Kitty jumped for joy when her mother, after some hesitation, said she might stay. Some people might have thought it pleasanter in the city in the winter, but Kitty preferred the country.

She liked to rise early, when there was n't a sign that it was morning, except the persistent crowing of the old red rooster, and go out to the barn with Absalom, the hired man, who went to feed the horses and cattle, and to milk the cows. Very often it was so early that stars were still shining in the sky, and it was so still that it seemed as if nobody were alive in the world. Kitty felt just as if she had risen early to go on a journey,

and there was something very fascinating about it. Kitty liked to feed the cows, which looked at her with friendly eyes, and the frisky little calf, Kitty's namesake and her especial property, always expected to have its head stroked. The old red rooster, that had been trying for the last hour to convince his lazy family that it was time to wake up, came strutting along to take his breakfast from her hands, followed by a flock of sleepy hens clucking their dissatisfaction at so early a rising, but not wanting in appetite. Even the lordly old gobbler, with a very infirm temper that allowed no familiarities, would bend his lofty neck to eat from the dish Kitty held in her hand.

The old gray mare always whinnied for a lump of sugar as soon as Kitty came in sight, and Kitty never failed to have it. It was fascinating, too, to see Absalom milk the cows, and while he was doing it he sang beautiful songs, that would almost bring tears to your eyes, about his "lovely Mary Jane" and "The Lass that Tore her Hair."

When they went back to the house Kitty usually curled up on the lounge in the sitting-room and had a nap until breakfast-time.

But going to the barn in the morning was only a small part of the fun that was to be had at Grandma's. Kitty was sure there were nowhere such hills for coasting as those about Cloverfield; and what were rinks for skating compared with the mill-pond? The snow staid on the ground longer than it did in the city, so there were plenty of sleigh rides; and there were singing-schools, and spelling-schools, and apple-bees, and all sorts of frolics to which Grandma always let her go, because they did not last until late, as such merry-makings did in the city.

At first the girls and boys were a little shy of Kitty, because she came from the city; but they soon became very friendly, and Kitty thought they were as agreeable friends as she had ever known, especially the little girls, who admired her clothes very much, and coaxed their mothers to bang their hair, because Kitty wore hers banged.

Mary Jane Lawton lived in the next house to Grandma's, and she was just Kitty's age; and Kitty liked her very much, though some of the girls told her in confidence that Mary Jane was haughty and proud.

Rosy and Roxy Dayton were Kitty's particular friends, and she could tell them apart, even without their necklaces on, although she had known them only a little while; and she was quite proud of her ability to distinguish them, for they were twins, and looked so much alike that their own relatives could scarcely have told them apart, if one had not worn a red necklace and one a blue.

Martha Stebbins, the minister's little girl, was

also a friend of Kitty's, but she could not come out to play very often, because she had so many little brothers and sisters, and was always having to rock one of them to sleep.

But it happened one Saturday afternoon, when there was very fine coasting on Redtop Hill, that Kitty and all her friends could go. Martha Stebbins's little brothers and sisters were so considerate as to go to sleep without being rocked; Rosy and Roxy, who had to help in the Saturday baking, by peeling apples and seeding raisins and chopping meat, had finished their work; Mary Jane Lawton had recovered from her cold; and Grandma said Kitty could go and stay all the afternoon, if she would only go around by Mr. Spring the watch-maker's, on her way home, and ask him to fasten one of the glasses which had dropped out of Grandma's spectacles. It would take Mr. Spring only a very few minutes, and she could wait for them, and she was not on any account to forget, because Grandma could not see to read the hymns in church the next day without her "glasses."

The party set out in very high spirits, each with a fine, gayly painted sled. When they were about half-way to Redtop Hill, a girl came out of a house and stood in the road, evidently waiting for them to come up. She had very red hair and a freckled face, and her nose turned up. She wore a calico dress, an old red and green shawl, and a yellow pumpkin hood; and she had a very queer-looking sled, which was evidently of home manufacture. It was unpainted, and its runners had apparently been taken from a larger sled, and they extended beyond it in a very funny way.

"If there is n't Sally Pringle!" exclaimed Mary Jane Lawton. "I wonder if she thinks she is going with us! Old Mrs. Meacham took her out of the poor-house, and she does all sorts of work."

"I'm sorry for her; they say old Mrs. Meacham is so cross to her!" said Roxy Dayton.

"Oh, so cross!" said Rosy Dayton.

"But she can't expect to 'sociate with us!" said Mary Jane Lawton, with a toss of her head.

"Goin' to Redtop Hill?" asked Sally Pringle, as soon as they reached her. "So 'm I! All my work's done up, and Mis' Meacham says I can stay all the afternoon. I guess I'll go with you, 'cause I don't know many."

"You have n't been invited," said Mary Jane, with another toss of her head; and she crossed the road away from Sally Pringle, beckoning and drawing the others, who, I am sorry to say, all followed her.

"I guess I'm as good as you!" cried Sallie Pringle, her little freckled face growing almost as red as her hair. "And, anyhow, this sled that

Dave made for me 'll go better 'n any of yours; so there!"

"We would n't have such a funny-looking old sled!" said Martha Stebbins.

"Oh, my! What red hair!" said Roxy Dayton.

"Yes, and freckles!" said Rosy.

"I'm not just alike, anyhow! Folks can tell me apart!" cried Sally Pringle, almost choking with wrath.

The twins were silenced by this cutting retort.

Kitty said to Mary Jane, in a low tone:

"She's all alone; it would n't do us any harm to let her come with us."

you speakin' to that Lawton girl; she would n't 'a' said I could come if it had n't been for you. You're not a bit stuck-up, if you do live in the city, are you? You're as pretty as paint, and your clothes are handsome, though it's a pity your mother did n't have cloth enough to make your dress a little mite longer, and if you had a round comb 't would keep your hair out of your eyes. I think those girls are mean and proud, don't you?"

"They did n't intend to hurt your feelings; they did n't think," said Kitty.

"I don't care if my hair is red, and if the boys do call 'house a-fire' after me! Dave is goin'



COASTING DOWN REDTOP HILL.

"I never supposed *you'd* want her," said Mary Jane to Kitty. "You can come with us if you like!" she said, in a very ungracious tone, to Sally Pringle, without casting a glance in her direction.

Sally was walking sturdily along, on the other side of the road, pulling her sled after her with an occasional jerk which showed a disturbed state of mind, and she gave no heed to Mary Jane's permission.

Kitty suddenly caught sight of two tears dropping from the tip of the little turned-up nose, and her heart was moved.

She went across the road to Sally's side.

"I think you are a good girl. I want you to go with me!" she said, taking Sally's arm in hers.

"Do you now, honest?" said Sally, lifting a pair of brimming eyes to Kitty's face. "I heard

to fight 'em. Don't you know Dave? His name is n't Meacham, no more 'n mine, but folks call him so; he's a boy that Mis' Meacham took, just as she took me. He was town's poor, too, but he's smart, Dave is. If you'll never tell as long as you live, I'll tell you a secret. Dave is going to be President, one of these days, and we're going to live in the White House, and I'll ask you to come and see us, but I wont ask any of those girls — would you? — 'cause they said I was town's poor and my hair was red. I don't care if my hair is red, — but I would n't be twins, anyhow, would you?"

"I think your hair is a pretty color; I saw some just like it in a beautiful picture, once," said Kitty, lifting admiringly the heavy, waving, red locks, that were really beautiful.

"Did you, now, honest?" said Sally, her eyes shining with delight. "I'll take you on my sled. The girls make fun of it now, but you'd better b'lieve they won't pretty soon! Dave made it, and it will go! you'll see! Dave don't think much of girls' sleds, anyhow, even if they are all painted up!"

By this time they had reached Redtop Hill, which presented a very gay appearance, being thronged with boys and girls, some going up and some down, and all changing places like the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope.

Kitty and Sally were still walking together on one side of the road, while Kitty's friends walked on the other, but they came together when they reached the top of the hill, and the girls were all

a sled there that could beat it. A great cheering arose as Sally distanced all those who started with her, and she came up the hill radiant with delight.

"You shall take it just as many times as you want to, 'cause you've been real good to me!" she said to Kitty.

But Kitty preferred to go down with her rather than to take the sled by herself, so she sat in front, and Sally sat behind and steered, and they went down like the wind, and Kitty said it was the best coast that she ever had in her life. She and Sally formed a queer contrast in looks, and they heard remarks made about it, and occasionally a laugh would be raised at Sally's looks, and once a small urchin called out "house a-fire!"



KITTY RECEIVES TWO WELCOME VISITORS. (SEE PAGE 262.)

very polite and conciliatory in their manner to Sally, who, however, received their attentions with considerable dignity and reserve.

She perched upon her sled, boy-fashion, shouted in a commanding tone to everybody to get out of the way, and away she went down the hill. The sled that Dave had made could go! There was scarcely

"If it was n't for you, I'd chase him," said Sally to Kitty; "but there'd be a great laughing and shouting, and may be you'd be ashamed. I don't care how much they laugh at me so long as you're not ashamed to go with me."

Kitty assured her that she was not; and, after that, Sally was undisturbed.

She offered her sled to all Kitty's friends, even to Mary Jane Lawton and the twins, who had said her hair was red, and they were very glad to accept it, in spite of its looks. What with her

and I heard her say the other day that she did n't know what she should do if anything should happen to them, because they just suited her eyes, and my purse with my three-dollar gold piece, and



SALLY PRINGLE MAKES A DISCOVERY. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

sled and Kitty's friendship, Sally was quite the belle of the occasion, and no one there was happier. There was only one thing that was sad about that afternoon to Kitty and Sally: it would come to an end! The darkness seemed to come down sooner than it ever did before, and they had to go home.

Mary Jane, and Roxy and Rosy Dayton, and Sally went with Kitty to Mr. Spring the watch-maker's.

With one hand on the latch of Mr. Spring's door, Kitty put her other hand into her pocket to get Grandma's spectacles. O, dear, no! not into her pocket, but into the place where her pocket should have been!

The pocket was gone!

"Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do? I've lost my pocket!" cried Kitty. "I remember now that it was half-ripped out when I put the dress on this morning, and I put two pins in it, and meant to sew it in before I came out, and then I forgot it, and, oh, dear! Grandma's spectacles were in it,

all the money I had besides, and my diary, with—oh, a *great* many things written in it that I did n't want anybody to see, and the baby's photograph, and my lucky-bone that Jack told me never to lose, and—oh dear! if I only had Grandma's glasses I would n't mind about the rest! That is—not m-m-much!"

And poor Kitty found it impossible to restrain her tears.

"It is of no use to go back and look for it, of course," said Mary Jane. "It's too dark to find it, and probably somebody picked it up."

"No, it is n't of any use," said Kitty, looking regretfully back into the darkness, in the direction of Redtop Hill. "I shall never see it again! And Grandma can't read a word!"

Mary Jane, and Roxy and Rosy Dayton tried to comfort Kitty, as they walked homeward, but Sally Pringle said never a word. She ran on ahead of them, and went into her house without stopping to say good-night.



"She did n't even say she was sorry you had lost your pocket, after you were so kind to her," said Mary Jane.

Kitty did feel rather hurt at Sally's want of sympathy, but, after all, it did not matter whether anybody was sorry for her or not; sorrow would not help the matter. It was almost as bad as losing the baby! Kitty did not know but that it was fully as bad, for he was sure to be found, and the pocket was almost sure not to be found. Besides, she was younger when she lost the baby, and there was more excuse for her carelessness.

And she had wished to behave particularly well at Grandma's, because Jack had prophesied that she would n't, and because she wanted to come again soon. And Grandma, who was very neat and particular, would think it was a dreadful thing to pin in a pocket! And how mortified her mother would be when she heard of it!

Grandma had company to tea and forgot to ask about her spectacles. That was a great relief to Kitty at first, but after a while she began to think it would have been better if she had told of her loss at first. She could scarcely eat a mouthful, for dreading it, and she jumped every time any one spoke to her, and Grandma asked her if she did n't feel well.

At one moment, she wished Grandma's company would go, that she might tell her about it, and the next moment she wished they would stay forever, so that she need never tell.

She did hope all the time that Grandma would not speak of her spectacles until her guests had gone, for she would have to tell what had become of them, and they all would say, "Who ever heard of a girl so careless as to lose her pocket?"

As soon as supper was over she tried to go out in the kitchen to find Absalom; she thought it would be a comfort to tell him all about it; but Grandma's visitors would keep talking to her, and Grandma praised her to them, and said she "was feet and hands to her, and eyes, too, sometimes"; and then Kitty trembled lest that should make her think of her spectacles. But it did n't; and very soon after that, the visitors took their leave. Kitty tried to summon her courage to tell Grandma

then, but she went out of the room, and Kitty went to find Absalom. Just as she stepped into the kitchen there came a loud knock at the back door. Absalom opened the door, and in stepped Sally Pringle, followed by a boy, with clothes too small for him, and feet and hands too large.

Sally held up, triumphantly, Kitty's lost pocket.

"I went right after Dave, for I knew he could find it," said Sally, "and we went right up to Red-top Hill, and we took a lantern, and we hunted and hunted; at last we saw one end of it sticking out of a snow-bank. I'm real glad we found it, 'cause you were good to me. I don't know as anybody like you was ever so good to me before, and it seemed as if I could n't stand it to see you cry. We must go right home, now, 'cause Mis' Meacham will be very cross; but I don't care so long as we found your pocket!"

And then Kitty threw her arms around Sally Pringle's neck, and kissed both her freckled cheeks.

"I don't care what Mis' Meacham does, now!" cried Sally as she ran off.

Kitty told Grandma all about it; she did n't mind owning how careless she had been, now that the pocket was found with everything safe in it, even to the lucky-bone that Jack had given her, and she wanted Grandma to know what a nice girl Sally Pringle was. And Grandma was very much interested, and said she was going to make Sally's acquaintance. And the upshot of it was that Grandma liked Sally so much that she made a bargain with old Mrs. Meacham to let Sally come and live with her and be "hands and feet and sometimes eyes" for her, after Kitty had gone home.

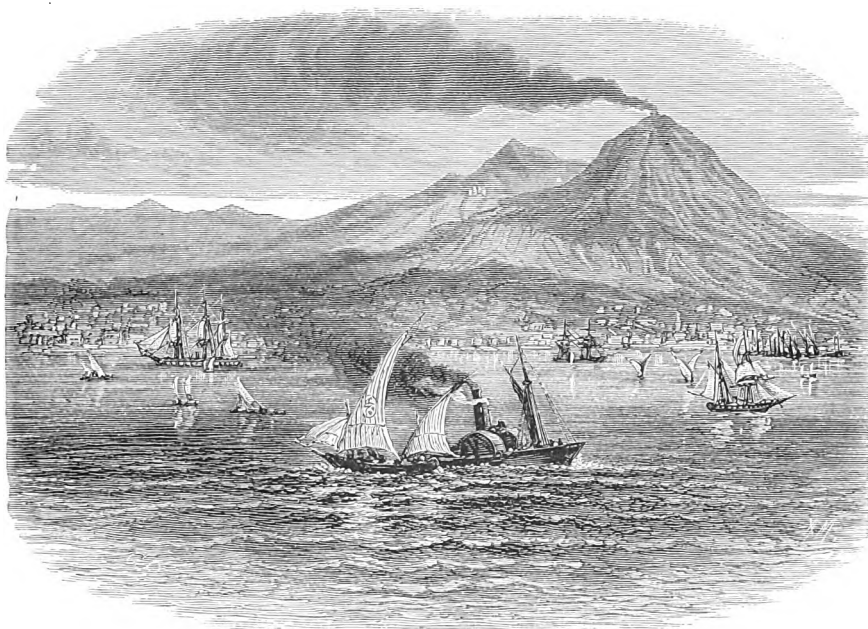
And Sally improved so much under the kindly influences at Grandma's, and was so faithful and sweet-tempered and unselfish, that she soon became like a daughter of the house.

And Grandma, who never did anything by halves, discovered that Dave was an uncommonly bright boy and sent him away to school.

Kitty finds it better fun than ever to go to Grandma's now, because Sally is there.

But though so much good came of it, Kitty *never* pinned her pocket in again.





VESUVIUS AND THE BAY OF NAPLES.

## PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

## V.

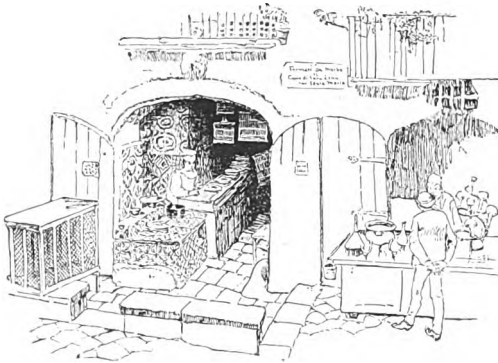
## AROUND THE BAY OF NAPLES.

EVERY one of us who has ever read anything at all about Italy will remember that the Bay of Naples is considered one of the loveliest pieces of water in the world. It is not its beauty only which attracts us; it is surrounded by interesting and most curious places; and some of these we shall now visit.

Although Naples is the most populous city of Italy, it will not take us very long to see it as it is, and that is all there is to see. Her people have always lived for the present; they have never occupied themselves with great works of art or architecture for future ages; and the consequence is that, unlike the other cities of Italy, it offers us few interesting mementos of the past. Some of you may like this, and may be much better satisfied to see how the Neapolitan enjoys himself to-day than to know how he used to do it a thousand years

ago. If that is the case, all you have to do is to open your eyes and look about you. Naples is one of the noisiest, liveliest cities in the world. The people are very fond of the open air, and they are in the streets all day, and nearly all night. The shoemaker brings his bench out on the sidewalk and sits there merrily mending his shoes. Women come out in front of their houses and sew, take care of their babies, and often make their bread and cook their dinners in the open street. In the streets all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children work, play, buy, sell, walk, talk, sing, or cry; here the carriages are driven furiously up and down, the drivers cracking their whips and shouting; here move about the little donkeys with piles of vegetables or freshly cut grass upon their backs, so that nothing but their heads and feet are seen; and here are to be found noise enough and dirt enough to make some people very soon satisfied with their walks through the streets of Naples.

The greatest attraction of Naples is its famous museum, which contains more valuable sculptures



SMALL SHOPS IN NAPLES.

and works of art, and more rare and curious things than we could look at in a week. There is nothing in it, however, which will interest us so much as the bronze figures, the wall paintings, the ornaments, domestic utensils, and other objects, which have been taken out of the ruins of the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. The collection of these things is immense, for nearly everything that has been dug from the ruins since the excavations began has been brought to this museum. Some of the bronze statues are wonderfully beautiful and life-like; and such figures as the "Narcissus" from Pompeii or the "Reposing Mercury" from Herculaneum have seldom been surpassed by sculptors of any age. There are many rooms filled with things that give us a good idea of how the Pompeiians used to live. Here are pots, kettles, pans, knives, saws, hammers, and nearly every kind of domestic utensil, and all sorts of tools. There is even a very complete set of instruments used by a dentist. In one of the cases is a bronze bell with its cord hanging outside, by which, if we choose, we may produce the same tinkle which used to summon some Pompeian servant to her mistress. Little furnaces, bath-tubs, money-chests, and hundreds and hundreds of other articles, some of which look as if quite good enough for us to use, meet our eyes at every turn. In another room there are many cases containing articles of food which have been taken from the houses of Pompeii. The loaves of bread, the beans, the wheat, and many other articles,

are much shrunken and discolored, but the eggs look just as white and natural as when they were boiled, eighteen centuries ago.

The sight of all these things makes us anxious to see the city that was so long buried out of sight of the world, and only brought to light again about a hundred years ago. A short ride by railway takes us from Naples to Pompeii, and, after being furnished with guides, we set out to explore this silent little city, whose citizens have not walked its streets since the year 79 A. D.

This unfortunate place, which, as you all know, was entirely overwhelmed and covered up by a terrible shower of ashes during an eruption of Vesuvius, at the base of which it lies, is now in great part uncovered and open to view. The excavations which have been made at different times since 1748 have laid bare a great many of the streets, houses, temples, and public buildings. All the roofs, however, with the exception of that belonging to one small edifice, are gone, having been burned or crushed in

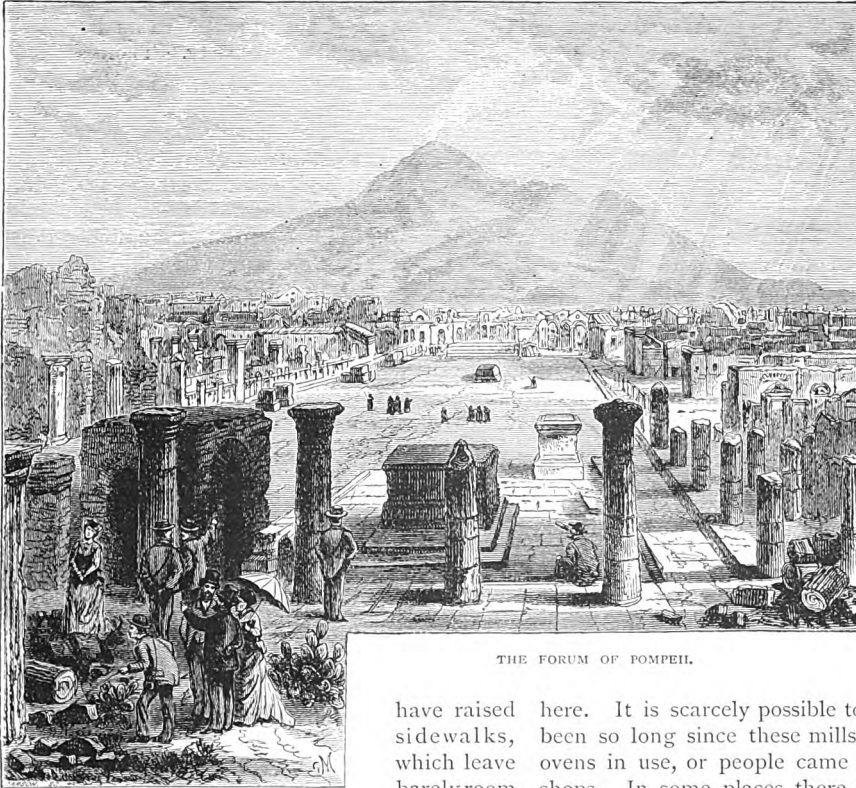


A STREET IN NAPLES.

by the hot ashes. We shall find, however, the lower parts and the courts of nearly all the houses still standing, and many of them in good condition. The first thing which excites our surprise is the extreme narrowness of the streets. They all are well paved with large stones, and many of them

donkeys. Along street after street we go, and into house after house. We enter large baths with great marble tanks and arrangements for steam heating. We visit temples, one of which, the temple of Isis, bears an inscription stating that, having been greatly injured by an earthquake

in the year 63, it was restored at the sole expense of a boy six years old, named N. Popidius Celsinus. There are two theaters and a great amphitheater, or outdoor circus, besides an extensive Forum, or place for public meetings. The more we walk through these quiet and deserted streets, and into these desolate houses, the shorter seem to us the eighteen centuries that have passed since any one lived



THE FORUM OF POMPEII.

have raised sidewalks, which leave barely room enough be-

tween for two chariots or narrow wagons to pass each other. Here and there are high stepping-stones, by which the Pompeiians crossed the streets in rainy weather, when there must have been a great deal of running water in these narrow roadways. Everywhere we see the ruts which the wheels have worn in the hard stones.

There are remains of a great many private houses; and some of these which belonged to rich people have their walls handsomely ornamented with paintings, some of them quite bright and distinct, considering the long time that has elapsed since they were made. There are also a great many shops, all of them very small, and in some of these still remain the marble counters with the jars that held the wines and other things which were there for sale. In a bakery there remain some ovens, and large stone mills worked by hand-power or by

here. It is scarcely possible to believe that it has been so long since these mills were turned, these ovens in use, or people came in and out of these shops. In some places there are inscriptions on the walls calling on the citizens to vote for such and such a person for a public office.

A building has been erected as a museum, and in this are preserved plaster casts of some of the people who perished in the eruption. These people were covered up by the fine ashes just where they fell, and in the positions in which they died. These ashes hardened, and although the bodies, with the exception of a few bones, entirely disappeared in the course of ages, the hollow places left in the ashes were exactly the shape of the forms and features of the persons who had been there. An ingenious Italian conceived the idea of boring into these hollow molds and filling them up with liquid plaster of Paris. When this became dry and hard, the ashes were removed, and there were the plaster images of the persons who had been overtaken and destroyed before they could escape from that terrible storm of hot ashes,

which came down in quantities sufficient to cover a whole city from sight. In some of these figures the features are very distinct, and we can even distinguish the texture of their clothes and the rings upon their fingers. There are eight of these figures—men, women, and girls, besides the cast of a large dog. To stand and look upon the exact representation of these poor creatures who perished here seems still more to shorten the time between the present and the days when Pompeii was a lively, bustling city. Could this poor man with the leather belt around his waist, or this young girl with so peaceful an expression, have fallen down and died in these positions just forty-six years after the death of Christ?

We may walk until we are tired and we can not in one visit properly see all that is interesting in the excavated portions of Pompeii, and there is so much of the little city yet covered up, that, if the work of excavation goes on at the present rate, it will be about seventy years before the whole of Pompeii is laid open to the light. Men are kept steadily at work clearing out the ruins, and it may be that we are fortunate enough to be the first visitors to see some little room with painted

It is the most natural thing in the world, after we have explored this ruined city, to desire to visit the volcano which ruined it. There it stands, the same old Vesuvius, just as able to cover up towns and villages with rivers of lava and clouds of ashes as it ever was. Fortunately it does not often choose to do so, and it is on the good-natured laziness of their mountain that the people who live in the plains all about it, and even on its sides, depend for their lives and safety. There are few parts of the world more thickly settled than the country about Vesuvius.

The ascent of the mountain can be best made from Naples because we can go nearly all the way by railroad. Vesuvius is not always the same height, as the great cone of ashes that forms its summit varies somewhat before and after eruptions. It is generally about four thousand feet high, although a great eruption in 1872 is said to have knocked off a great deal of its top. At present it is steadily increasing, because, although there have been no great eruptions lately, the crater is constantly working, and throwing out stones and ashes. Still there is no danger if we are careful, and we shall go up and see what the crater of a real live vol-



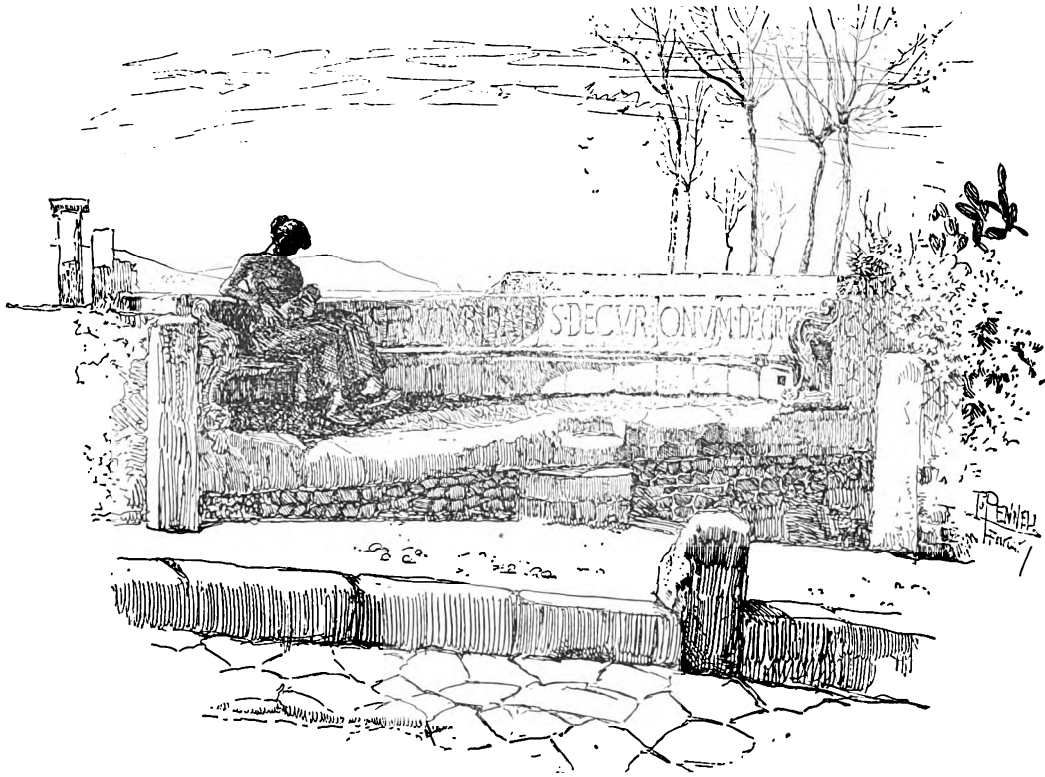
BOYS AT WORK IN THE EXCAVATIONS OF POMPEII.

walls, or some jar, or piece of sculpture from which the ashes and earth have just been removed, and which the eye of man has not seen since the first century of the Christian era.

cano looks like. The last part of our trip is made on what is called a funicular railway, which runs nearly to the top of the great central cone, fifteen hundred feet high, on which the cars are drawn

up by wire ropes. This railway, however, does not take us quite all the way, and there are some hundred feet of loose ashes up which we must walk before we reach the top. The way

from below, is enough to make some people nervous; but unless we go too near the edge, or expose ourselves to the fumes of the sulphurous gas which arises from the depths below, there is



A SPRING AFTERNOON IN POMPEII.

is very steep, we sometimes sink into the ashes nearly up to our knees, and altogether it is a piece of very tough work. But if any of us feel unequal to it, we can be taken up in chairs, each borne by two stout porters. We can not be sure what we are going to see when we are at the summit; smoke and vapor are constantly arising from the crater, and sometimes the wind blows this toward us, and makes it impossible to see into the great abyss; but at other times we may approach quite near, and see the smoke and steam rising from below, while stones and masses of lava are thrown into the air, and fall back into the crater. The ground in some places is so hot that eggs may be roasted by simply allowing them to lie upon it. If we are not careful, some of us will have the soles of our shoes badly burned by walking over these hot places. The sight of this great crater always burning, and smoking, and seething, and sometimes throwing the light of great fires up

no particular danger on the top of Vesuvius. If the weather is fine, we get a grand view of the bay and the country around about; and even if we have been frightened or tired, or have to get a pair of new shoes when we go down the mountain, the fact that we have looked into the crater of an active volcano is something that we shall always remember with satisfaction.

As long as we are anywhere on the Bay of Naples we need never expect to be rid of Vesuvius; and, indeed, we need not wish to, for by day and night it is one of the finest features of the landscape. The people in Naples and all the surrounding country justly consider it the greatest attraction to travelers. Every hotel-keeper, no matter how little his house is, or where it is situated, has a picture made of it with Vesuvius smoking away in the background. The poor mountain is thus moved about from place to place, without any regard to its own convenience, in order that tourists may

know that, if they come to any one of these hotels, they may always have a good view of a grand volcano.

One of our excursions will be a drive along the eastern shore of the bay to the little town of Sorrento, and we shall find the road over which we go one of the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful, that we have ever seen in our lives. On one side are the mountains and hills covered with orange and lemon groves, olive and pomegranate trees, and vineyards; and on the other, the beautiful blue waters of the bay, with its distant islands raising their misty purple outlines against the cloudless sky. Sorrento, the home of wood-carving, as many of you may know, was a favorite summer resort of the ancients, and the old Romans used to come here for sea-bathing. Near by are the rocks on which, according to ancient tradition, the sirens used to sit and sing for the sole purpose, so far as we have been able to discover, of exciting the attention of the sailors on passing ships, and attracting them to the rocks where they might be wrecked. We can get boats and row beneath these very rocks, but never a siren shall we see, although there are great caves into which the water flows and into the gloomy and solemn depths of which we can row for quite a long distance, and imagine, if we please, that the sirens are hiding behind the rocks in the dark corners, but knowing very well that, as we have heard about their tricks and their manners, it will be of no use for them to sing their songs to us. Even now the people of Sorrento have fancies of this sort, and many believe that the ravines near the town are inhabited by dwarfs. There are a great many interesting and pleasant things about Sorrento; but, after all, the object which we shall look at the most and find the most enjoyable is our friend Vesuvius. The great volcano is many miles from us now, but as long as we are in this bay we can not avoid it. All day it sends up its beautiful curling column of steam, which rises high into the air and spreads out like a great white tree against the sky, while at night this high canopy of vapors is lighted at intervals to a rosy brightness by flashes of fire from the crater below. And from this point of view the volcano shows us at night another grand sight. Some distance below the summit four streams of lava have broken out, and, after running some distance down the mountain-side, flow again into the ground and disappear. At night we can see that these lava streams are red-hot, and, viewed from afar, they look like four great rivers of fire. For months these have been steadily flowing, and after a time they will disappear, and the mountain will set itself to work to devise some other kind of fireworks with which to light up the nightly scene.

From Sorrento we shall take a little steamer to the island of Capri, in the most southern part of the bay. The town has no wharves at which a steamboat can lie, and so we take small boats and row out to wait for the steamboat which comes from Naples and stops here. The poet Tasso was born in Sorrento, and as we row along the river front of the town, the greater part of which is perched upon rocks high above the water, we shall float directly over his house, or rather the foundations of it, which we can see a few feet below us through the clear, transparent water. Once the town extended much farther into the bay than it does now; year by year the water encroached upon the land, and now there are but few places at the foot of the cliffs where there is room for houses. While we are waiting here, several boats filled with Italian boys, some of them very little fellows, row out to us and sing songs and choruses for our benefit, hoping for coppers in return. The little fellows sing with great vivacity, keeping admirable time and clapping their hands and wagging their heads, as if they were fired with the spirit of their songs. They are not at all like sirens, but they will charm some money from us; and when we seem to have had enough music, they will offer to dive into the water after copper coins, each wrapped in a piece of white paper so that they can see it as it sinks. While engaged in this sport, the steamboat comes up, the steps are let down, we climb on board, and are off for Capri.

This island has long been noted for two things,—its Blue Grotto and its pretty girls. We shall have to take some trouble to see the first, but the latter will spare themselves no trouble to see us, as we shall presently find. It is not often that any one examines an island so thoroughly as to go under it, over it, and around it, but this we shall do at Capri, and we shall begin by going under it.

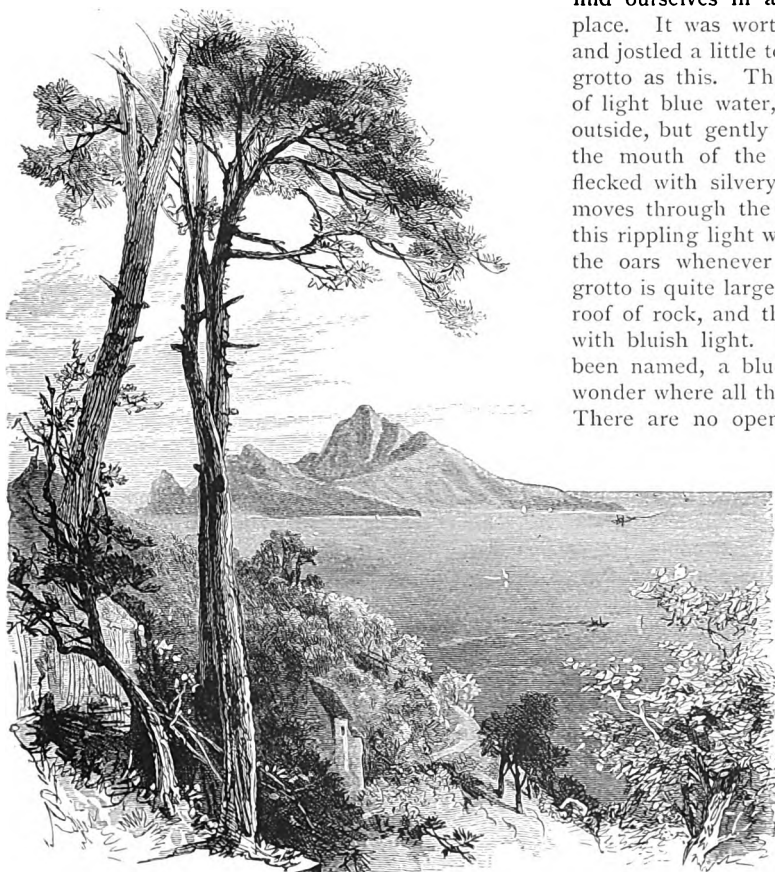
It is only when the weather is fine and the sea is smooth that the celebrated Blue Grotto can be visited, and as everybody who goes to the island desires to see this freak of Nature, the steamboat, when the weather is favorable, proceeds directly to the grotto. We steam for a mile or two along the edge of the island, which appears like a great mountain-top rising out of the water, and come to a stop near a rocky precipice. At the foot of this we see a little hole, about a yard high, and somewhat wider. Near by lie a number of small boats, each rowed by one man, and as soon as our steamboat nears the place, these boats are pulled toward us with all the power of their oarsmen, jostling and banging against each other, while the men shout and scold as each endeavors to be the first to reach the steamboat. In these boats we are to enter the grotto, three of us in each, that being



the greatest number they are allowed to carry. When we go down the side and step into the boats, we are told that we must all lie down flat in the bottom, for, if our heads or shoulders are above the sides of the boat, they may get an awkward knock in going through the hole in the rock, which is the only entrance to the grotto. As one boat after another pushes off from the steamer, the girls will probably nestle down very closely, but I think most of the boys will keep their faces turned upwards, and at least one eye open to see

banging it against the others. Some of us are frightened, and wish we were safe again on the steamboat, but there is no danger; these boatmen are very skillful, and if one of them were to allow his boat to upset, he would lose his reputation forever. Again the boat is pulled forward, this time with an in-going wave, and, as it reaches the entrance, the man jerks in his oars, seizes the roof and sides of the aperture with his hands, and with much dexterity and strength shoots his boat into the grotto. One after another, each boat enters, and as we all sit up and look about us, we find ourselves in a strange and wonderful place. It was worth while to be frightened and jostled a little to be in such a grand sea-grotto as this. The floor is a wide expanse of light blue water, not rough like the bay outside, but gently agitated by the waves at the mouth of the cave, and every ripple flecked with silvery light. Each boat, as it moves through the water, has an edging of this rippling light which drips and falls from the oars whenever they are raised. The grotto is quite large, and over all is a domed roof of rock, and this twinkles and sparkles with bluish light. It is indeed, what it has been named, a blue grotto. We naturally wonder where all this blue light comes from. There are no openings in the roof above,

and as we look over toward the dark little hole by which we came in, we see that little light can enter there. The fact is that the opening into the cave under the water is much larger than it is above, and the bright sunlight that goes down into the water on the outside comes up through it into the grotto. It goes down like the golden sunlight it is, and it comes



THE ISLAND OF CAPRI.

what is going to happen. The water of the bay seemed quite smooth when we were on the steamboat, but there is some wind, and we now find that the waves are running tolerably high against the rocky precipice before us, and dashing in and out of the hole which we are to enter. As we approach this opening the first boat is pulled rapidly toward it, but a wave which has just gone in now comes rolling out, driving the boat back, and

up into the grotto more like moonlight, but blue, sparkling, and brilliant. Everything about us seems weird and strange. One of the men, without a coat, stands up in his boat, and the blue light playing on the under part of his white shirt-sleeves curiously illuminates him. At the far end of the grotto is a little ledge, the only place where it is possible to land, and on this stands a man in thin cotton clothes who offers for a small sum of money to



dive into the water. In a few moments down he goes, and we see him, a great silvery mass, sink far below us. Soon he comes up again, ready to repeat the performance as often as he is paid for it.

The most beautiful description of the Blue Grotto is to be found in "The Improvisatore," a story by Hans Christian Andersen, in which his rare imagination has thrown into this grotto and over its walls and waters, a fairy-like light that is more beautiful perhaps than the blue light that comes up from the sea. There are persons who have read his account, and the beautiful story of the blind girl and her lover, who have afterward been disappointed when they saw the grotto for themselves; but it is said that if such persons should come a second time the beauty of the place would grow upon them, and they would see the fairy-like scene that they have read about. I never visited the grotto the second time.

After a while, our boats go out rather more easily than they came in, and we are soon on the steamboat, and off for the Marina Grande, or principal landing-place of the island of Capri. There is no wharf, and we are taken off in small boats. The town of Capri is not here; it is high up on the steep hills above us; but there are some houses and one or two hotels scattered about near the water, and very soon the pretty girls come down to meet us, and right glad they are to see us. Some of them are as young as fourteen, and some are as old as twenty; many of them are really quite handsome, with regular features, large, dark eyes, and that clear, lightly-browened complexion which some people think more beautiful than white. They are plainly, but some of them prettily, dressed, and all have bare heads and bare feet. Nearly all of them have strings of coral, which they are not slow to urge us to buy, and we find that it is because they hope to make a little money by selling these, that these pretty girls are so glad to see us. Others are leading little donkeys on which we may ride to the town above. But we shall notice that not one of them is begging. The people of this island are very industrious, and very independent.

Capri was named by the Romans *Capræ*, the island of goats, but I do not know whether this name was given because there were a good many goats here, or because it was a good place for goats. The latter would have been an excellent reason, for the island is all "up hill and down dale." Until very recently there were no roads upon the island for carriages or wheeled vehicles, and if people did not walk up and down the steep paths which led everywhere, they rode upon donkeys or horses; but lately roads have been constructed which wind

backward and forward along the hill-sides and precipices to the two small towns upon the island, Capri and Anacapri. Some of us will take pony carriages up the road to Capri; others will walk; and others will ride donkeys, each attended by a woman or a girl, who steers the little beast by the tail, or encourages it with a switch. The island is about half a mile high, and after we reach the little town and have had our dinner we prepare to scatter ourselves over its surface.

We shall find this island one of the finest places for walks, rambles, and scrambles that we have yet seen. After we reach the town, there is no more carriage road, and the principal thoroughfares which lead through the little fields and gardens, and by occasional scattered houses, are about five feet wide, and paved with small round cobblestones. These are not very pleasant to walk on, but we shall soon discover that if these roads were smooth, we should not be able to go up and down them at all. We shall see here very funny little fields of grain, beans, and other crops. Some of the wheat-fields are not much bigger than the floor of a large room in one of our dwelling-houses. The people are poor, and they cultivate every spot of land on which anything useful will grow. A half-hour's walk above the town will take us to some high points from which we get beautiful views of the Mediterranean to the south, and the Bay of Naples to the north, while away to the west we can see the island of Ischia, looking so peaceful under the soft blue sky that no one could imagine that only two years ago it had been visited by a terrible earthquake, in which hundreds of people perished. From one of the high places to which we can walk, we look down the precipitous rocks to the sea, far below us; and out in the water, entirely disconnected with the land, we see three great pointed masses of rock, some little distance from the shore. On the very top of one of these is a small house or tower built there by the ancient Romans. What it was intended for, on this almost inaccessible place, is not exactly known, but it is believed that it was built for a tomb. I suppose some of you think that it is a great deal harder to rid ourselves of the Romans than of Vesuvius, but it can not be helped; we shall find that they have been wherever we wish to go. On the land side of this promontory, we look down into a rocky valley called the Vale of Matrimony, near the bottom of which is a great natural arch, or bridge of rock. The name of this vale is a corruption of a name the Romans gave it, and it does not look as if it had anything to do with matrimony. Another of our walks will take us to a very high point, on which are some ruins of the Villa of Tiberius, the Roman Emperor. This

gentleman, having involved himself in a great deal of trouble at home, concluded to retire to this rocky island, where he would be safe from his enemies, and here he lived until his death in the year 37 A. D. Capri must have been a very different place then as far as the manners and customs of its inhabitants are concerned. The Emperor built no less than twelve handsome villas in various parts of the island, and made all necessary arrangements to enjoy himself as much as possible. The villa which we are visiting was one of the largest, and the remains of vaulted chambers and corridors show that it must have been a very fine building. A short distance below it, is the top of a precipice, from which, tradition says, Tiberius used to have those persons whom he had condemned to death thrown down into the sea. This was not an unusual method of execution with the Romans, and if Tiberius really adopted it in this place, his victims must have met with a certain and speedy death.

If any of us really desire to see a hermit, we can now be gratified, for one of that profession has his dwelling here. He probably does live here all alone, but he does not look like our ordinary ideal of a hermit. He will be glad to receive some coppers, and also to have us write our autographs in a book which he keeps for the purpose. A hermit autograph-collector in the ruined villa of a Roman Emperor, on the top of a mountainous island in the Mediterranean, is something we did not expect to meet with on our travels.

Wherever we go in our walks about the island we shall meet with the pretty girls. They are always at work, but, unfortunately, they are sometimes engaged in much harder labor than that of selling coral or leading donkeys. Often we may see lines of girls, who, if nicely dressed, and with shoes and stockings on, would do credit in appearance to any boarding-school, each carrying on her head a wooden tray containing stones or mortar for masons who are building a house or wall; and at any time they may be seen going up and down the steep paths of the island carrying heavy loads upon their heads. As I said before, the people here are generally poor, and everybody who can, old and young, must work. Why there are so few boys in comparison with the girls, I do not know. It may be that the boys go away to other parts of the world where they can find work that will pay them better than anything on their native island.

I said, when we first came here, that we should go under, over, and around this island; and when we have rambled through the valleys and over

the hills, and have paid a visit to Anacapri, the other little town, we may say that we have been over it; when we visited the Blue Grotto, we went under it; and now we shall go around it, by taking boats and making what is called the *giro*, or circuit of the island. This trip will require several hours, and we shall see that the island of Capri is rather rich in grottoes, and that the monotony of such water caverns is varied by having them of different colors. One of them is the White Grotto, which would doubtless be considered very pretty, if it were the only one here. But afterward we shall see the Green Grotto, which is very beautiful indeed, in which the water and the rocks are of a fine green hue. When we reach the three high rocks, which we saw from above, we shall see that the central one is pierced by an arched opening, through which the boatman will row our boats.

And now, having spent as much time on this charming island as we think we can spare, we pack up the valises and other light baggage which we brought with us, and make everything ready to leave the next morning. But when the next morning comes we do not leave. The island of Capri is not a place to which you can come when you choose and from which you can depart when you feel like it. The day is fine, the sun is bright, and the sky is blue; but there is a strong wind blowing, and the bay is full of waves. They are not very high waves, to be sure, but anything which has the slightest resemblance to rough weather is sufficient to make the captains of the small steamers which ply between Naples and Capri decide to suspend operations until the bay is smooth again. If people are disappointed and have to stay where they do not wish to stay, they must blame the winds, and not the captains, who, if told that an American or English sailor would think nothing of the little gales that are sufficient to keep them at their anchorage, would probably shrug their shoulders and say that they were not American or English sailors, and were very glad of it.

Sometimes visitors are kept at Capri a week waiting for a steamer. It is possible to go over to Sorrento in a fishing boat, but the roughest part of the bay lies between us and the home of the wood-carvers, and it is not over such water and in little boats that I propose to personally conduct my young friends. So we may congratulate ourselves that if we have to be imprisoned for a time on an island, there is no pleasanter one for the purpose than Capri, and shall therefore contentedly wait to see what happens next.



FATHER HUBBARD.

## NEW BITS OF TALK FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

BY H. H. (HELEN JACKSON.)



GOING! GOING! GONE!

THE other day, as I was walking through a side street in one of our large cities, I heard these words ringing out from a room so crowded with people that I could but just see the auctioneer's face and uplifted

hammer above the heads of the crowd.

"Going! Going! Go—ing! Gone!" and down came the hammer with a sharp rap.

I do not know how or why it was, but the words struck me with a new force and significance. I had heard them hundreds of times before, with only a sense of amusement. This time they sounded solemn.

"Going! Going! Gone!"

"That is the way it is with life," I said to myself;—"with time."

This world is a sort of auction-room; we do not know that we are buyers; we are, in fact, more like beggars; we have brought no money to exchange for precious minutes, hours, days, or years; they are given to us. There is no calling out of terms, no noisy auctioneer, no hammer; but, nevertheless, the time is "going! going! gone!"

The more I thought of it, the more solemn did the words sound, and the more did they seem to me a good motto to remind one of the value of time.

When we are young we think old people are preaching and prosing when they say so much about it,—when they declare so often that days, weeks, even years, are short. I can remember when a holiday, a whole day long, appeared to me an almost inexhaustible play-spell; when one afternoon, even, seemed an endless round of pleasure, and the week that was to come seemed longer than does a whole year now.

One needs to live many years before one learns how little time there is in a year,—how little, indeed, there will be even in the longest possible

life,—how many things one will still be obliged to leave undone.

But there is one thing, boys and girls, that you can realize, if you will try—if you will stop and think about it a little; and that is, how fast and how steadily the present time is slipping away. However long life may seem to you, as you look forward to the whole of it, the present hour has only sixty minutes, and minute by minute, second by second, it is “going! going! gone!” If you gather nothing from it as it passes, it is “gone” forever. Nothing is so utterly, hopelessly lost as “lost time.” It makes me unhappy when I look back and see how much time I have wasted; how much I might have learned and done if I had but understood how short is the longest hour.

All the men and women who have made the world better, happier, or wiser for their having lived in it, have done so by working diligently and persistently. Yet, I am certain that not even one of these, when “looking backward from his manhood’s prime, saw not the specter of his mis-spent time.”

Now, don’t suppose I am so foolish as to think that all the preaching in the world can make anything look to young eyes as it looks to old eyes; not a bit of it.

But think about it a little; don’t let time slip away by the minute, hour, day, without getting something out of it! Look at the clock now and then, and listen to the pendulum, saying of every minute, as it flies,—“Going! going! gone!”

### GOING! GOING! GONE!

GOING! going! gone! Is this an auction, here,  
Where nobody bids, and nobody buys, and there  
is no auctioneer?

No hammer, no crowd, no noise, no push of  
women and men—

And yet the chance that is passing now will  
never come back again!

Going! going! gone! Here is a morn of June,—  
Dew, and fragrance, and color, and light, and  
a million sounds a-tune.

Oh, look! Oh, listen! Be wise, and take this  
wonderful thing,—

A jewel such as you will not find in the treasury of a king!

Going! going! gone! What is next on the list?  
An afternoon of purple and gold, fair as an  
amethyst,

And large enough to hold all good things under  
the sun.

Bid it in now, and crowd it full with lessons,  
and work, and fun!

Going! going! gone! Here is a year to be  
had!

A whole magnificent year held out to every lass  
and lad!

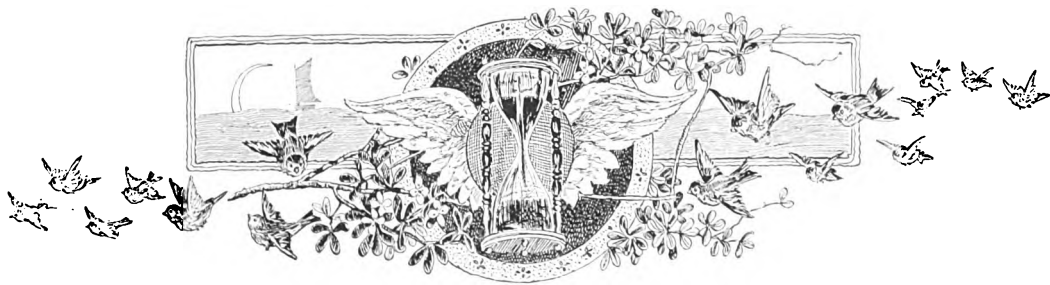
Days, and weeks, and months! Joys, and labors,  
and pains!

Take it, spend it, buy with it, lend it, and presently count your gains.

Going! going! gone! The largest lot comes last;  
Here, with its infinite unknown wealth is offered  
a life-time vast!

Out of it may be wrought the deeds of hero and  
sage,—

Come, bid! Come, bid! lest a brave bright  
youth fade out to a useless age!



## GEORGE WASHINGTON.

[*A Historical Biography.*]

BY HORACE E. SCUDDER.

## CHAPTER IV.

## SCHOOL-DAYS.

THE story of George Washington's struggle with the colt must belong to his older boyhood, when he was at home on a vacation; for we have seen that he had to have his pony led when he was nine years old; and after his father's death, which occurred when he was eleven, he went away to school. When Augustine Washington died, he divided his several estates among his children; but his widow was to have the oversight of the portions left to the younger children until they should come of age. Lawrence Washington received an estate called Hunting Creek, located near a stream of the same name which flowed into the Potomac; and Augustine, his brother, received the old homestead near Bridge's Creek; the mother and younger children continued to live near Fredricksburg.

Both Lawrence and Augustine Washington married soon after their father's death, and as there chanced to be a good school near Bridge's Creek, George Washington now made his home with his brother Augustine, staying with him till he was nearly sixteen years old.

He was to be, like his father, a Virginian planter; and I suppose that had something to do with the kind of training which Mr. Williams, the school-master at Bridge's Creek, gave him. At any rate, it is easy to see what he studied. Most boys' copy-books and exercise-books are early destroyed, but it chanced that those of George Washington have been kept, and they are very interesting. The handwriting in them is the first thing to be noticed,—round, fair, and bold, the letters large like the hand that formed them, and the lines running straight and even. In the arithmetics and book-keeping manuals which we study at school, there are printed forms of receipts, bills, and other ordinary business papers; but in Washington's school days, the teacher probably showed the boys how to draw these up, and gave them, also, copies of longer papers, like leases, deeds, and wills. There were few lawyers in the colony, and every gentleman was expected to know many forms of documents which in these days are left to our lawyers.

Washington's exercise-books have many pages of these forms, written out carefully by the boy. Sometimes he made ornamental letters such as clerks were wont to use in drawing up such papers. This was not merely exercise in penmanship; it was practice work in all that careful keeping of accounts and those business methods which were sure to be needed by one who had to manage a great plantation. George Washington was to manage something greater, though he did not then know it; and the habits which he formed at this time were of inestimable value to him in his manhood.

The manuscript book which contains these exercises has also a list of a hundred and ten "Rules of Civility and Decent Behavior in Company and Conversation." They were probably not made up by the boy, but copied from some book or taken down from the lips of his mother or teacher. They sound rather stiff to us, and we should be likely to think the boy a prig who attempted to be governed by them; but it was a common thing in those days to set such rules before children, and George Washington, with his liking for regular, orderly ways—which is evident in his handwriting—probably used the rules and perhaps committed them to memory, to secure an even temper and self-control. Here are a few of them:

"Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

"When you meet with one of greater quality than yourself, stop and retire, especially if it be at a door or any strait place, to give way for him to pass.

"They that are in dignity or in office have in all places precedency; but whilst they are young, they ought to respect those that are their equals in birth or other qualities, though they have no public charge.

"Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty.

"Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

"Take all admonitions thankfully, in what time or place soever given; but afterwards, not being culpable, take a time or place convenient to let him know it that gave them.

"Think before you speak; pronounce not im-

perfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

"Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

"Make no show of taking great delight in your victuals; feed not with greediness; cut your bread with a knife; lean not on the table; neither find fault with what you eat.

"Be not angry at table, whatever happens, and if you have reason to be so, show it not; put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers, for good humor makes one dish of meat a feast.

"Let your recreations be manful, not sinful.

"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

These are not unwise rules; they touch on things great and small. The difficulty with most boys would be to follow a hundred and ten of them. They serve, however, to show what was the standard of good manners and morals among those who had the training of George Washington. But, after all, the best of rules would have done little with poor stuff; it was because this boy had a manly and honorable spirit that he could be trained in manly and honorable ways. He was a passionate but not a vicious boy, and so, since his passion was kept under control, he was all the stronger for it. The boy that could throw a stone across the Rappahannock was taught to be gentle, and not violent; the tamer of the blooded sorrel colt controlled himself, and that was the reason he could control his horse.

With all his strength and agility, George Washington was a generous and fair-minded boy; otherwise he would not have been chosen, as he often was, to settle the disputes of his companions. He was a natural leader. In his boyhood there was plenty of talk of war. What is known as King George's War had just broken out between the English and the French; and there were always stories of fights with the Indians in the back settlements. It was natural, therefore, that boys should play at fighting, and George Washington had his small military company, which he drilled and maneuvered.

Besides, his brother Lawrence had been a soldier, and he must have heard many tales of war when he visited him. Thus it came about that he was for throwing his books aside and entering His Majesty's service. He was, however, too young for the army — he was only fifteen: but Lawrence Washington encouraged him, and as he knew many officers in the navy, he had no difficulty in obtaining for his young brother a warrant as midshipman in the navy.

It is said that the young midshipman's luggage was

on board a man-of-war anchored in the Potomac, when Madam Washington, who had all along been reluctant to have her son go to sea, now declared finally that she could not give her consent to the scheme. He was still young and at school; perhaps, also, this Virginian lady, living in a country where the people were not much used to the sea, looked with concern at a profession which would take her oldest boy into all the perils of the ocean. The influence which finally decided her to refuse her consent is said to have been this letter, which she received from her brother, then in England:

"I understand that you are advised, and have some thoughts of putting your son George to sea. I think he had better be put apprentice to a tinker, for a common sailor before the mast has by no means the common liberty of the subject; for they will press him from a ship where he has fifty shillings a month, and make him take twenty-three, and cut and slash, and use him like a negro, or rather like a dog. And, as to any considerable preferment in the navy, it is not to be expected, as there are always so many gaping for it here who have interest, and he has none. And if he should get to be master of a Virginia ship (which it is very difficult to do), a planter that has three or four hundred acres of land, and three or four slaves, if he be industrious, may live more comfortably, and leave his family in better bread, than such a master of a ship can."

It seems possible from this letter that the plan was to put George into the navy that he might come to command a merchant ship; but however that may be, the plan was given up, and the boy went back to school for another year. During that time he applied himself especially to the study of surveying. In a country of great estates, and with a new, almost unexplored territory coming into the hands of planters, surveying was a very important occupation. George Washington, with his love of exactness and regularity, his orderly ways and his liking for outdoor life, was greatly attracted by the art. Five or six years must elapse before he could come into possession of the property which his father had left him; his mother was living on it and managing it. Meanwhile, the work of surveying land would give him plenty of occupation, and bring him in money; so he studied geometry and trigonometry; he made calculations, and he surveyed all the fields about the school-house, plotting them and setting down everything with great exactness.

I wonder if his sudden diligence in study and outdoor work was due at all to an affair which happened about this time. He was a tall, large-limbed, shy boy of fifteen when he fell in love with a girl whom he seems to have met when living with his brother Augustine. He calls her, in one of his letters afterward, a "lowland beauty," and tradition makes her to have been a Miss Grimes, who later married, and was the mother of one of the young soldiers who served under Washington in the War for Independence. Whatever may have been the exact reason that his love affair did not

prosper—whether he was too shy to make his mind known, or so silent as not to show himself to advantage, or so discreet with grave demeanor as to hold himself too long in reserve, it is impossible now to say; but I suspect that one effect was to make him work the harder. Sensible people do not expect boys of fifteen to be playing the lover; and George Washington was old for his years, and not likely to appear like a spooney.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### MOUNT VERNON AND BELVOIR.

ALTHOUGH, after his father's death, George Washington went to live with his brother Augustine for the sake of going to Mr. Williams's school, he was especially under the care of his eldest brother. Lawrence Washington, like other oldest sons of Virginia planters, was sent to England to be educated. After his return to America, there was war between England and Spain, and Admiral Vernon of the English navy captured one of the Spanish towns in the West Indies. The people in the American colonies looked upon the West Indies somewhat differently from the way in which we regard them at present. Not only were some of the islands on the map of America, but like the colonies, they were actually a part of the British possessions. A brisk trade was kept up between them and the mainland; and indeed, the Bermudas were once within the bounds of Virginia.

So, when Admiral Vernon needed reinforcements, he very naturally looked to the colonies close at hand. A regiment was to be raised and sent out to Jamaica as part of the British forces. Lawrence Washington, who was a spirited young fellow, obtained a commission as captain in a company of this regiment, and went to the West Indies, where he fought bravely in the engagements which followed. When the war was over he returned to Virginia, so in love with his new profession that he determined to go to England, with the regiment to which his company was attached, and to continue as a soldier in His Majesty's service.

Just then there happened two events which changed his plans and perhaps prevented him from some day fighting against an army commanded by his younger brother. He fell in love with Anne Fairfax, and before they were married, his father died. This left his mother alone with the care of a young family, and made him also at once the owner of a larger estate. His father, as I have said, bequeathed to him Hunting Creek, and there, after his marriage, he went to live, as a planter, like his father before him. For the time, at any

rate, he laid aside his sword, but he kept up his friendship with officers of the army and the navy; and out of admiration for the admiral under whom he had served, he changed the name of his estate from Hunting Creek to Mount Vernon.

The house which Lawrence Washington built was after the pattern of many Virginian houses of the day,—two stories in height, with a porch running along the front, but with its two chimneys, one at each end, built inside instead of outside. Possibly this was a notion which Lawrence Washington brought with him from England; perhaps he did it to please his English bride. The site which he chose was a pleasant one, upon a swelling ridge, wooded in many places, and high above the Potomac, which swept in great curves above and below, almost as far as the eye could see. Beyond, on the other side, were the Maryland fields and woods.

A few miles below Mount Vernon was another plantation, named Belvoir, and it was here that William Fairfax lived, whose daughter Anne had married Lawrence Washington. Fairfax also had been an officer in the English army, and at one time had been governor of one of the Bahama islands. Now he had settled in Virginia, where his family had large landed possessions.

He was a man of education and wealth, and he had been accustomed to plenty of society. He had no mind to bury himself in the backwoods of Virginia, and with his grown-up sons and daughters about him, he made his house the center of gayety. It was more richly furnished than most of the houses of the Virginia planters. The floors were covered with carpets, a great luxury in those days; the rooms were lighted with wax candles; and he had costly wines in his cellars. Servants in livery moved about to wait on the guests, and Virginia gentlemen and ladies flocked to Belvoir. The master of the house was an officer of the King, for he was collector of customs for the colony, and president of the governor's council. British men-of-war sailed up the Potomac and anchored in the stream, and the officers came ashore to be entertained by the Honorable William Fairfax.

The nearness of Mount Vernon and the close connection between the two families led to constant passage between the places. The guests of one were the guests of the other, and George Washington, coming to visit his brother Lawrence, was made at home at Belvoir also. He was a reserved, shy, awkward schoolboy. He was only fifteen when he was thrown into the gay society there, but he was tall, large-limbed, and altogether much older and graver than his years would seem to indicate. He took his place among the men in sports and hunting, and though he was silent and



not very lively in his manner, there was something in his serious, strong face which made him a favorite among the ladies.

He met at Belvoir William Fairfax's son, George William, who had recently come home from England, and was just married. He was six years older than George Washington, but that did not prevent them from striking up a warm friendship, which continued through life. The young bride had a sister with her, and this lively girl, Miss Cary, teased and played with the big, overgrown schoolboy. I do not believe he told her

what he wrote to one of

his boyfriends,—

that he

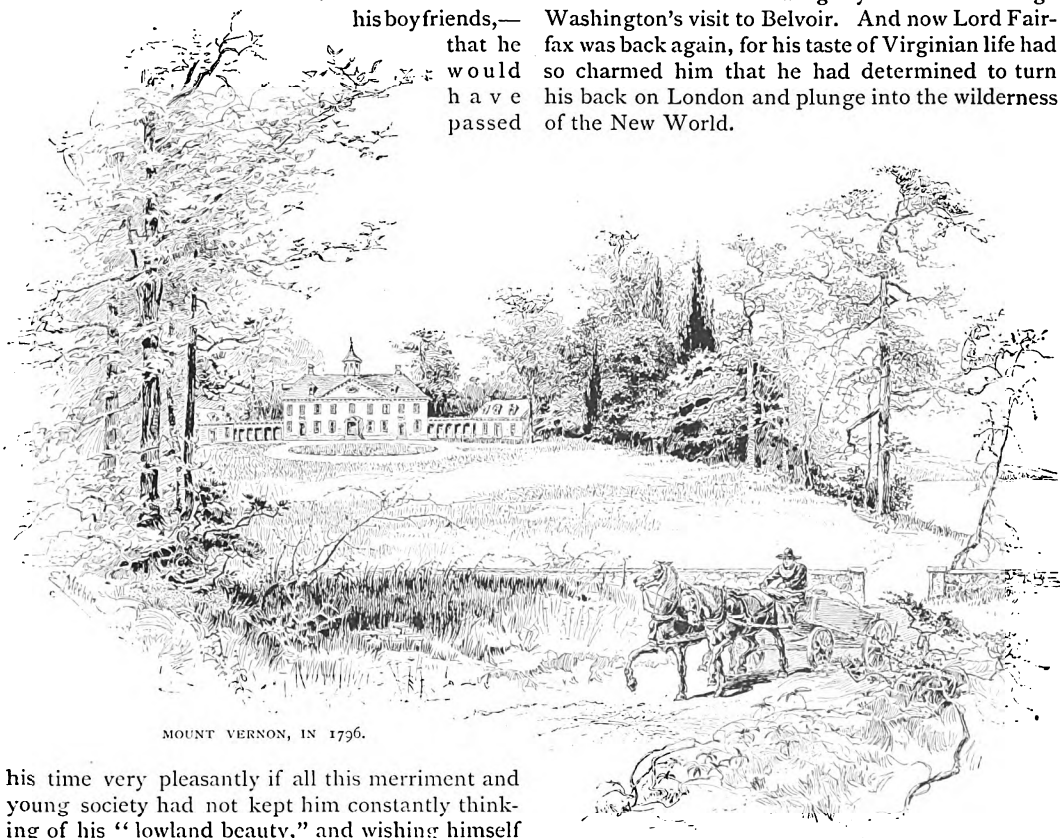
would

have

passed

Then, later on, just as he was about to be married to a fine lady, she discovered that she could have a duke instead, and so broke the engagement and threw Lord Fairfax aside.

It chanced that his mother had all this while an immense property in Virginia, nearly a fifth of the present State, which the good-natured King Charles the Second had given to her. This was now Lord Fairfax's, and he had appointed his cousin, William Fairfax, his agent to look after it. So, when he found all London pitying him or smiling at him behind his back, he left England to visit his American estate. That had occurred eight years before George Washington's visit to Belvoir. And now Lord Fairfax was back again, for his taste of Virginian life had so charmed him that he had determined to turn his back on London and plunge into the wilderness of the New World.



MOUNT VERNON, IN 1796.

his time very pleasantly if all this merriment and young society had not kept him constantly thinking of his "lowland beauty," and wishing himself with her!

But his most notable friend was Thomas, sixth Lord Fairfax, who was at this time staying at Belvoir.\* He had been a brilliant young man, of university education, an officer in a famous regiment, and at home in the fashionable and literary world of London. But he had suffered two terrible disappointments. His mother and his grandmother, when he was a boy, had so misused the property which descended to him from the Fairfaxes that when he came of age it had been largely lost.

He was at this time nearly sixty years of age, gaunt and grizzled in appearance, and eccentric in many of his ways; but people generally laid that to the disappointments which he had met. He was the great man at Belvoir; the younger people looked with admiration upon the fine-mannered gentleman who had been at court, who knew Steele and Addison and other men of letters, and had now come out into the backwoods to live upon his vast estate, the greatest in all Virginia.

\* He was of the family of the famous Thomas, third Lord Fairfax, who lived in Cromwell's day, and was the head of that house of fighters who took first the side of Parliament and afterward the side of the King.

His lordship, meanwhile, cared little for the gay society which gathered at Belvoir; he was courtly to the ladies, but they saw little of him. He liked best the free, out-of-doors life in the woods and the excitement of the hunt. It was this that had pleased him when he first visited Virginia, and that now had brought him back for the rest of his



THOMAS, SIXTH LORD FAIRFAX, WHO COMMISSIONED YOUNG GEORGE WASHINGTON TO SURVEY HIS LANDS.

life. It was not strange, therefore, that a friendship should spring up between him and the tall, grave lad, who was so strong in limb, who sat his horse so firmly and rode after the hounds so well. They hunted together, and the older man came to know familiarly and like the strong young American, George Washington.

What if, in the still night, as they sat over their camp fire, the shy boy had told his gaunt, grizzled friend the secret of the trouble which kept him constrained and silent in the midst of the bright company at Belvoir! I fancy this same friend, schooled in Old World experiences and disappointments, knew how to receive this fresh confidence.

Out of this friendship came a very practical advantage. Neither Lord Fairfax nor his cousin William knew the bounds and extent of the lands beyond the Blue Ridge, which formed an important part of his lordship's domain. Moreover, rumors came that persons from the northward had found out the value of these lands, and that one

and another had settled upon them, without asking leave or troubling themselves about Lord Fairfax's title. At that time the government had done very little toward surveying the country which lay beyond the borders of population. It was left to any one who claimed such land to find out exactly where it was, and of what it consisted.

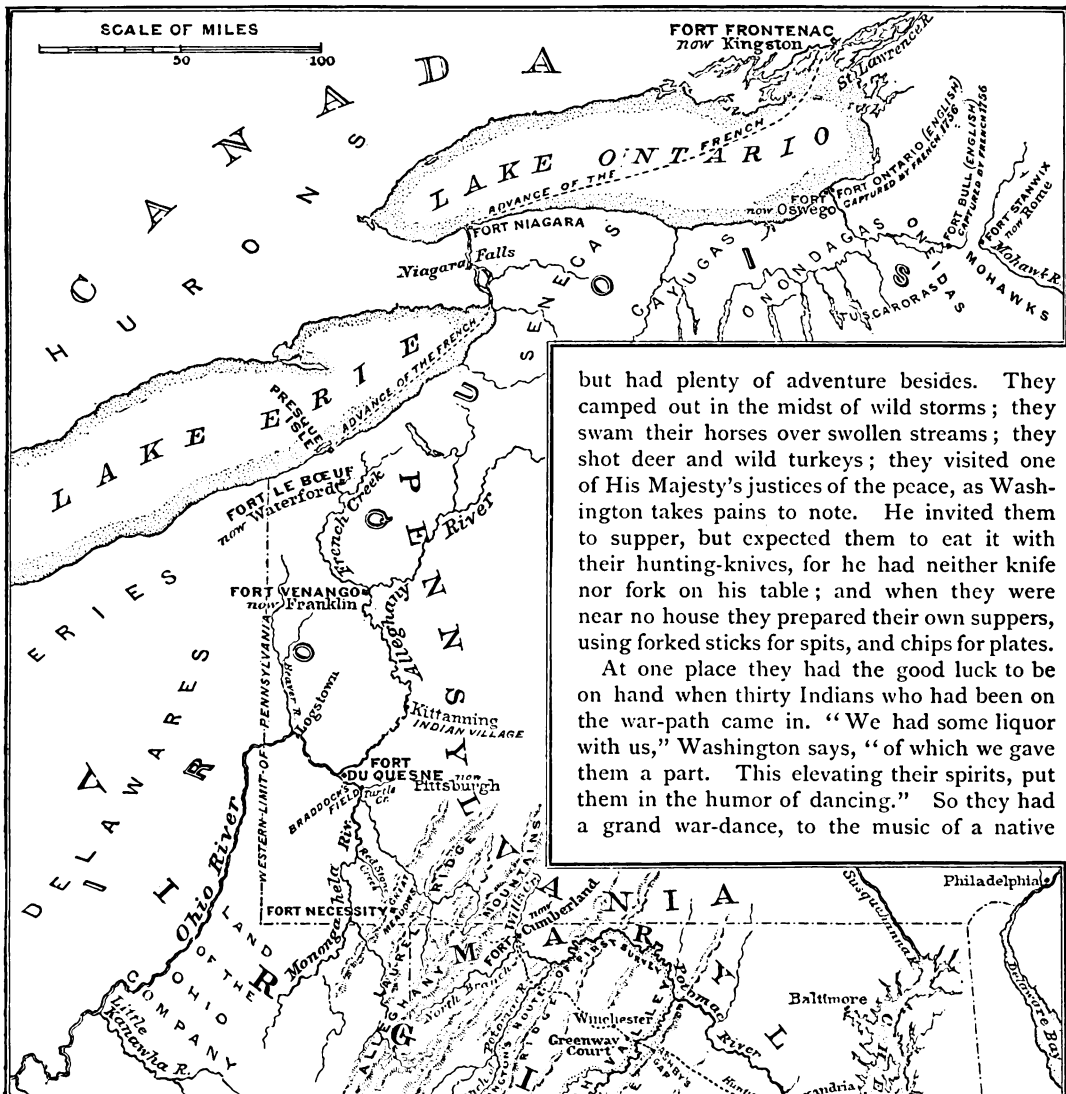
Lord Fairfax therefore determined to have his property surveyed, and he gave the commission to his young friend George Washington, who had shown not only that he knew how to do the technical work, but that he had those qualities of courage, endurance, and perseverance which were necessary. The young surveyor had just passed his sixteenth birthday, but, as I have said, he was so serious and self-possessed that his companions did not treat him as a real boy. He did not go alone, for his friend George William Fairfax went with him. As the older of the two, and bearing the name of Fairfax, he was the head of the expedition, but the special work of surveying was to be done by George Washington.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.

IT was in March, 1748, just a month after George Washington was sixteen years old, that the two young men set out on their errand. They were only absent four or five weeks, but it was a sudden and rough initiation into hard life. They were mounted, and crossed the Blue Ridge by Ashby's Gap, entering the Shenandoah valley and making their first important halt at a spot known as Lord Fairfax's Quarters. The term "quarters" was usually applied at that time to the part of a plantation where the negro slaves lived. Here, in a lonely region near the river, about twelve miles south of the present town of Winchester, Lord Fairfax's overseer had charge of a number of slaves who were cultivating the ground.

The next day after reaching this place, the young surveyor and his companion sent their baggage forward to a Captain Hite's, and followed more slowly, working as they went at their task of laying off land. At the end of a hard day they had supper, and were ready for bed. As young gentlemen, they were shown into a chamber, and Washington, who had known nothing of frontier life, proceeded as at home. He stripped himself very orderly, he says in the diary which he kept, and went to bed. What was his dismay, instead of finding a comfortable bed like that to which he was used, to discover nothing but a little dirty straw, "without sheet or anything else, but only one threadbare blanket, with double its weight of vermin." He was glad to be out of it, and to dress himself and sleep



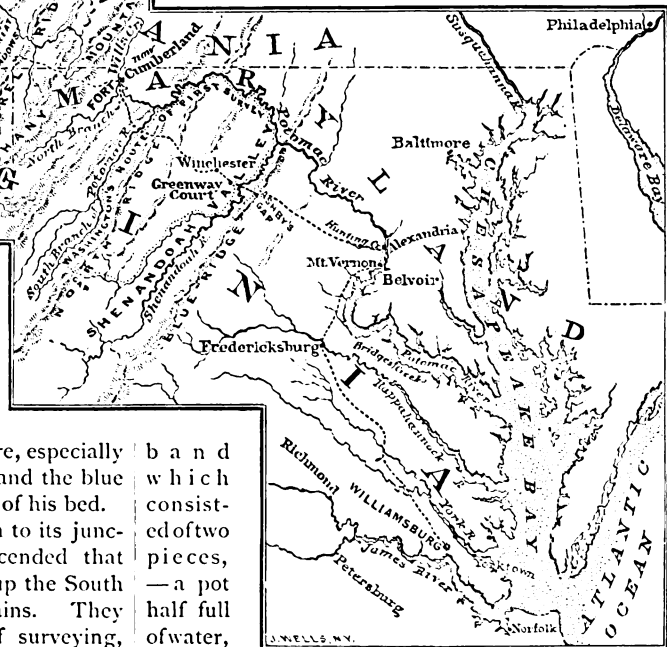
MAP OF THE COUNTRY TRAVERSED BY GEORGE WASHINGTON IN HIS SURVEYING EXPEDITION, AND IN THE WAR WITH THE FRENCH AND INDIANS.—SHOWING ALSO THE SITES OF FRENCH FORTS OF 1750 IN WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA AND ALONG LAKES ERIE AND ONTARIO, AND THE TERRITORIES OF THE INDIAN TRIBES OF THAT DAY.

in his clothes like his companions. After that, he knew better how to manage, and lay wrapped before the fire, especially glad when the fire was out-of-doors and the blue sky overhead formed the counterpane of his bed.

The party followed the Shenandoah to its junction with the Potomac, and then ascended that river and went some seventy miles up the South Branch, returning over the mountains. They were hard at work at the business of surveying,

but had plenty of adventure besides. They camped out in the midst of wild storms; they swam their horses over swollen streams; they shot deer and wild turkeys; they visited one of His Majesty's justices of the peace, as Washington takes pains to note. He invited them to supper, but expected them to eat it with their hunting-knives, for he had neither knife nor fork on his table; and when they were near no house they prepared their own suppers, using forked sticks for spits, and chips for plates.

At one place they had the good luck to be on hand when thirty Indians who had been on the war-path came in. "We had some liquor with us," Washington says, "of which we gave them a part. This elevating their spirits, put them in the humor of dancing." So they had a grand war-dance, to the music of a native





to hear of the surrender of Cornwallis and the downfall of the British power in the colonies; he received messages of love from the victorious general whom he had first started in the world; and he died soon after—on December 12, 1781—ninety years old.

It was this commission from Lord Fairfax to survey his lands which made the beginning of Washington's public life. His satisfactory execution of the task brought him an appointment from the governor as public surveyor. This meant that, when he made surveys, he could record them in the regular office of the county, and they would stand as authority if land were bought and sold. For three years now, he devoted himself to this pursuit, spending all but the winter months, when he could not well carry on field work, in laying out tracts of land up and down the Shenandoah Valley and along the Potomac.

A great deal depended on the accuracy of surveys; for if the surveyor made mistakes, he would be very likely to involve the persons whose land he surveyed in endless quarrels and lawsuits. People soon found out that Washington made no mistakes, and he had his hands full. Years afterward, a lawyer who had a great deal of business with land-titles in the new Virginia country declared that the only surveys on which he could depend were those of Washington.

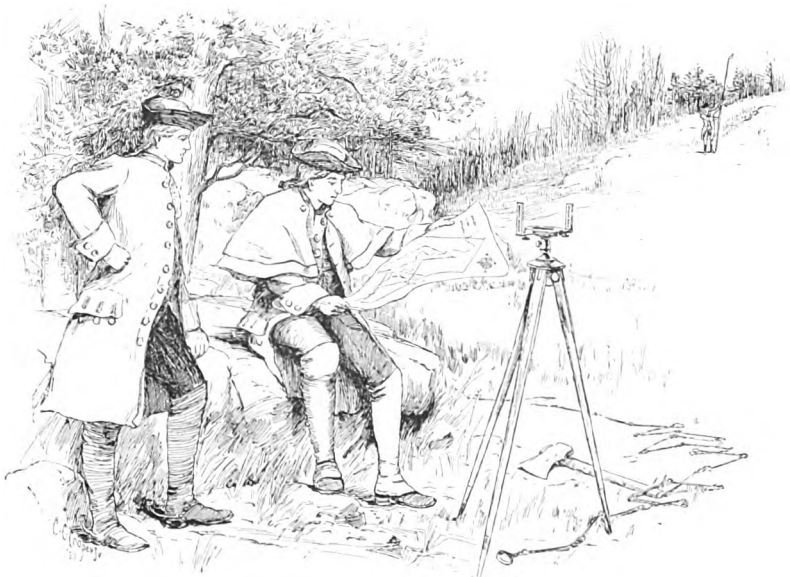
The young surveyor, by his familiarity with the country, learned where the best lands lay, and he was quick to take advantage of the knowledge, so that many fine sections were taken up by him

and others of his family and connections. He saw what splendid prospects the wilderness held out, and by contact with the backwoodsmen and the Indians, he laid the foundation of that broad knowledge of men and woodcraft which stood him in such good stead afterward. He must have seemed almost like one of the Indians themselves, as he stood, grave and silent, watching them around their camp-fires.

His outdoor life, his companionship with rough men, and his daily work of surveying served to toughen him. They made him a self-reliant man beyond his years. People who saw him were struck by the curious likeness which his walk bore to that of the Indians. He was straight as an arrow, and he walked with his feet set straight out, moving them forward with the precision and care which the Indian uses. Especially did his long isolation in the wilderness confirm him in the habit of silence which he had as a boy and kept through life. Living so much by himself, he learned to think for himself and rely on himself.

Meanwhile, though his occupation was thus helping to form his character, he was still learning from his associates. There were three or four houses where he was at home. He went back to his mother at her plantation on the Rappahannock; he was a welcome guest at Belvoir; he visited Lord Fairfax in his cabin, and, as his diary shows, read his Lordship's books as well as talked with the quaint old gentleman; and he always had a home with his brother Lawrence at Mount Vernon.

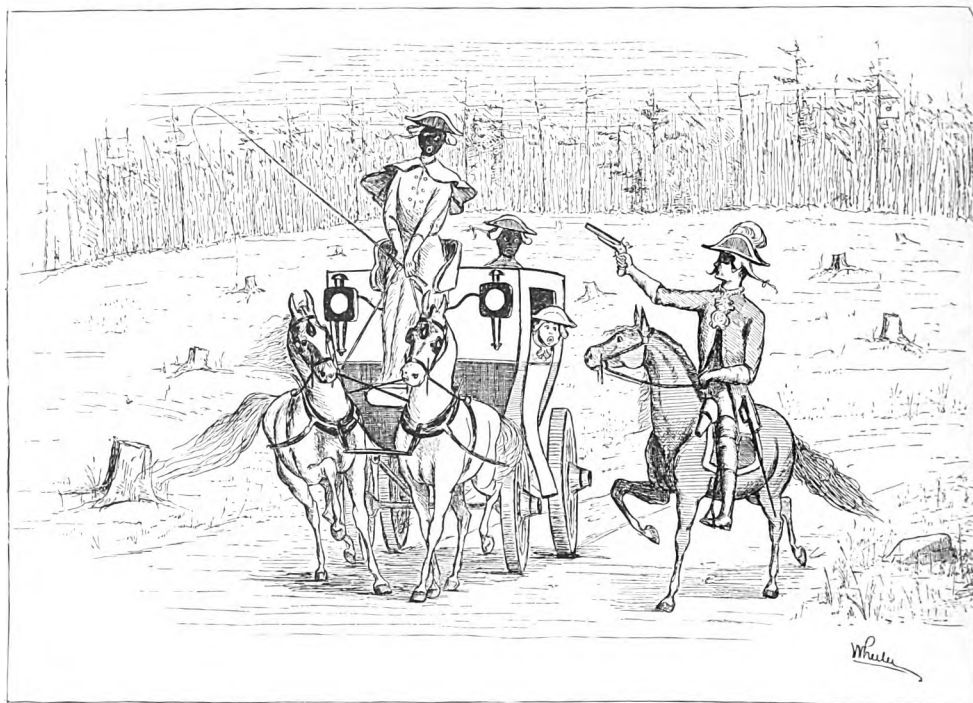
*(To be continued.)*



THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.

## THE BOLD HIGHWAYMAN.

BY M. G. VAN RENSELLAER.



IN Virginia of old,  
A highwayman bold  
Sprang out from his lair,  
On a gay coach and pair.  
The darky who drove turned pallid with fear,  
And so did the darky who rode in the rear.

The master inside,  
Disturbed in his ride,  
Protruded his head,  
And near fainted with dread.  
But what happened then?—I leave it to you.  
Please judge for yourselves, for I never knew.

## "NOTHING ON THE BREAKFAST TABLE."

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

FRED came down late to breakfast that morning—so late that all the other members of the family were through, and had gone about their respective duties. But though he had slept so long, Fred was still sleepy, for he had staid up until twelve o'clock the night before, whereas he was usually in bed by nine. To tell the truth, he was also rather cross,—as most boys are apt to be when they are sleepy,—and as he took his seat he said: "Pshaw! there's nothing on the breakfast table."

Then he called lazily, "K-a-t-e! K-a-t-e!" But no Kate replied, for an excellent reason,—she did n't hear him; she was out in the poultry-yard feeding the chickens. So Fred leaned forward with a very discontented expression on his face, and closed his eyes; but he soon opened them again, and began to sneeze. A pungent odor had tickled his nose.

"Ker-chew! ker-chew! k-e-r-chew! What in the world did that?" said he.

"I did," replied a sharp little voice, and there

on the table, before him, stood a small creature dressed in green, and wearing the brightest of bright red caps.

"And who are you?" asked Fred.

"I'm Pepper." And the wee thing went hopping and skipping about in the nimblest manner, talking rapidly all the time. "'Nothing on the breakfast table,' hey? I believe that's what you said; and I call it decidedly ungrateful in you to say so, when there are a number of things here, brought from all parts of the world to serve you and the other animals that laugh."

"That laugh?" repeated Fred.

"Yes—that laugh. Don't you know—I'm sure you must be old enough to know—that of all the animal creation, only the human race—I think that's what it's called—can laugh? And when one considers," Pepper went on, "that I come away from the East Indies to help season your food, one would suppose that you would be somewhat obliged to me, and would not count me as nothing."

"That's true!" joined in a second little voice, and another small figure, wearing a pure white dress dotted with shining crystals, and a wreath of what seemed to be baby-snowflakes, sprang from the glass salt-cellar.

"No, indeed, of course not; I beg your pardon, and Pepper's also—" said Fred hastily. "I'm sure I never meant —"

But here another tiny form stepped from the bread-plate and bowed gracefully to him, the plumes it wore on its head nearly touching the table as it did so. "And am I nothing?" it asked, "I, to whom the whole world owes the greatest of debts; I, who have given health and strength to young and old."

"And—you—are—" began Fred, with some hesitation.

"Is it possible you don't know me?" exclaimed the pretty thing reproachfully.

"You—look—like—Wheat?" ventured Fred.

"I am Wheat!" and the feathery plumes waved lightly, as though stirred by a summer breeze, "and you have me to thank for Bread, which one of your wise ones has said 'is the staff of life.'"

"Oh! I beg *your* pardon, too," said Fred. "I would n't be without Bread for anything,—not even cake. Why Bread is one of the very first things I remember. Bread and —"

"Butter," cried a jolly fat fellow in cream-colored garments. "Ha! ha! I fancy all young folks become acquainted with me and my fast



"And who are you?" asked Fred.

"I am Salt," came the answer in clear tones. "I have come from deep mines and deep waters to wait upon you and your kind, for many, many years. What you would do without me I do not know, for you require my aid morning, noon, and night. Am I then to be classed as nothing?"

friend, Bread, as soon as they get their teeth, and they never drop the acquaintance. And if you, Master Fred, did n't find me on the table when you came to your meals, you'd make complaint enough to indicate that I am *something*. Now, would n't you?"

"You *are* something — a very important some-



thing!" declared Fred, with emphasis. "Please consider yourself included in my apology to your chums—friends, I mean."

"And how about me?" called the sweetest voice of all from the top of the syrup-jug, where sat a brown-faced elf, in a suit like jointed armor, a flower in one hand and a greenish stick in the other. "I belong to the sugar-cane, and I come from the West Indies to give you syrup for your bread and griddle-cakes, and sugar for your tea and coffee."

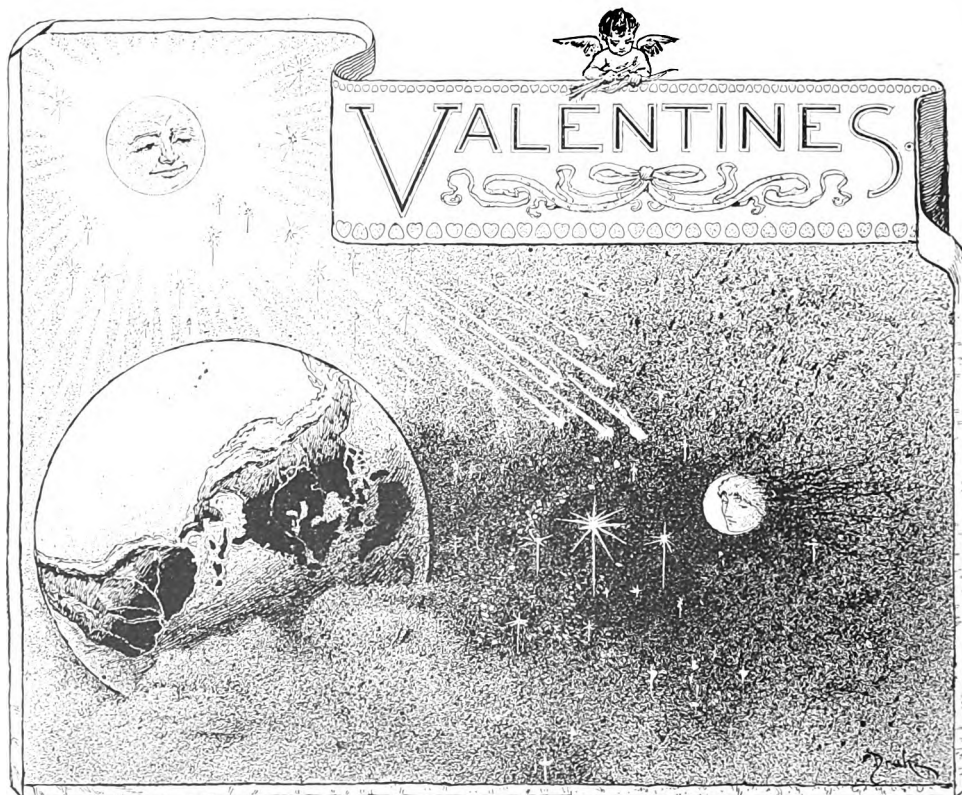
"I suppose I need n't tell you, my boy," exclaimed another sprite (with a pigtail), sitting astride the handle of the teapot,—“that I,—Tea, at your service,—come from China. And I shall

gently remark that I am not at all used to being considered as nothing."

"And we," spoke two more quaint, wee creatures in the same breath, as they peeped from behind the coffee-pot, "have traveled from Java and Arabia to bring you pleasure. Surely you forgot us when——"

"So I did—so I did!" interrupted Fred, "dear Coffee, or perhaps I should say Coffees. And it strikes me, as it struck my lively friend Pepper—that I've been decidedly ungrateful."

And he seemed very thoughtful when, his little visitors disappearing as suddenly as they had appeared, Kate brought in some crisp slices of buttered toast, a plate of delicious wheat cakes and golden syrup, and a cup of steaming coffee.



By W. W. E.

THE Sun and the Moon are miles apart,—  
Millions and millions too;  
But if those old bodies had half a heart,  
They never could stand it so far apart,—  
I know I could n't—could you?

But I have just heard (and I think she's right)  
What the dear old Earth opines:  
That the Sun shines down on some stars each night,  
And shoots them off, when they're polished bright,  
To the Moon for Valentines!



## COMEDIES FOR CHILDREN.

BY E. S. BROOKS.

## DICKY DOT AND DOTTY DICK.

DICKY DOT (*boyish and buoyant*).DOTTY DICK (*matronly and maidenly*).ARABELLA, the Doll (*non-committal*).

[Let the characters be taken by two as bright little children as can be selected for the parts; the younger the better. DOTTY, a little girl of six or seven, and DICKY, a little boy of seven or eight. The only properties necessary are the doll and doll-carriage, with afghan and a small umbrella. Dress in taking costumes of to-day, with ulsters and large hats, if possible, for better effect. DICKY, at least, should have an ulster and hat. Caution the children to speak slowly and distinctly.]

[DOTTY enters, right, wheeling ARABELLA in doll-carriage; stops at center.

DOTTY (*disconsolately*).

Oh dear, oh dear! a mother's cares are really very wearing;

I did *so* want to rest—but, no; this child must have an airing.

(*Convulsively.*)

Why, Arabella Florence Dick, you'll catch your death o' danger!

How *dare* you throw that afghan off!

[Leans down to adjust it, and sees DICKY outside.

My goodness! there's a stranger.

Why, no!—why, yes! it's Dicky Dot, a-prancing and a-dancing.

He's got a brand new ulster on—my! does n't he look entrancing!

And does n't he *think* he just looks fine! In boys, it's *too* distressing To see them thinking of their clothes—we girls *must* mind our dressing.

[Enter DICKY, at the left, lifting his hat.

Good morning, Mr. Dicky Dot; I hope you're well and hearty.

DICKY (*taking his hat off politely*).

Oh, thank you, Mrs. Dotty Dick; I'm quite a healthy party.

And how are you, and [*bending over carriage*] how 's the child—Miss Arabella Florence?

DOTTY (*dolefully*).

I'm well enough; but oh, that child!—I just could weep in torrents!

She does enjoy *such* feeble health, I'm in a constant fever!

I hardly dare to take her out—I can't go off and leave her.

And so, you see, I'm tied at home; it's such a wear and bother!

Oh, Mr. Dicky Dot, be glad that *you* are not a mother.

DICKY (*thankfully*). I'm sure I'm glad.

DOTTY. Ah yes! our lives are just a lot of worry,

While all you boys have easy times, all fun, and play, and hurry.

DICKY. Oh, no, we don't.

DOTTY. Oh, yes, you do.

DICKY. We have to work for *true*, though.

DOTTY. Well, so do we, and worry, too— that does n't trouble you, though.

You walk around in pantaloons—

DICKY (*with an injured air*). Only one pocket though, ma'am.

DOTTY. A brand new ulster.

DICKY (*proudly*). Aint it nice?—I'm really quite a show, ma'am.

DOTTY. And here I have to tend and mind a dreadful fretty baby.

I'm just a nurse-girl, I declare!

DICKY (*consolingly*). She'll soon get better.

DOTTY (*dubiously*). May be.

DICKY (*seriously*). You're only play-mad; are n't you, now?

DOTTY. Of course; it's "nothings" worry;

But that's the way my mamma acts when she's all in a flurry.

DICKY (*hopefully*). Some day *we'll* both be big folks, too.

DOTTY (*with satisfaction*). I'll wear my dresses longer.

DICKY. And I'll wear boots, and big high hats, and be a great deal stronger.

And you wont care for dolls!—

DOTTY (*expostulatingly*). Oh, yes!

DICKY (*stoutly*). Oh, no!

DOTTY (*decidedly*). I'll *always* love them.

DICKY (*patronizingly*). Oh, not when you're a lady, Dot;

'Cause then you'll feel above them.

DOTTY (*thoughtfully*). And what will you be, Dicky Dot? A—butcher—or—a—teacher?

DICKY (*considering*). Oh, neither, Dot; I think—I'll be—a—prince—or else—a preacher.

DOTTY. I'd be a prince, if I were you—all spangles gold, and rattle.

DICKY. I think I'll be a general, and lead my troops to battle.

What would you say to see, some day—a-gal-  
loping and rearing—

Me—Major-General Richard Dot—and hear  
the people cheering?

DOTTY (*coolly*). I s'pose I'd say, "Why, goodness me  
What is that Dicky trying?"

I'm sure he'll fall and hurt himself!"—And  
then you'd tumble, crying.

DICKY (*indignantly*). I guess I would n't, Dotty Dick;  
why—generals never tumble.

I'll be a man, then.

DOTTY. So you will.

DICKY (*contemptuously*). And you'll be scared and  
humble.

DOTTY (*energetically*). Oh, no! I wont; for then I'll be  
a queen so grand and glorious.

DICKY (*incredulously*). You?—Dotty Dick?

DOTTY (*magnificently*). Yes—me! I'll be Queen Dora,  
the victorious!

DICKY (*dumfounded*). Well—well!

DOTTY. And then the kings will crowd to beg my  
hand in marriage.

And I will say—

(*haughtily*)

"Ah—General Dot, just order up my car-  
riage!"

DICKY (*taken all aback by this grandeur*).

Well—I must say—of all the girls that plague,  
and tease, and tickle us—

You are about the—. Dotty Dick, I—really—am—

DOTTY (*sarcastically*). *Re-dick-alous!*

Oh, Dicky Dot! Oh, Dicky Dot! do you think  
only *you*, sir,

Can grow up big, and grand, and fine? What  
*you* do, I can do, sir!

So why can't we be partners, then—the same  
as when we're playing?

*You* be the General—I'll be Queen, whom all  
the world's obeying.

And you will be so brave and strong, that none  
can ever humble me.

DICKY (*bombastically*). Yes, I'll protect you!

DOTTY (*starting suddenly away from carriage*).

Oh! what's that?—a dreadful, horrid bumble-  
bee!

DICKY (*running away*). Look out! he'll sting you!

[Opens umbrella, and holds it before him.

DOTTY (*pitiously*). Drive him off!

DICKY (*backing further off*).

I can't! he'll sting a fellow.

Come under the umbrella—quick! He's there  
by Arabella.

[DOTTY runs under the umbrella, and they both sit on the ground,  
central, under cover of its protection. Then they cautiously  
put their heads out, at opposite sides, and look at each other.

DOTTY (*sarcastically*). Well, Major-General Richard  
Dot, you *are* a brave defender.

DICKY (*apologetically*). I'm 'fraid of bees—

DOTTY (*critically*). But generals ought n't to be  
*quite* so tender!

DICKY (*starting bravely to his feet*). Queen Dora,  
shall I charge the foe?

DOTTY (*rising, but guarding herself with the open  
umbrella*).

Do, General, I implore you!

He's at my daughter! Oh, see there! Save  
her, and I'll adore you!

DICKY (*pulling off his hat, charges manfully  
toward the carriage, beating the air as if he were  
striking down a bee*). Be off, you traitor! (*dodging  
him*). No, you don't! Ha! ha! I've killed him,  
Dotty! (*Clapping his hand to his mouth*).

Oh! oh! he's stung me!

DOTTY (*dropping the umbrella, and rushing to  
Dicky's side, full of sympathy*).

Dicky! Where?

DICKY (*jumping in pain and showing his hand to  
Dotty*). O-o-o! There!

DOTTY (*examining it critically*). How white and spotty!

Say, will it kill you?

DICKY (*dubiously*). I don't know. I s'pose there 's poison in it!

DOTTY (*in tears*). Oh, dear! Oh, dear! And all for me! Oh, why did I begin it?

DICKY (*consolingly*). Now, Dotty, darling! don't you fret! I'll—O-o-o-o! I'll try to bear it.

DOTTY. Poor Dicky! let me wrap it up (*stripping the afghan off the carriage and surveying it critically*). Oh dear! I'll have to tear it.

DICKY (*putting it back*). No, no, your handkerchief will do.

DOTTY (*sweetly*). I'll kiss it!

DICKY. That 'll cure it! (*Dotty kisses the stung hand*).

It don't pain half so badly now; I think I can endure it.

DOTTY (*wrapping Dicky's hand up in her handkerchief*).

Oh, what a brave boy, Dicky Dot! You 're General no longer.

If I 'm the Queen, then you be King: you 're nobler, sir, and stronger.

And Arabella,—she shall be the fairy who shall lead us

To where our golden palace stands, with lords to serve and feed us.

DICKY. But we 've not got our king-clothes on—'t will set the folks a-staring.

DOTTY. I think I 'd rather see my King his brand new ulster wearing.

DICKY (*utterly captivated*). Oh, are n't you nice!

DOTTY (*sweetly*). And so are you.

DICKY (*thoughtfully*). My papa said, this morning, 'T was manlier to rule yourself, than be a throne adorning.

DOTTY (*puzzled*). What did he mean?

DICKY (*still thoughtful*). I s'pose he meant a coward 's mean—and—sniffy!

DOTTY. You 're not.

DICKY (*accusingly*). I ran!

DOTTY (*emphatically*). But then—you killed that buzzer—in a jiffy!

DICKY (*confidingly*). Well, Dotty, something said—right here (*putting his hand on his heart*):

"Hm! you 're a pretty fellow,

A-hiding from a bumble-bee behind a big umbrella;

A general that 's 'fraid to fight will fail unless he 's bolder.

If you 're a 'fraid-cat now, you 'll be a 'fraid-cat when you 're older."

And so I up and killed him dead.

DOTTY (*shaking her head*).

He 's stung you badly, may be.

DICKY (*stoutly*).

I 'd rather be hurt awful bad than be a coward-baby.

How 's Arabella?

DOTTY (*examining Arabella carefully*). She 's all right.

DICKY. No stings on hand or footy?

DOTTY. Oh, no; she 's just mussed up a bit; I 'll fix her nice and pretty.

[Shakes Arabella out, and re-arranges her in the carriage.

DICKY. Let 's play the bee was monstrous big and had a dragon's head on;

And you two be the princesses, such as they 're always fed on.

I 'll be the prince who 's galloped up, at just the lucky minute,

And killed the dragon dead—and left my sword a-sticking in it.

DOTTY (*enthusiastically*).

Oh yes. Well, I 'm the Princess, then—just like the fairy story,—

And we 'll live happy all our days, with lots of gold and glory.

DICKY. All right. And, as the dragon's dead, let 's play there 'd come to meet us

A big procession, with the King and all his court to greet us.

DOTTY (*grasping the doll-carriage*). Then let Prince Dicky lead the way.

DICKY (*shouldering the umbrella*).

Let Princess Dotty follow

With Arabella, off of whom the dragon took a swallow.

DOTTY. She 's in the chariot—O, so ill!

DICKY. Move on now to the palace.

Guns boom, flags wave, because we 've all escaped the dragon's malice.

DOTTY (*stopping him and taking his hand*).

But, 'fore we go, we ought to thank these friends who 've listened to us.

[Both face the audience.

DICKY. If you are pleased, then we are glad; such good your smiles can do us.

And if, some time, you come to court, just ask—

DOTTY. We 'll come out quick.

[Both join hands.

DICKY. For Prince and General Dicky Dot.

DOTTY. And Princess Dotty Dick.

[Both bow majestically.

[CURTAIN.]

[If no curtain is used the children can then march off—DICKY, with umbrella, in front, and DOTTY, rolling doll-carriage, following.

## THE REAL KING.

BY JOHN R. CORVELL.

THE lion is called the king of beasts; but after all, he is rather a sneaking sort of fellow, and not what we have a right to expect a monarch to be. He is very strong, and when he must fight, does so fiercely; but as he is not any more powerful than the tiger, and is not even as good a fighter, he ought to take rank next to that first cousin of his.

But even the tiger is not entitled to the first place, for he is not by any means the master of the brute creation. If any animal can be said to hold that place, it is certainly the elephant. Only, the elephant, not being a flesh-eater, very seldom has trouble with his comrades of the forests, and consequently has no reputation as a fighter. And yet he can fight, even in captivity, as was seen only a few weeks ago, when in the winter quarters of a menagerie at Philadelphia,—according to the newspapers,—an enraged lion, escaping from his broken cage, dashed madly upon a great elephant, only to be instantly crushed to death by the powerful beast which he had dared to attack.

All animals, indeed, respect the elephant and give him a wide berth. Once in a while, a rhinoceros will lose his wits and go tearing through the jungle, regardless of consequences, and he might then attack even an elephant. As a rule, the result is very disastrous to the rhinoceros, which is quite likely to discover that his horn is no match for the two shining white tusks of the elephant.

When used by man for hunting the tiger, the elephant will frequently display the most abject fear, should the tiger suddenly spring up in his path; and this fact has led to the belief that the elephant has a natural fear of the tiger. The truth is, the tamed elephant has been taught to so bend his will to his human master's that he has lost his ability to act upon his own impulse, and, moreover, is so hampered by his crowded howdah, and his other trappings, that he has not full liberty of action.

Stories without number are told by hunters of combats witnessed in the jungle between elephants and other animals, and all go to show the prodigious strength and activity of the huge creatures. Strength, of course, the elephant would be expected to have, but it is hard to comprehend how so ungainly-looking a creature can be so active and agile as he really is. That he can outrun a fleet

horse seems incredible enough, but it is even more wonderful that he can vie in quickness of movement with the muscular tiger.

One of a party of hunters in India left camp one evening, intending to shoot one of the peacocks which were heard screaming in their discordant way not very far from camp. He knew from experience that he might find a tiger in the neighborhood, though up to that time no traces of that animal had been seen. But the tiger is so fond of peacock that experienced hunters always go cautiously to shoot the birds.

In this case the caution was wise, for when near the spot where the birds were, the hunter just saved himself from stumbling on a large tiger, which fortunately was so much taken up with stealing upon the birds that it did not notice the man. The latter, anticipating some interesting sport, watched the tiger move stealthily through the underbrush and come upon the noisy birds. Whoever has seen an ordinary cat crouch and spring can comprehend what the hunter saw. The spring was unsuccessful, however; and, as is its custom, the tiger, as if ashamed of its failure, was slinking away, when there came the noise of crashing underbrush, and the graceful creature crouched closely to the ground.

The noise, as the hunter had at once suspected, was caused by the approach of a herd of elephants. Again he waited silently for further developments. The huge creatures made their way straight toward the clearing where the peacocks had been feeding on the grain which grew there. At the head of the herd gamboled a baby elephant. Unconscious of the presence of the tiger, the little creature was almost upon it, when the great cat, as if unable to resist the temptation, darted toward it. Like magic the whole herd responded to the shrill cry of the mother, and the leader of the herd charged to the rescue.

The tiger seemed willing to retreat, but that the leader would not permit; and then began a fierce combat, in which the tiger with all its agility strove to take the elephant anywhere but in front. To avoid this, the elephant moved about with astonishing celerity, and finally with a quick plunge caught the tiger under its ponderous foot, and with one terrible thrust pierced it with its tusks. Is not the elephant the real King?







stroke won by either is called *advantage* for that player. If this same player wins the next stroke he wins the game, but if his opponent wins it, the score returns to *deuce*; and so on until one player wins two successive strokes immediately following *deuce*, when the game is scored for that player.

A "set" consists of eleven games; therefore, the player who wins six games wins the set; but if both have won five games the score is called *games all*, and the next game won by either player is called *advantage game* for that player. If the same player wins the next game he wins the set, but if he loses it, the score returns to *games all*, and so on until one player or the other wins two games immediately following the score of *games all*, upon which he wins the set.

Tennis-players, of course, know all about this method of counting, and it is given here merely for the benefit of those who wish to play Badminton, and are not familiar with tennis.

Suitable rackets and shuttlecocks may be had of any dealer. The nets now furnished are usually tennis nets, and are wider than necessary. A strip

of white mosquito netting, with a tape run through one edge, will serve for a net, and a few split shot pinched in place along the lower selvedge will make it hang nicely. Half-a-dozen tassels will do equally well, and will make the whole affair quite ornamental.

The power of flight of the shuttlecocks may be regulated to suit the size of the court, by making a small hole in the center of each end of the cork and pushing in shot until the right weight is secured. It is a good plan to cover the cork with thin india-rubber, and a truer flight is secured for it by lacing a thread in and out around the feathers, about an inch and a half from the cork, drawing it tight enough to make the feathers perfectly even.

In three-handed games the single player serves in every alternate game, and the partners serve by turns. In four-handed, and so on up to eight-handed games, the service is taken alternately, and the partners on the opposing sides adopt a regular order in taking their turns as "servers." The scoring for these sets is governed by the same rules as in single-handed games.



TOTTY'S BANJO.

## AMONG THE LAW-MAKERS.\*

BY EDMUND ALTON.

## CHAPTER XXX.

THE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN CONSTITUTIONS  
COMPARED.

RAND as our Republic is, others besides ourselves can claim a share in its glory. While always patriotic, we should also ever be just. Our Constitution, with all its majesty, is not beyond improvement, and much which lends it grace and strength we owe to foreign lands. Let us not, therefore, boast of a perfection we do not possess, nor withhold from others the tribute they deserve.

Indebted though we are, in many respects, to Greece and other nations of the East, it is from England, the great battle-ground of our civilization, that we have received the most precious safeguards of civil liberty. The history of the English people is our history, and every American boy and girl should study it as such. It will show you how, for centuries, our English forefathers resisted the oppressions of the crown, and you will understand how the countless blessings of the victories they won have descended to the generation of to-day. From the time when King John gave way before the power of the United Barons, to the time when the scepter of the Stuarts was placed within the hands of William, Prince of Orange, the history of the English people is replete with deeds of valor and of patriotism which should be familiar to us all. These matters I cannot here recount or even attempt to explain; but until you understand these great events, you cannot properly prize the advantages you enjoy, or realize how sacred is the debt due to the land of our ancestors.

Not only does Congress in its simple rules of procedure proclaim the Parliament of Great Britain as its model, but in the general design of our federal legislature and in many other features of our Constitution, we are constantly reminded of how much we have borrowed from the Constitution of England. The points of difference, however, are as noticeable as those of resemblance; and I shall try to compare the two governments and show, by a brief sketch or parallel, in what respects they differ and in what respects they are alike. Let me,

therefore, view their general outlines as they stand to-day; the limits of a single chapter will not permit me to go into details. If at any part of these chapters I carry you beyond your depth, perhaps your fathers will come to the rescue with history and dictionary to help you out.

As far back as 1536, in the reign of Henry VIII., the little dominion of Wales was merged into the Kingdom of England, to which the Isle of Man and other adjacent territory already belonged; on the 1st day of May, 1707, the kingdoms of England and Scotland were, by formal articles of union, united into one kingdom under the name of Great Britain; and by similar articles, which took effect on the 1st day of January, 1801, Great Britain and Ireland were joined into one kingdom, under the name of The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, with one common government seated at London. This common government is in the form of a limited monarchy, with a Queen (whose title is hereditary, and whose power is limited), a Parliament, and a Judiciary. By the articles of union, both Scotland and Ireland were stripped of their local governments; they accepted as their monarch the King then occupying the English throne, and agreed to the "succession" (that is, the line of hereditary reigning sovereigns), as the English Parliament had declared it. In short, the English Parliament merely opened its door to allow a certain number of representatives from Ireland and Scotland to enter, and, with this exception and its extended power, the English government went on as if nothing had happened. So that to-day, after centuries of disturbance and struggle, the authority of that government is supreme not only in the Kingdom, but in the colonies and dependencies throughout the world.

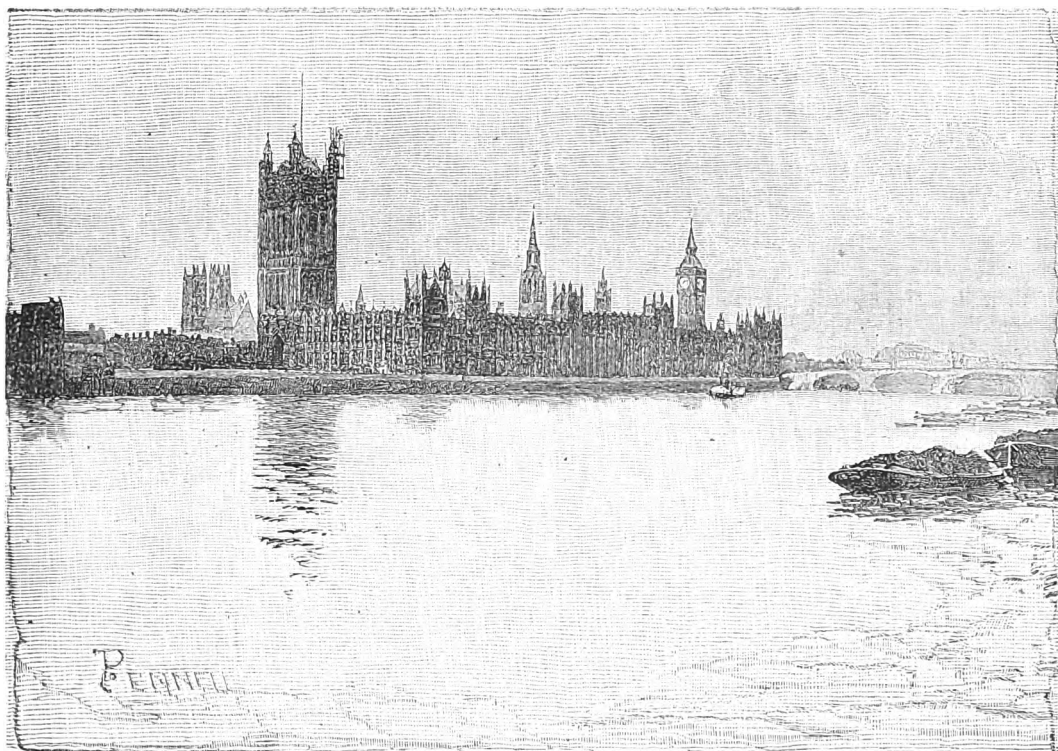
On the 4th of March, 1789, by formal ratifications of the Constitution, the eleven independent States of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, South Carolina, and Georgia entered into a Union under the name of the United States of America, into which North Carolina and Rhode Island, the remaining two of the thirteen original States, shortly afterward came, and into which twenty-five additional States have since been admitted. Over these thirty-eight States there is a federal government seated at Washington, in the

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form of a republic, with a President elected every four years by the people of the Union, a Congress, and a Judiciary. On entering into the Union, the States preserved their independence and retained their local governments; they provided that both the States, as States, and the people of the States, as individual citizens, should have a voice in the election of the President; they were guaranteed a representation in both branches of the Congress, and this representation was fixed on terms of equality between the sovereign States as to the Upper House, or Senate, and made proportionate to pop-

over others, in many matters of local interest to the States it has no authority whatever. Yet, in regard to the Seat of Government and the Territories, although most of these Territories have been organized and given local governments and delegates in Congress, their chief executive and judicial officers are appointed by the President, and the authority of the General Government is as absolute as is that of Parliament.

The people of Great Britain are divided, politically, into two general classes called the clergy



THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT AT WESTMINSTER.

ulation as to the Lower House, or House of Representatives. (The representation of Scotland and Ireland in the Imperial Parliament was not so fixed on terms of equality as to the Upper House or according to population as to the Lower.) It was expressly understood (and so declared in the Tenth Amendment) that all powers not delegated by the Constitution to the Congress were and are reserved to the States or to the people thereof, and emphatic restrictions as well as prohibitions were imposed. The Federal Government is, therefore, one of limited powers, for, while its jurisdiction is exclusive over some affairs and supreme

and the laity. The former comprises the ecclesiastics of the established Protestant Episcopal Church. The laity is subdivided into three classes, the military, the maritime, and the civil state. The military and maritime states are composed of the army and navy,—the soldiers and sailors in the public service. The civil state is subdivided into two classes: the nobility, a class especially honored with titles and rank derived from the Crown and chiefly hereditary; and the commonalty, embracing all other subjects of the kingdom. The clergy, the nobility, and the commonalty are represented in the administration of the common

government, yet not with equal power; and these class distinctions arrange the nation into one long line, with a regular order of superiority recognized and observed in social as well as official circles. First in the order of precedence, as it is called, stands "Her Majesty the Queen," or the reigning sovereign. The heir apparent to the throne ("His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales," as he is designated) stands second; next come other princes and princesses of the blood royal; then follows the Archbishop of Canterbury, and then a regular succession down through the line of clergy, nobility, and commonalty, with slight variations in favor of high officers of the state, ending with "gentlemen, yeomen, tradesmen, artificers, and laborers."

The people of the United States of America are not separated into political classes. The Government is representative in form; all male citizens, whether native-born or naturalized, over the age of twenty-one years, including public officers, are, with few exceptions, entitled to vote,—the vote of the laborer being equal in power to the vote of the President. And as to such States as have imposed property conditions or otherwise denied or abridged the right to vote, the Constitution provides that their representation shall be proportionately reduced. We have no established religion, no titles of nobility,—both are expressly prohibited. The only distinctions we recognize are "people" and "servants of the people"; the former class consisting of the "private citizens," the latter class embracing all officers in the public service; and while, by the etiquette of the White House and the social circles of Washington, a certain order of precedence is observed, this distinction is confined to the arrangement of seats at the dinner-table or to the momentous question as to which of two ladies shall make the first *call* on the other. These distinctions do not touch the national interests, nor does anybody care for them, outside of the city of Washington.

In England, the great powers of government are not distributed among three distinct and independent departments. The Parliament, as the legislative department of the Government, is the supreme power in the realm; yet, its authority is more than simply legislative. It possesses judicial functions, and practically wields all the rights and powers of the sovereign. The title to the crown is hereditary; the succession, however, may be changed by Parliament at any time. As the head of the nation, the Queen is, in theory, vested with the executive powers of government, and she is also a part of the legislative power, but, as a fact,

the executive functions of the Crown are exercised by the ministry, or cabinet, chosen from the political party that has a majority in the House of Commons. They exercise these functions in the name of the sovereign. The Queen is *said* to be the fountain of honor, of justice, and (by a feudal fiction invented by William the Conqueror) of property. But the real, personal power of the sovereign in the important affairs of government has long since been absorbed by Parliament and the courts.

The courts of justice are composed of judges selected from the legal profession. In theory, they are the agents of the Crown; they are created by the exercise of the royal prerogative, in the hands of the parliamentary ministry, and are, in fact, subordinate only to the supremacy of Parliament itself.

In our republic, the powers of sovereignty are committed to three distinct and independent departments. The Congress, as the legislative department of the Government, is, of course, the supreme power; yet, mighty though it is, it can not transcend its legislative jurisdiction. The President is elected by the people; he holds office for four years, and Congress has no power beyond counting the electoral votes, and providing, by law, what person shall temporarily occupy the Presidential office in the event of the death or disability of the President and Vice-President. The President is the head of the nation and, as Chief Magistrate, the judicial writs of Federal courts run in his name. He can not bestow "honors." The property of this country is "allodial," or "*not* feudal"; we have no "lord paramount"; we owe no one "feudal allegiance"; we are all sovereigns ourselves, and expect the President to serve us. He is expressly charged with the performance of the executive affairs of government, and, in the performance of his constitutional duties, he can not be disturbed by Congress or the courts. His Cabinet advisers and other subordinate officers he selects of his own free-will, regardless of the partisan complexion of either House, although the consent of two-thirds of the Senate is necessary to the appointment of his principal assistants. He is a great personal power in the Government. The Federal judges are appointed by the President with the consent of the Senate; and the mandate of the Supreme Court is final and binding upon all. The Judicial Department is as independent as the Executive.

The Parliament consists of the Crown and the "three estates of the realm,"—the Lords spiritual, the Lords temporal, and the Commons. It is divided into two bodies,—the House of Lords and

the House of Commons. The House of Lords is composed of the first two estates of the realm,—the Lords spiritual and the Lords temporal. The Lords spiritual are the archbishops and the bishops; they represent the Church. The Lords temporal are the dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons; they represent the peerage, or nobility. Most of the English peers sit in Parliament by right of inheritance; but, as in the case of the Lords spiritual, their titles are derived from the Crown, and their number may be increased at any time by the sovereign, acting through the ministry. The peerage of Scotland is entitled to elect a certain number of its members to seats in the House of Lords, but the terms of such members expire upon the dissolution of a Parliament. The peerage of Ireland has a similar right; the members elected by it, however, holding their seats for life.

The House of Commons is composed of the third estate, and consists of knights, citizens, and burgesses, representing the counties, cities, and boroughs of the kingdom. They are elected by the great body of the commonalty, subject to certain property and other restrictions.

The Congress consists of two bodies of men—the Senate and the House of Representatives. The members of the Senate are elected by the legislatures of the several States, each State being entitled to a representation of two. The number of senators can only be increased by the admission into the Union of additional States; nor can any State be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate without its own consent. The House of Representatives is composed of representatives of the people of the republic, duly elected by the people, the representation being proportioned among the several States in the ratio of population, although each State is entitled to at least one representative. The people of each organized territory have, by Congressional enactment, the right to elect a delegate to Congress, who occupies a seat in the House, but is not permitted to vote in the enactment of laws.

The House of Lords represents the clergy and the nobility, and its majority may be controlled by the ministry of the Commons wielding the royal power of increasing the number of lords, spiritual or temporal. The Senate represents the States, as independent sovereignties, and is not

subject to be increased by the caprice of any other clique or body.

The House of Commons represents the people of the kingdom; yet the right to vote is still denied to thousands of the commonalty.\* The House of Representatives represents the people of the republic, and the right to vote is practically universal.†

The House of Lords is presided over by the Lord Chancellor, who is, by virtue of his office, its Speaker. The Senate is presided over by the Vice-President, who is, by virtue of his office, its President.

The House of Commons elects its own Speaker from among its own membership, but goes through the formality of getting permission to do so from the Crown. The House of Representatives chooses its Speaker from its own membership as a right conferred by the Constitution, and not by the grace of any one.

Each House of Parliament makes its own rules, and regulates its own affairs, and the members of both enjoy freedom from arrest (except in certain cases), and from legal responsibility for words uttered in debate. The same privileges extend to each House of Congress, and to the members of both.

In England the House of Commons has the exclusive right of originating all money-bills, and the power of impeachment, and also has the authority of a Court of Record to punish for contempt. The House of Lords is the Supreme Court of law in the kingdom, and has also the exclusive power to try impeachments. In legislative matters, "three peers may wield all the authority of the House, and forty members constitute a quorum in the House of Commons."

In America the House of Representatives has the exclusive right of originating all measures for raising revenue, and the exclusive power of impeachment. The Senate has the exclusive right to ratify treaties and confirm executive appointments, and try impeachments. But neither House has general authority to punish for contempt, nor can either do any business without the presence of a majority of its members.

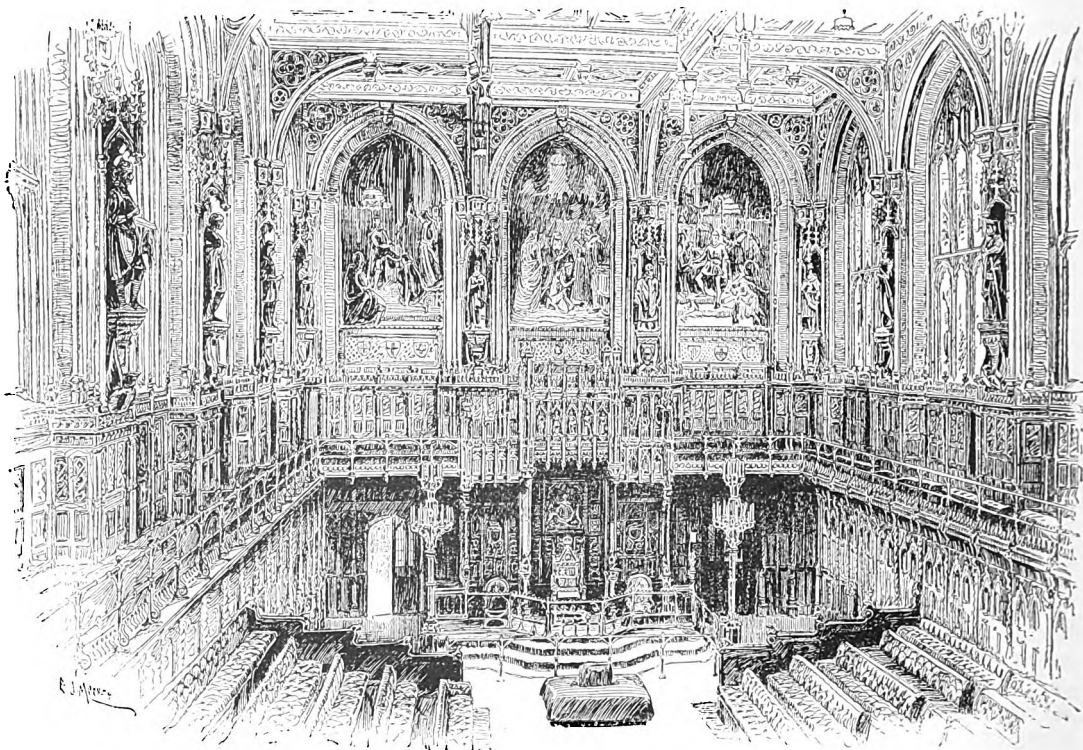
A Parliament is convened by summons from the Queen. When so convened, each House has the right to adjourn its proceedings as it sees fit. The Queen, however, may at any time adjourn or, as it is called, prorogue it, although she may reconvene it immediately. The effect of a

\* By two important acts of Parliament passed in 1832, the membership of the House of Commons was increased to 670, and the electorate (that is, the number of those privileged to vote) increased from 120,000 to 500,000. Four-fifths of these 500,000 are "house-holders."

† The qualifications of a voter depend upon the laws of the State of which he is an inhabitant. (Constitution, Art. I, Sec. 2, Ch. I.) No State, however, can deny or abridge the right of citizens to vote on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. (Art. XV, Sec. 1.) While some of the States have imposed property conditions, the ordinary qualifications are in regard to sex, age, and residence.

prorogation is to stop all business; and upon re-assembling, each House must begin its work anew, except as to impeachment trials or the judicial matters pending in the House of Lords as the Supreme Court. The Queen may also dissolve the Parliament, the effect of a dissolution being to bring it to an absolute end; and then a new Parliament must

repudiate that policy by returning a majority of its opponents, who thus assume the reins of government. The House of Lords is continuous, its only new members being the newly-elected Scottish peers, newly-created English peers, or those who fill the vacancies occasioned by death of Irish or English lords.



INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.\*

be summoned and the members of the House of Commons elected as before. The duration of a Parliament depends upon enactments, and, unless dissolved, it may, under the present law, run for seven years. When dissolved, there is no specified time for convening another. The annual supplies of money for the public service, voted by Parliament, necessitate at least one session every year. In speaking of "prorogation" and "dissolution" by the Crown, it is to be understood that "the Crown" means "the Ministry." When the administration of a ministry meets with dissatisfaction, and a vote of "want of confidence" is passed by Parliament, the Ministry are expected to resign or "dissolve" the Parliament, and thus, by bringing about a new election, enable the people of the kingdom to testify their support of the policy of the Ministry, by returning to the House of Commons the friends of the old administration, or to

A Congress can not extend beyond two years, and upon its expiration all public matters before it fall to the ground except impeachment trials in the Senate. It is required to assemble at a stated time at least once in every year, and the President may call an extra or special session of both Houses, or either of them, when deemed advisable. He is also authorized to adjourn a session when the Houses can not agree upon a question of adjournment. The termination of a Congress puts an end to the House of Representatives; the members of the new House, however, are at once ready to organize, having been elected by the people the preceding fall. The Senate is continuous; only one-third of its membership being changed with every Congress.

The House of Commons is practically the Parliament. Its majority controls the ministry, and it can

\* From a photograph by G. W. Wilson & Co., Aberdeen, Scotland.



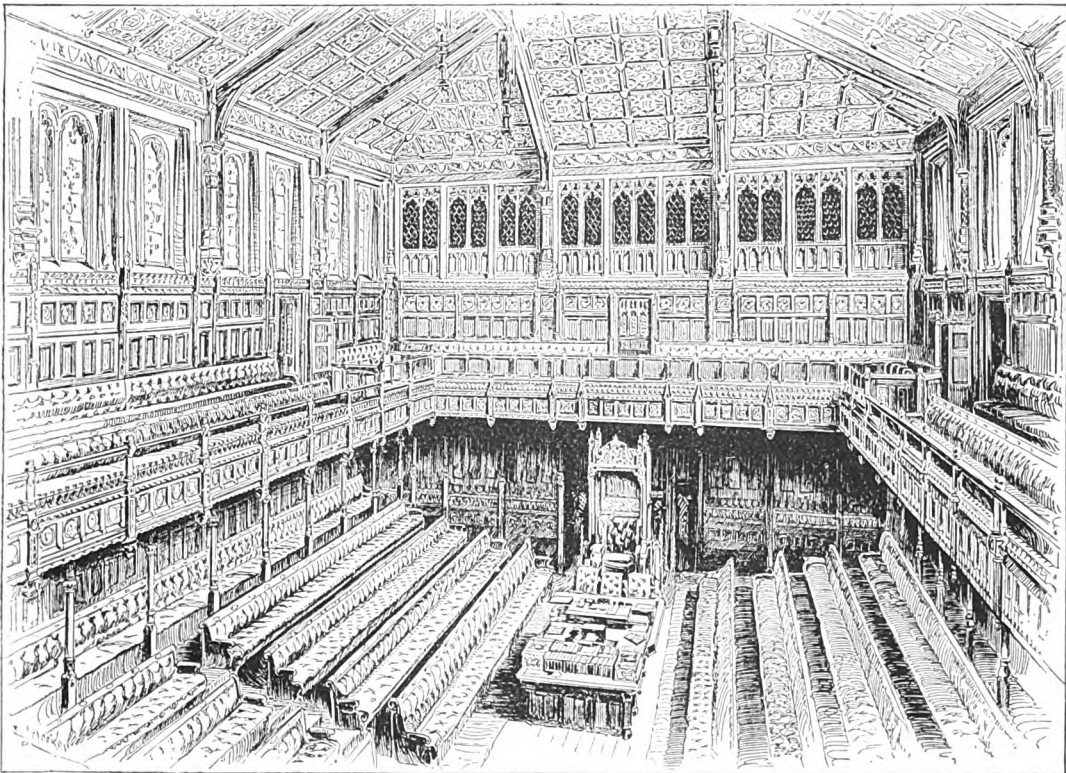
force the House of Lords into an agreement by the threat of creating new peers. This power of the Lower House, therefore, proves that the commonality of the kingdom really run the government.

Each House of Congress is independent of the other. Neither can be coerced. The Lower House is chosen directly by the people, the upper indirectly through the local legislatures of the people. Neither represents a class; they both together represent the people of the republic, who, in fact as well as in theory, run the government.

The power of Parliament is said to be "omnipotent." "Unlike the legislatures of many other countries, it is bound by no fundamental charter or constitution; but has itself the sole constitutional right of establishing or altering the laws and

is thus declared: "The legislative authority of Parliament extends over the entire kingdom, and all its colonies and foreign possessions; and there are no other limits to its power than the willingness of the people to obey, or their power to resist." To adopt the language of Sir Edward Coke, its power "is so transcendent and absolute, that it can not be confined, either for causes or persons, within any bounds!" In short, "Parliament can do everything which is not impossible!"

The power of Congress is limited by the Constitution. Beyond the written provisions of that instrument it can not go. It has no judicial power to declare the extent of its legislative power. The judiciary reads the laws made by Congress in the light of the Constitution, and declares to be void



INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.\*

government of the empire." So far from being bound by constitutional restrictions, it is constantly altering the Constitution itself. The House of Lords, as the Supreme Court, can overturn the decisions of subordinate judges, and thus one of the branches of Parliament has the final power to sustain the very laws which it helped to enact. Its power

all statutes that do not come within the limits of constitutional authority. Such statutes have no force.

Enough has been said, perhaps, to show that the Queen has little real power. She can declare war, but the ministry does it for her. Hence the

\* From a photograph by G. W. Wilson & Co., Aberdeen, Scotland.



power is that of Parliament. She is supposed to have a "veto" power over parliamentary legislation; but she never exercises it. Her privileges extend to her private revenue and personal security. She receives a large income, has noble palaces and a brilliant court. It would be treason to attempt her life. So also would it be treason to attack other high persons in the realm.

The President can not declare war; Congress can. He has a "veto" power, and it is constantly exercised. His salary is not munificent, he has no magnificent palaces; his person is not sacred. The President is simply an American citizen elected by his fellow-citizens to fill the office for four years. Treason in this country may be punished as Congress shall declare; but what shall constitute treason is expressly declared by the Constitution, as also what testimony shall be necessary to convict a person accused.

There are other privileges enjoyed by the Royal Family, the clergy, and the nobility of England, but we need not refer to them. Whatever may be the official and social distinction between a peer and a commoner, they are both equal in the eye of the law when they appeal to that law for redress, or are brought before it to answer for transgression of it. And day by day the privileges of the upper classes in England are being cut down; day by day the political rights of the commoners are being enlarged.

In the United States we have no privileged classes; all are "equal before the law." There are no privileges to cut down; we have few rights that need to be enlarged.

The English Constitution, with all its changes and additions, is not expressed in formal compacts; it is seen in the traditions, the customs, the unwritten securities of the people.

Our Constitution was expressed in a solemn covenant among ourselves, and can be altered only as provided in that instrument itself.†

The Constitution of England is not the creation of a day or year. It is the growth of centuries, and has been likened to an old and many-towered castle, not constructed all at once after a regular plan, but reared in different stages of the art and altered from time to time as suited its successive owners.

The Constitution of the United States is comparatively the work of an hour. With the achievements of England and the experience of the world before their eyes, our forefathers adopted the plans most suited to their purposes, and reared the structure of our government in colossal and symmetrical proportions.

Both Constitutions are the work of heroism and of genius; and we may add the testimony of that illustrious statesman, the late Premier of Great Britain, the Right Honorable William E. Gladstone:

"As the British Constitution is the most subtle organism which has proceeded from progressive history, so the American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at any given time by the brain and purpose of man."

As the people of Great Britain are the mightiest nation of the Old World, so are *we* the mightiest of the New.

Originally an isle, and with no protection but the valor of her sons and her "crystal bulwarks of defense," the expansion of England's territory and power abroad was like the growth of her Constitution at home. Her possessions now stretch from Canada to India, and from India to Australia, enabling her to boast that upon the sphere of her dominions the sun never ceases to shine.

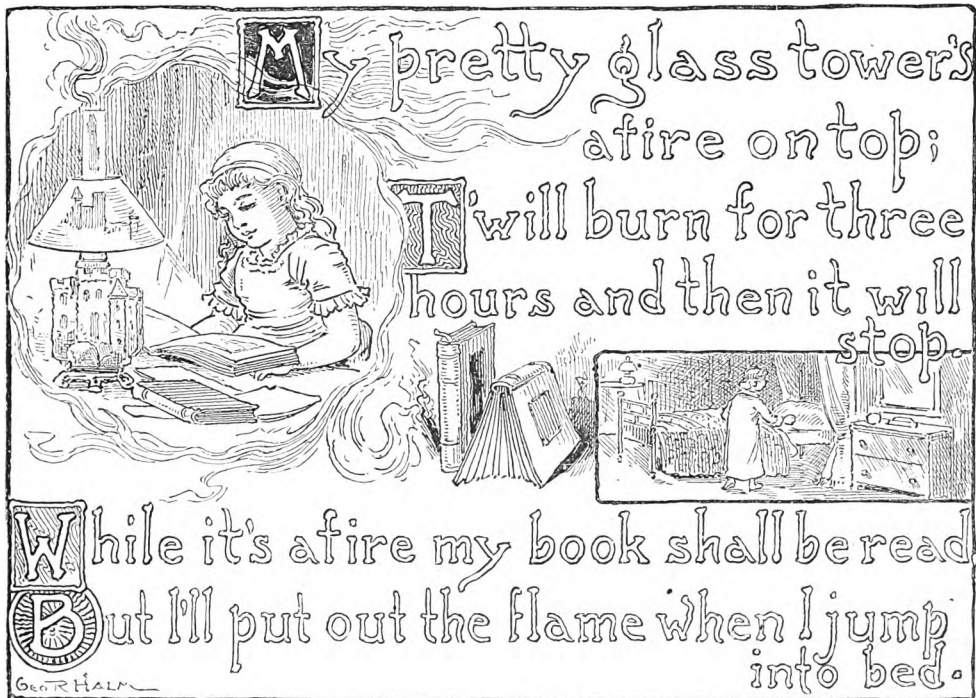
Starting upon our course, with an ocean to the east and a wilderness on our west, we rapidly pushed our way across a continent. Our flag now floats from ocean to ocean, from the southern gulf to the Arctic sea; and as the last rays of the departing day gild for a moment the top of one of our Alaskan peaks, the light of the coming morn flashes upon the rocks of Maine!

While politically separate and distinct, the people of both nations, in sympathy and in destiny, are one.

Descended from the same grand heroes of the past, in the glory of those common ancestors we are all entitled equally to share. United by the ties of consanguinity and language, of hallowed memories and thought, in the achievements and endeavors of the future — in England, in America, wherever the restless spirit of English adventure has fixed the standard of authority, or shall hereafter go to spread the civilization of our race — may we all be able to take an equal and an honorable pride!

(To be concluded.)

## ANSWERED RIDDLE JINGLES.





other customer who has decided to have the light put on his premises, they go through the same routine with him.

In our own country the business is carried on differently. Here, there are three or four large companies, each having its own peculiar style of electric light, each taking contracts on its own account to furnish all the machinery and appliances needed, and each employing its own engineers to do the work. It may be said, therefore, that almost all the electrical engineers in this country are in the employ of one or another of these companies.

The duties of an electrical engineer are after this order :

If you have ever been in any of the large manufacturing in our cities, you may have noticed that while the machinery may have been perfect, and the workers cheerful and industrious, the methods of lighting the establishment were generally very inadequate. It is in just such places that the electric light is found to be most useful. Let us suppose, therefore, that our young electrical engineer goes to such an establishment, the proprietors of which have decided to substitute the electric light for the common gas. The first thing the engineer does when he goes to the factory is to "locate," or determine, the number of lamps that will be required. Then he estimates the amount and proper size of the wire that will be required to supply the lamps with the current; the size of the dynamo that will be required, the amount of steam-power required to run it, — in short, he makes an estimate of everything that will be needed. He tells the proprietors of the factory the sum for which the company will contract to do the work. If the estimate is satisfactory, the contract is given, and our young engineer takes full charge of the work until the light is in complete working order. The engineer has, of course, obtained all his materials from the company with which he is connected, has employed its skilled workmen, and, after the light is in good working order, he teaches some one, selected by the proprietors of the factory, how to "run" it, and that is the end of that transaction.

There are two roads to take if you wish to become an electrical engineer, and at the beginning of each one of them I think I see a little sign-board, on which, in good, plain letters, is inscribed, "Hard work!"—while far ahead the roads meet, and there, faintly outlined on another board, I see the word, "Success!"

Although this occupation of electrical engineering is so new, there are three colleges in our country where the theoretical part of the profession is taught, namely: The Stevens Institute of Tech-

nology, at Hoboken, New Jersey; the University of Pennsylvania; and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. There are other schools, but these are the best known. If a young man has gone through the theoretical and partially practical training to be had in either of these institutions, he does not require a great deal of actual experience in doing the work itself to fit him for undertaking almost any task pertaining to the calling.

But some boys may not be able to spare the time or pay the money for this collegiate part of the training. In that case, they endeavor to find employment in one of the factories of the great companies I have mentioned. To obtain admission, however, they must be bright, they must give good promise in the taste they have for mechanical pursuits, as well as in their habits, that they are suited for the profession they seek to enter. Having obtained an entrance, they begin as ordinary employees, doing the simplest kind of work or even drudgery; then they are transferred from one department to another, learning a little at each step they take; until, finally, they have a good knowledge of the manufacturing branch of the profession.

From there they should go to the laboratory, where they obtain the scientific knowledge of the business. To know how the different parts are put together is not of itself sufficient; they must be able to tell *why* they are put together in that particular way; it is just that knowledge which makes them electrical engineers.

Then they are sent out as assistants to the various electric-lighting stations or are temporarily placed in charge of plants which have just been established, and which some amateur engineer is learning how to run. Finally they may be put in charge of a lighting station,—that is, a building from which the lighting power is furnished for the lamps in the immediate neighborhood; and lastly, they may become members of the engineering corps, and put up the electric lights for people in the manner I have described.

Let me enlarge a little in regard to the apprenticeship a boy has to serve in this business.

First of all, keep in mind that it is a new occupation, and in its present state, at least, it is a constantly advancing business. Discoveries are made in it yearly,—one might almost say monthly,—and it is being developed in so many different directions that those who are engaged in it must have very active intellects in order to keep pace with what is going on. To use the words of a very competent authority, "you will have to work hard all day and study all night." It is not like an old-established business, in which what is to be learned is known beforehand, but an occupation where your neighbor, who is a harder student than you are,

may come across some highly valuable discovery or useful hint which could not be found "in the books," but is none the less valuable on that account.

One part of the work is in the laboratory. It is there where the machines used in the business are "thought out," where they are designed, tested, and made ready for use. An engineer, for example, may have put so many pounds of soft iron in conjunction with so many pounds of copper wire, of such a size, and he may think, from the knowledge he has at that time acquired, that they will produce such and such magnetic results. After putting them together, he finds that they do not come up to the standard he has in mind, and so he has to begin all over again.

It is said, also, that the sizes of the wire used and the proportion of one part of the mechanism to another is a matter of very nice calculation, because any lack of proportion entails a constant expense in running the light, which, in a year, would amount to a considerable sum.

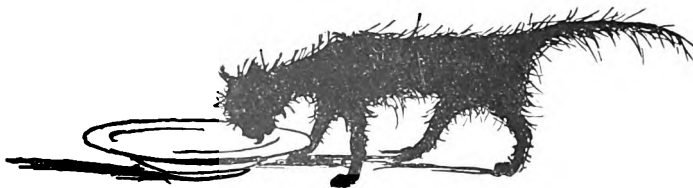
The factory is the place where the machines are put up and run. The student, when he enters there, either from the college or the laboratory, follows up what he has been learning, and sees some of the practical operations of his labor. The station I have already mentioned. Though the work there is, in its way, important, a thoroughly qualified electrical engineer is too far advanced to stay there any length of time. He needs to go to work as a maker of the machines, and to strive to invent contrivances to make them cheaper or better. If he remained at the station, his duty would be to see that the machines were taken care of, to properly make the circuits with the machines, to watch them while they run, and to keep them in good condition.

In considering the chances of obtaining employment, it must be borne in mind that the three large

electric-light companies may be said to control the business. In some cities in the United States all three of the companies are in operation, but in the smaller cities and in the towns only one company is represented, the territory on which they work having been previously bought by them. The light is being constantly introduced in new places, and, after a time, when the scientific men have found some method by which it can be made cheaper, we shall doubtless have it in our houses, and shall miss the grave, quiet gasman, with the mysterious book, who comes to our dwellings once a month to "look at the meter."

This is a good profession for a boy with a taste for mechanics, and, as I have intimated, it is certain to become a better one year by year. Starting at low wages, say from three to six dollars a week, it would seem to be a boy's own fault if he did not "work up in the business." There are a few electrical engineers that are now receiving five thousand a year; but the great majority get much less than this sum. From fifteen hundred to five thousand dollars a year would, I believe, be a fair statement of the salaries they receive.

But in the present condition of things, it would seem best for a boy, or a young man bent on succeeding in this occupation, to identify himself with one of the three great companies, the Edison, the Brush, or the Weston. Especially is this true if his principal aim is to get a large salary in the quickest possible space of time. If he goes first with one company and then with another, he can not hope to do as well; and, indeed, he might pursue that policy to such an extent as to be looked upon as a sort of electrical tramp, in whom there dwelt no settled purpose, and who is therefore of no value. Each system has its peculiarities. Let the youth who aspires to be an electrical engineer select the one he deems the best and then master it thoroughly,—as the boys say, "from a to z."



THE PET CAT OF AN ELECTRIC LIGHT COMPANY.

## A GREAT IMPROVEMENT.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

YOUNG Archibald Albert, an orderly boy,  
Once had, to his very great pleasure and joy,  
An autograph-album presented to him.  
Its pages were neat and its covers were trim.  
Within its gay bindings of superfine leather  
He promptly endeavored to gather together  
The names of his every relation and friend,  
Till the book should be filled from beginning to  
end.

But soon he perceived, with surprise and dismay  
And disapprobation, the very strange way  
In which people wrote in his elegant book,—  
He found it distressing to give it a look.  
Some autographs proved such a tangle and scrawl  
You scarce could determine their letters at all;  
While others were crooked, and some seemed  
to stray

To the edge of the page, as if running away.  
Some looked as if caught in a terrible gale;—  
His grandfather's trembled; Grandmother's was pale;

His father's was blotty and straggled awry;  
His mother wrote nicely,—he begged her to try.

He pondered the matter, then purchased another  
Fine album, as bright and complete as the  
other,

And carefully copied the names, every one,  
As neatly and fairly as it could be done.

With every angle and every line

Drawn out like a copy, correctly and fine.

With every i and with every t

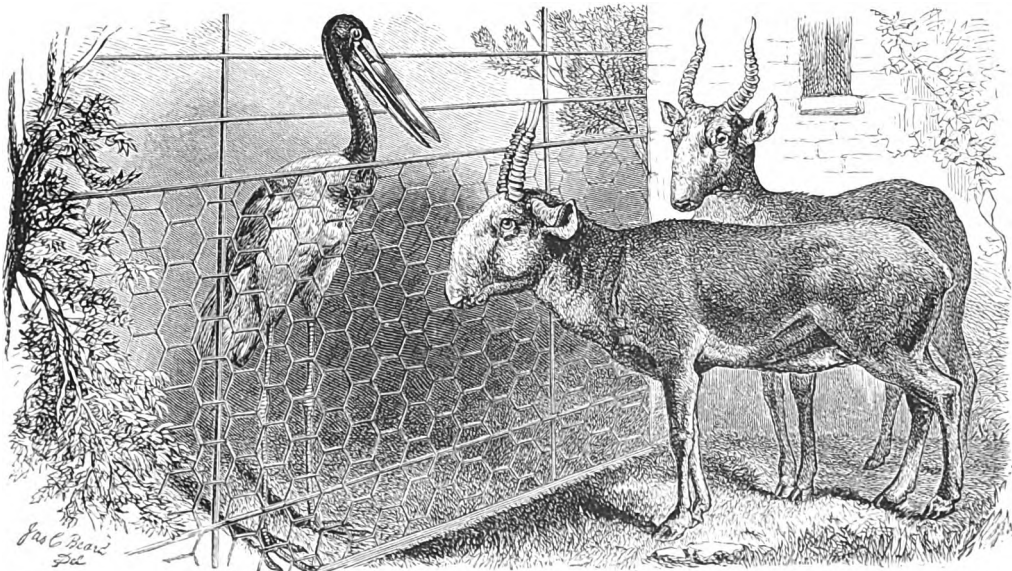
Neatly dotted and crossed as they needed to  
be.

His letters were regular, even, and nice,

His capitals stately, exact, and precise.

Then Archibald Albert, in viewing the whole,  
Breathed a sigh of relief from his orderly soul,  
And exclaimed to himself: "It is better, by  
half

Than letting each one write his own autograph!"



A CONVERSATION AT THE ZOO.

BIPED: "Are n't those horns in your way?"

QUADRUPEDS: "We don't mind 'em. How do you get on with that bill?"

## THE FIRM OF BIG BRAIN, LITTLE BRAIN &amp; CO.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

WE all know that we have brains, but, beyond a general idea that they are the seat of the senses, most of us are wofully ignorant as to what they do or how they do it. Now I am going to tell you a few simple things about your brains, which I think will be both interesting and valuable.

In the first place, the brain consists of five principal divisions, which attend to all the business affairs of the rest of the body. They are the Cerebrum, or Big Brain; the Cerebellum, or Little Brain; the Medulla Oblongata, or Life Department; the Pons Varolii, or Bridge; the Central Ganglia, or Gang. The big words are the scientific and correct names; the others are those I have given them for convenience. Now, each of these parts has a separate and distinct set of duties to perform, and each is divided again into many other parts, which in turn have their particular details to attend to: just as it is in any large establishment.

Before telling you what each part of the brain has to do, I must explain that it is made up of two different but closely interwoven substances,—the gray matter and the white matter. The gray matter consists of a lot of extremely tiny round balls, or cells, in which nervous force is collected and stored up. The white matter consists of a lot of little strings, or tubes, which carry the nervous force from the gray matter in every direction. What nervous force is, or where it comes from, no man in the world has ever yet found out, but it is the force that the Great God has put in us which makes us live and think and move.

The Big Brain (mostly gray matter) is that part which does all the thinking. Like the head of a large establishment, it collects all the information, makes all the plans, and gives all the directions.

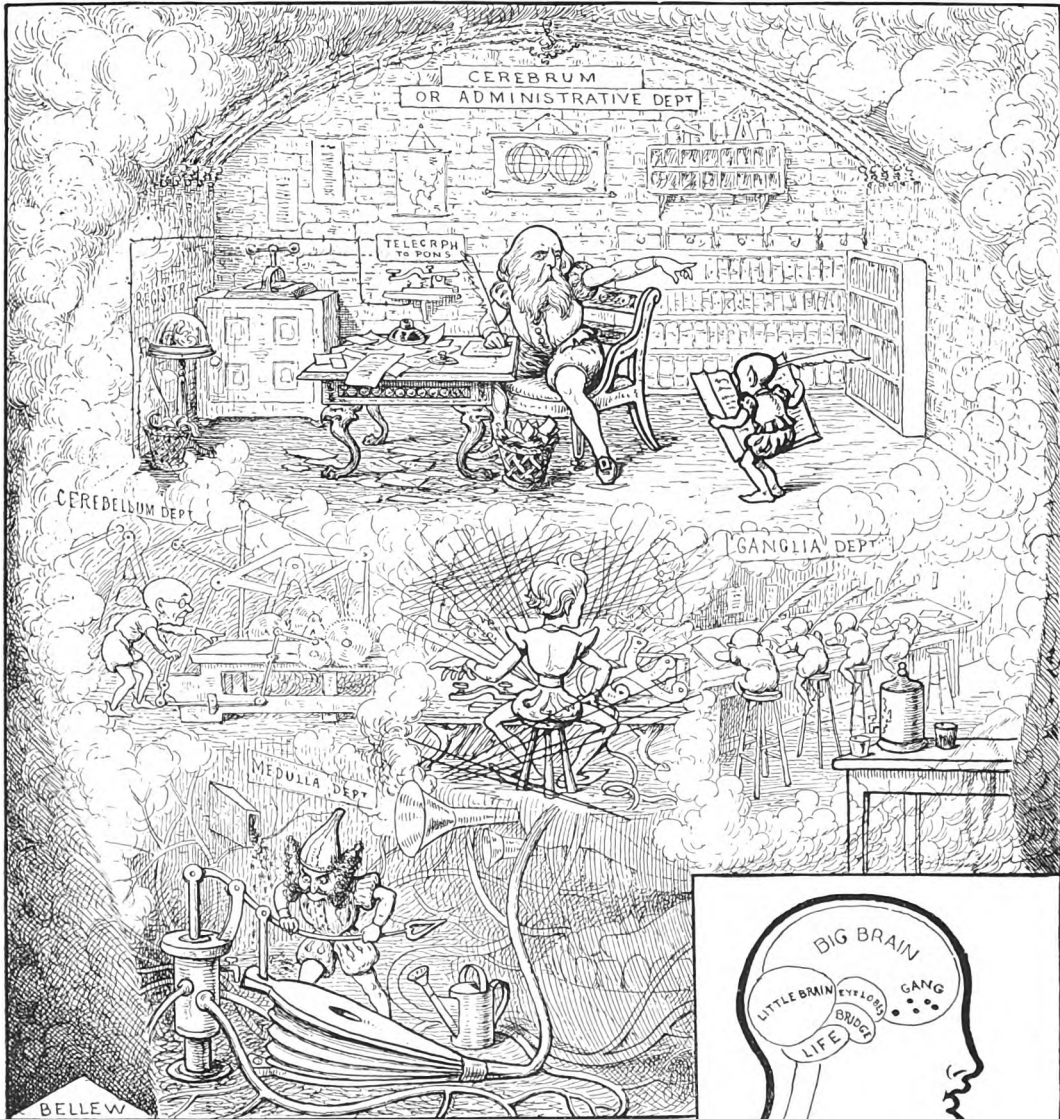
The Little Brain is somewhat in the position of a foreman in a workshop; it sees that certain orders are properly carried out. It directs the motions of the arms, legs, and body. It does not give them motion, for they would move without its help, but it tells them *how* to move. The Big Brain might give the legs an order to walk, but if the Little Brain did not guide and direct them, they would go staggering about and you would tumble down. If you wanted to pick up something from the floor or the table, and you had no Little Brain, your hands would go groping about and would not reach it. It is to such matters that the Little Brain has to attend.

The Medulla, or Life department, as I call it, is a very important organ in a man's brain; for, without it, life would cease to exist. If the Medulla is broken, a man dies at once; but if the whole of the rest of the brain be taken away, so long as the Medulla remains uninjured, life will go on.

What the Medulla has to do is to look after our breathing, or, in other words, to keep our lungs constantly pumping air in and out. It also has to see to the heart and blood-vessels,—that they do their pumping of blood to every part of the body and back again to the heart in a regular and vigorous manner. These are its principal duties, though it has some other minor affairs to attend to, such as the movement of our lips, tongue, and throat, so that we may speak and swallow properly. But its chief work is to keep the lungs and heart going all the time, night and day, from the hour we are born until we die. If it neglects its duty for one moment, then there is an end of us. Now, although this organ is so important, it is a very little bit of a fellow, only an inch and a half long, and weighs but a quarter of an ounce. Still, there it sits at its post at the base of the skull, just where it joins the spine, never sleeping for sixty, eighty, or ninety years, with its fingers on a lot of thread-like nerves leading all over the body, by which it sends telegraphic messages to the lungs, the heart, the lips, the tongue, the throat; always guarding our life, and keeping the pumps and machinery in motion. It is very much like the engineer in a large manufactory or great steamship. It has nothing to do with what they are manufacturing or whither the vessel is bound, but only to keep the fires burning and the engine going till the end of the voyage, when it draws its fires, and—that is called death. So you see the Medulla is a very important organ.

The Bridge is assisted in its work by two organs called the Eye Lobes, or Optic Lobes. What these fellows have to do is to run a kind of central telegraph or telephone office—a receiving and distributing department, to which all messages are first sent, and then forwarded; or perhaps it would be more correct to say, where the wires of different lines are connected just as they are with our city telephone companies, for the different organs do not run independent lines between one another. Besides which, I have a fancy that the Big Brain likes to have a look at all messages which pass, so that it may know what is going on. Now, a

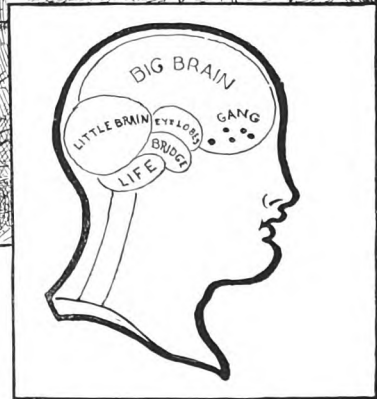




moment's reflection will show you that if this Bridge department is out of order all business will come to a standstill. Each department may attend to its duties, but nothing comes of it. Medulla may be working away at the bellows, all the Gang may be ready for work, and Little Brain ready too, but no orders reach them from Big Brain,—and Big Brain receiving no demands from the sub-departments thinks everything is all right and does nothing. For example, the stomach may be running out of fuel, and may try to telegraph to that effect, but the Bridge is out of order, no message is delivered, and no one knows anything about the

matter till all the fires go out, and the whole factory stops.

To prove what this organ does, the experiment has been tried on many animals of removing it from the brain, leaving all the rest uninjured. The animal so treated did not seem to suffer any pain nor care about anything, but just sat perfectly still until it starved to death. It seemed to have lost all impulse and desire. And I am inclined to think



that it is a good healthy condition of this bundle of nerves that gives men energy, push, and dash; for how often we find a man with plenty of brains, and capable of doing great deeds, who does not go ahead. It is more than probable that, in such cases, the messages are not being delivered promptly between the departments in his brain.

The Central Ganglia, or Gang as I have named them, are five little gray lumps varying in size from a pea to a pin's head. The Ganglia are nerve-centers, and are strung on the nerves somewhat like shot on a fishing-line, or perhaps they are more like junctions on a railroad, where several lines meet. Their business is to store up certain kinds of knowledge which the Big Brain has studied out. There are many things we habitually do that would seem to require a great deal of thought, and yet we do them with perfect accuracy, although we are all the time thinking of something entirely different. I speak of such actions as walking, dancing, skating, riding, playing the piano, and the like. When we first begin to learn to skate or to play on a musical instrument, we can think of nothing else at the moment we are so engaged; but having once learned we can do either, whenever we please, while our minds are wholly occupied with other matters. This is the kind of knowledge these little Ganglia store up, so that they can attend to this or that duty ever afterwards without troubling the Big Brain about it. They become, as it were, his confidential clerks, agents, or assistants.

So we find our brain is like the business office of a large manufactory or warehouse. And we can imagine some such scene as this enacted in the head and body of a man living in New York city, as he goes about his business for the day:

There, in the large domed upper office of the man's head, sits gray Big Brain, thinking, planning, arranging for the wants and welfare of the rest of the body. Presently an idea strikes him—he telephones down to the Ganglia department:

"Take the body down to the Battery and from there to Union Square, as quickly as you can, and don't bother me about it. I have other things to think of."

"All right, sir," answers the particular Gang who has charge of the legs department, as he telegraphs to Little Brain to look after the walking, and to the Bridge to hurry up the Life department, and off the whole body goes. All this time Big Brain sits quietly in his vaulted office arranging his plans. By and by the body reaches the desired spot at the Battery, and Big Brain telephones the Life department to put his speaking apparatus in motion.

"All right," is telephoned back.

Then Big Brain, by the aid of the Life department, communicates his business to the people he has come to see, and is ready to start again.

Suddenly he hears "tingle, tingle," at the telephone.

"Well, what is it?" he inquires.

It is a message from the Stomach; it wants filling up.

"Bother the Stomach!" cries Big Brain; "it gives me more trouble than all the rest of the concern put together. Tell the Stomach it must wait."

The Stomach growls, "I'll make you pay for this by and by."

Then there are more messages to the Gang department, to Little Brain, the Bridge and Life departments, and off goes the whole establishment to Union Square. After a while, Big Brain having finished his business, telephones down:

"Take the Stomach to dinner."

The dining-room being reached, Big Brain telephones to the Life department to set the chewing and swallowing apparatus in motion, which is immediately done; and the Stomach is filled, while Big Brain goes on thinking and thinking, in his big office at the top of the house.

I shall not enlarge on the doings of Big Brain and his subordinates, as I think I have said enough to show you how the brain works; but I shall only ask you to take a careful look at our picture. In the larger head you will see the positions of the different organs, and a rude indication of the various offices performed by them. At the top is gray old Big Brain giving orders to a little member of the Gang, who, book in hand, is referring to some previous and perhaps half-forgotten order he has received. Around Big Brain are his books, maps, papers, etc., while close at hand are telephones ready to communicate with the four other departments. In Little Brain's department you see him directing the machinery. In the Life department Medulla is hard at work. In the *Pons* department you see the superintendent of this division, Bridge, with his assistants working away at telegraphic machines which operate innumerable wires that communicate with every part of the establishment; in the office of the Gang there are three little clerks hard at work, and one listening at the telephone, whilst an empty stool marks the place of another who has gone upstairs to interview the head of the firm, Mr. Big Brain.

In the lower corner you will see an outline diagram showing the positions of the various parts of the human brain.

And now—through this little allegory—I hope you know more about the contents of your knowledge-box than you did before.



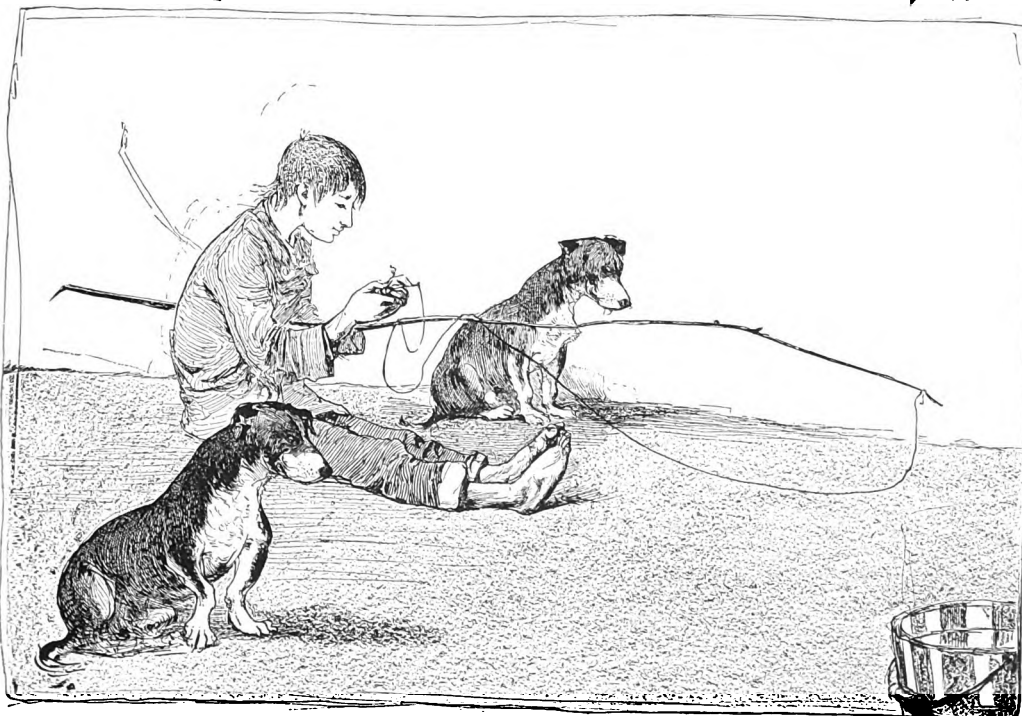
*Veritable MOTHER GOOSE* Rhymes pictured

SIMPLE SIMON met a pie-man,  
Going to the fair;  
Said Simple Simon to the pie-man:  
"Let me taste your ware."

Said the pieman to Simple Simon:  
"Show me first your penny;"  
Said Simple Simon to the pieman:  
"Indeed, I haven't any."

by A. Brennan  
Simple Simon went to see  
If plums grew on a thistle;  
He pricked his fingers very much,  
Which made poor Simon whistle.

Simple Simon went a'fishing,  
For to catch a whale,  
And all the water he fished in  
Was in his mother's pail.





snare the partridge in the woods, and catch with a horse-hair loop the wily old trout that was too wise to bite at a hook.

One day, when the boys were alone in the log-cabin which was their home, they heard their dog Snap growling and barking furiously in the snow outside. Both boys sprang to the door and saw that Snap had cornered a wild cat near the chicken-coop. The dog, however, knew the nature of wild cats, and did not care to risk too close an encounter. But when the cat spied the boys and the gun in Joe's hand, it sprang from the coop and, dashing down a small ravine near the house, disappeared from sight before Joe had a chance to fire at it.

"I tell you, Joe," said Jack; "that 's the very old chap we 've heard caterwauling up in the woods lately. And that 's the meaning of so many partridge feathers down in the hollow, too. Let 's see if we can catch the prowler."

"All right," said Joe; "I 'll get the trap, and you must bring along one of those partridges we snared yesterday, for bait. We can follow the tracks easily enough in this snow."

After shutting Snap in the cabin so that he could not follow them and spoil their sport, the boys started on the trail of the wild cat, Joe carrying the gun, and Jack the trap and partridge. After trudging along for a mile or so through the snow, across the hollow and over fallen logs of birch and hemlock, they came to a mass of overhanging rock, below which was a rocky shelf. On this projection they noticed a break in the rocks, and there the tracks were lost.

"That 's the hole that leads to its den," said Joe, jumping down from a log to the rocky shelf. "Come right along with the trap, Jack."

His brother was soon at his side, and, clearing the snow away from the mouth of the hole, they placed the trap there, prying its jaws wide apart with a heavy stick, and making the chain fast to a big hemlock near by. Then they covered the trap

with a little dirt, and, having tied the partridge just over it, they turned toward home.

They had scarcely left the spot, however, when they were met by Snap, who had somehow escaped from his prison, and had lost no time in following them.

At the same moment the wailing cry of the wild cat sounded almost in their ears from the direction of the den. The startled boys stood still; but Snap, not pausing even to greet his masters, bounded past them with a sudden deep growl.

"Here, Snap—stop, sir!" called Jack, who knew that if the dog met the wild cat there would be a terrible fight. But Snap was not inclined to stop, and the boys sprang after him. Just at the edge of the overhanging rock, Jack, by throwing himself at full length, managed to seize the eager dog by the collar; while Joe, running by them, dropped on his knees, and brought his gun to his shoulder. There, at the mouth of the cave, stood the wild cat, snarling savagely as it caught sight of the boys, while its short tail stood straight out, and its furry back bristled with rage.

Quick as the flash from the rifle, Joe aimed between the gleaming eyeballs and fired,—just as Snap, breaking loose from Jack, followed the bullet, and seized the wild cat by the throat. But Joe's marksmanship had not failed him, and the wild cat was already dead. As soon as Joe had reloaded the gun, the boys jumped after the dog, and found, what they had not noticed in their excitement, that the wild cat was firmly held in the trap by the fore legs. It was doubtless the snapping of the cruel iron jaws that had brought forth the cry from the fierce animal that had so soon fallen a victim to its greed.

When the boys returned to the cabin, bringing the wild cat with them, their father and mother were much surprised and delighted at the pluck of their sons. This was the boys' first exploit of the kind, and they were rather proud that the credit of having slain the wild cat belonged to themselves alone.

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## A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

BY BESSIE CHANDLER.

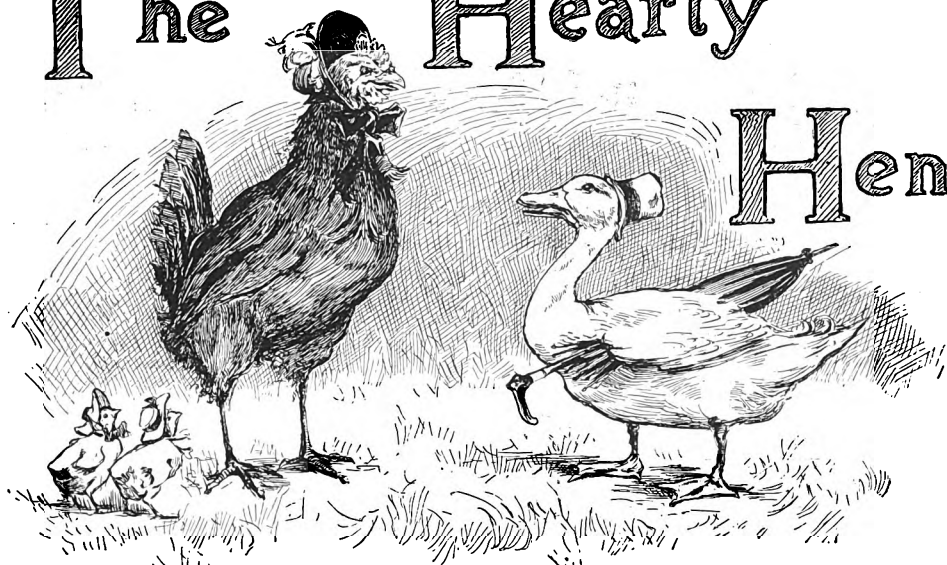
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NED goes to the circus with Grandpa,  
And sits on a nice cushioned seat,  
Where he beams upon the performers  
With a smile, confiding and sweet.

But after a while he grows restless,  
And then he softly observes:  
"If these are preserve seats, Grandpa,  
Why don't they pass the preserves?"



# The Hearty Hen



A happy old hen met a discontented duck .  
 Clack! clack! quack! quack! quack!  
 Said he "I always have the very worst of luck  
 Quack! quack! quack!"  
 Said she "Of happiness I never lack!  
 Cluck! cluck! cluck!"  
 "But what do you do when it rains all day?  
 Quack! quack! quack!"  
 "I find a cosy corner and there I stay!  
 Cluck! cluck! cluck!"  
 "And what do you do when the sun is hot?  
 Quack! quack! quack!"  
 "My chicks and I find a shady spot!  
 Cluck! cluck! cluck!"  
 "And what will you do when you're killed to be eaten?  
 Quack! quack! quack!"  
 "I'll make a potpie that can't be beaten!  
 Cluck! cluck! cluck!"







JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

IF I were February, I'll tell you what I'd do, I'd banish January and start the world anew; I'd say I did n't like his gush and wishing joy to all.

My choice would be for sleet and slush and giving folks a fall.

I'd give them frost and icicles, a thaw, and then a freeze;

I'd change from skates to bicycles, and laugh to hear them sneeze;

I'd send the housetop avalanche a-tumbling on their heads,

And dash between unsteady legs on bob and single sleds.

And when I'd fully carried out my comical designs,

I'd make up for my tricks and pranks, with tender valentines.

But as I'm not February, gentle friends, we'll proceed to a letter from our little friend "Bee," describing what seems to have been

#### HARDLY A SQUARE MEAL.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: All your children come to you with questions and discoveries, and I should like to tell you of something I saw last September. I had some caterpillars under a large fern-glass, with the hope of seeing them spin cocoons. One was quite small, and one night he "molted." His new dress was very bright and handsome; but what do you think he did with his old one? He ate it up! I saw him. His manner of eating was quite peculiar; he lifted his head up and seemed to find the hairs very hard to swallow. But he persevered until all had disappeared. I do not find in my Natural History any such habit as this recorded of caterpillars. Is it generally

known? I wish I knew more about such things; but I am ill a great deal, and can not run about very much. Your loving little friend, BEE.

#### LIVING BAROMETERS AGAIN.

JUDGING from this letter from your friend C. F. H., I should say that animals as well as human folk are accustomed to fidget considerably about the weather. Many plants also have this peculiarity, I'm told.

DEAR JACK: I wish to follow my letter about the tree-toad with a few facts about other natural barometers. To begin with, many of the wonderful appliances by which we are enabled to determine what the weather will be to-morrow or next day are of comparatively recent invention, and it is within only a few years that we have enjoyed their benefits. How do you suppose, then, our forefathers managed without them? They turned to nature herself, and in many cases were enabled to form opinions almost as correct in the main as those obtained now with absolute certainty by machinery or carefully prepared instruments. And nature is not altogether neglected to-day, as many a farmer does not possess a barometer or even a thermometer; and if we go out to some localities in the country, away from the great centers, we shall see men consulting natural weather prophets. Thus, the birds in their flight and departure foretell the coming cold, and the clouds do the same, so that often by looking up at the sky the farmer can judge about how much of a frost to expect. When he sees the swallows flying very low, skimming along very near the earth, the farmer looks at the clouds, and declares that he "must hurry and get that hay in, for it's going to rain."

I once arranged a miniature artificial lake, really to form a moat around an island in the center, made of rocks and covered with living moss. The island was a prison-house for numerous snails, and slugs; as a rule, they remained concealed in the castle, but several hours before a rain, they would come out and crawl up the leaves of the plants, and so I always knew when it was wise to take an umbrella when I went out walking. Some snails prophesy rain several days in advance, and their bodies seem to undergo certain changes in preparation for the welcome moisture; and I recently read in a newspaper that the natives of the Chiloe Islands make use of a curious natural barometer to tell when bad weather is coming. As described to the Linnean Society of New South Wales, it is the shell of a crab. The shell is nearly white in dry weather, but exhibits small red spots on the approach of moisture. In the rainy season it becomes completely red. And in the same paper it was stated that a scientist had recently drawn attention to the human ear as a barometer. He mentioned the sense of pressure on the ear when a train enters a tunnel, or on rapidly descending a mine, and declared his ear was sensitive in this way to a very slight variation in the moisture of the air. But, of course, the change must be a sudden one, to be felt. Yours truly,

C. F. H.

#### A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

ALL SAINTS' VICARAGE, NORTHAMPTON, ENGLAND.

MY DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I suppose you will think me very ignorant when I tell you that I don't know how to make pop-corn. I don't know in what state to get the corn. In England it isn't made much. I am very fond of ST. NICHOLAS. I have taken it for a year. I like American magazines much better than English; they have much nicer pictures and stories. I should like to know more about America and American children. I have three coins from America,—one dime, which is very pretty, I think; a five-cent bit, and a three-cent. I hope this letter is not too long to print, and that some American child will tell me how to make pop-corn.

I remain yours faithfully,

C. H.

#### A BOTTLED FISH.

I HEARD the Little School-ma'am saying, the other day, that a bottle, to which a large number of oysters had attached themselves, was fished up not long ago by a Baltimore oysterman, and that inside

the bottle was a fish too large to get out of it. Now I must say, as I'm an honest Jack, that this story puzzles me completely. I've no doubt the dear Little School-ma'am could explain it, but perhaps she'd agree to leave the question for you youngsters to decide. How did that fish get into that bottle, and if he could get in, why could n't he get out? He must have been

Several hands were raised: but most conspicuous among them was one chubby and rather soiled fist.

"Well, George, what is Grammar?" I said.

"It's what *learns* us to speak *good*," was the response.

Imagine my feelings! I fear that my labors with that class have not been altogether successful.

The school-house in which I teach commands a fine view of the beautiful Niagara River and of the great International Bridge.

Yours truly,  
J. B. H.



WAITING  
TO BE NAMED.

a very irresolute fish if he grew too big to get out of the bottle while he was thinking about it.

#### A HORRIFIED LITTLE SCHOOL-MA'AM.

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 6, 1885.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOL-MA'AM: I am not a little girl or boy, but, instead, a teacher of girls and boys. I wish to tell the readers of your delightful magazine a little incident that happened in my class-room this week.

It occurred to me one day recently that I had never given my pupils a formal definition of English Grammar, and I resolved, before giving it, to call for their ideas on this subject. "Have I a boy or girl in the room," I said, "who can tell me just what grammar is?"

DEACON GREEN wishes me to say that he sends to you, this month, some portraits of your quadruped friends and foes, done up after the manner of a nosegay, so to speak. He thinks that by the aid of your natural histories many of you bright boys and girls will be able to recognize and name nearly all these very serious countenances. He says, moreover, that all wise young folk who are thus successful must feel morally bound to aid their younger brothers and sisters, and, if necessary, their cousins and their uncles and their aunts, in identifying the various members of this queer collection of heads and faces.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

A FRIEND OF ST. NICHOLAS, after reading Mr. Manson's "Architect" paper, in the January number, writes us that there are excellent schools of architecture in this country in which both the boys and girls can receive instruction. The course of architecture at Cornell University is a special branch which quite a number of young ladies are pursuing with excellent and highly practical results.

We have received two more interesting letters in reply to Arthur Dart's communication in the December number concerning curve-pitching. The first comes from a lieutenant of artillery, who asserts that even cannon-balls curve; while the second correspondent explains with a diagram why the ball, if it rotates, has to curve either "in" or "out." Every boy reader who can understand the subject, therefore, will be interested in these letters.

## MORE ABOUT CURVE-PITCHING.

## "HOW SCIENCE WON THE GAME."

FORT MONROE, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It has been some years since I have taken a hand in a game of ball, but I read Mr. Harvey's story in your October number with interest, all the same, and found nothing at all strange in it respecting "curves," although in my boyhood days pitchers knew nothing of such things. But I have heard my son speak of them often enough.

If Arthur Dart's father made the subject a study, he did so to little purpose, and in these days no boy's mind should be put in doubt as to whether "science wins."

You must know, then, that my profession has to do with "pitching" ball, and though we do not desire to do so, we pitch with a most decided "curve," every time; and when I say "curve" here I mean a curve to the right or left, not one due to gravity. When I tell the boys that we can pitch a big 16-inch ball of iron or steel weighing 2000 pounds or more, and comply with Mr. Dart's "three-stake" test every time, no doubt they will think it a harder test than if tried with their balls; but of course I must have the stakes proportionately farther apart, as my pitching is to range some ten miles, more or less.

Without going into an explanation of the reasons for the existence of such curves, I think that I can readily place the boys upon the way to a demonstration of the fact,—for they all spin tops. Given a top, with a hard, fine point, to spin upon a flat, smooth surface, such as a plate of glass, and the fact of the "curve-pitching" will be practically demonstrated, and in a manner not to be accounted for by the friction between the point and glass. Spin the top to rotate in one direction, and you will have a right-hand curve; spin it so as to rotate in the opposite direction, and the result will be a left-hand curve,—and these curves will always result from the rotation.

Rotation, then, is the secret, and that a ball pitcher can acquire the necessary skill to give his ball a given rotation, and thereby secure the desired "curve," seems perfectly simple and easy to believe.

But to go back to the big balls, and the big guns with which we pitch them.

We do not desire to "pitch with a curve," but as we are obliged to give the ball rotation in order to secure stability of flight, we must of necessity "pitch with a curve," and to pitch or shoot well, we always have to take the curve—which we call *drift*—into account.

All of your boy readers know what a rifle is, and as a rifle acts just like the largest guns or cannon, we will consider it. In this country all of our makers give their rifles a "right-handed twist," as can be seen by looking at the bore.

Of course the ball rotates, or spins to the right, and the drift resulting is *always* to the right, and is considerably more than one would imagine. Take, for instance, the army musket. In 1000 yards, the ball from a musket will drift off to the right more than 43 inches. In other words, if you were firing at a target 1000 yards off, with a musket, and aimed so as to hit the bull's-eye without taking the *drift* into account, you would miss it every time; the curve would be so great that the ball which started out in a line over the "plate," as the base-ball saying is, would curve so much as to go quite behind the latter.

In a rifle with a "left-handed" pitch to the grooves, the result would be just the reverse: the ball would curve to the left, and would do so every time. It can, therefore, readily be seen that the "three-stake" test could be complied with, and that, too, in either direction. To test it in both directions, however, would require two

guns,—one with a right and the other with a left-handed twist, but otherwise exactly alike, and using the same ammunition.

Your boys will no doubt consider the range of 1000 yards,—and I might extend it to ten miles, when the "drift" would be very great,—and imagine that in "proportion" the curve that they can give a base-ball will not be much, and some "old boys," who do not like to admit that "science will win," may take the same view. It is only necessary to point out the relative specific gravity of the different balls, and I am ready to believe that a skillful pitcher can give his ball a very decided "drift" or "curve," within a very short distance, and may cause it to deviate either to the right or left at will, and also to vary at will the natural curve due to gravitation.

I should also note the fact that our cannon-balls are elongated; this, however, does not alter the fact of the "drift," though it does to some extent change its degree.

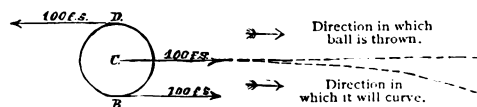
A. D. S.

PHILADELPHIA, November 30.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The question of "curved pitching" is raised in the story of "How Science Won the Game," in your October number, and the fact of its performance and the means to its accomplishment duly set forth. In the December Letter-box, the reality of the curve is re-asserted in the face of skeptical criticism; yet its explanation as a physical problem is but vaguely suggested.

I shall not readily forget the chill autumn afternoon, some twelve years ago, when in my first match game played on the grounds of the Naval Academy, the reality of curved pitching was most forcibly and discouragingly brought home to me by "three strikes and out!" The "in curve" was no new thing as an inconstant feature of the "underhand throw"; but this was my first experience of the "out curve," at least, as a matter under the control of the pitcher, and not a mere unintended, accidental course of the ball. Obtaining no help toward an explanation from those to whom I applied (on the contrary, many assurances that it was a physical impossibility), I studied the subject and promptly arrived at an easy solution, satisfactory to most persons with whom I have discussed it. As this may be of interest to some of your readers, I take the liberty of presenting it.

The ball in its flight is retarded in its forward motion by the resistance of the air, which acts upon it precisely as though the ball were at rest and the wind blowing against it at a rate equal to the motion of the ball. This exerts a pressure on the front of the ball and a friction on its sides, just as the water so manifestly does upon a vessel. If the ball is merely moving straightforward, the friction is the same on top and bottom, right and left, and the effect is only to slow the forward motion. But if the ball rotates as well as moves forward, we have a changed relation—a part of the ball's surface is moving against the air with greater rapidity than the rest, as a diagram will make clear. If the ball (or strictly its center of gravity) is moving forward (let us say at the rate of one hundred feet per second), and at the same time it is revolving so that points on its equator are traveling around its center at an equal rate, it is evident that *d* is traveling *backward* as fast as the ball, as a whole, moves forward; while *b* is moving forward at its own rate *plus* that of the center—that is, twice as fast as *c*. As the friction of the air increases with the velocity of the moving object, it must be greatest at *b* and least at *d*, being really zero at *d* under the conditions given. The *b* side of the ball is therefore retarded more than the center or any other part, while the *d* side suffers no retardation. The result must be a curve toward the retarded side. When the rotation is on a nearly vertical axis, this effect will be at its maximum, and, according to the direction of its "twist," the ball will curve to the right or to the left—"in" or "out."



In this explanation the effect of gravity is assumed to be nearly a constant force; and not knowing the approximate velocity of "swift pitching," I do not attempt to consider whether the resistance of the air is proportional in this case to the first power, the square, or the cube of the velocity. These points can affect the question of *degree* only. This is merely a solution as worked out by a boy, and possibly of interest to other boys. Looking recently at a treatise on gunnery, I found the explanation far more fully and scientifically set forth, with careful consideration of *all* the elements of the problem, in connection with the "drift" of a shot fired from a rifled cannon. Should the above explanation seem sufficiently clear, I should be glad to have it used as an anonymous communication to the Letter-box.

Very respectfully,

## THE LETTER-BOX.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like the story of the Fragile Palm Tree. I think it is very funny. I like the composition of "The Lion;" it is very nice. Mamma reads every word of you to me. I am seven years old. My little sister is very much excited about the picture, in the December number, of Santa Claus trying to get down the chimney. Your affectionate reader,  
PAULINE T.

down and read in my dear ST. NICHOLAS, and it makes me feel all right again.

Since last April I have been here with my dear Grandma, and shall probably stay here till 1887. We have several young ladies from England with us for an education (Grandma keeps a boarding-school for young ladies), also one from Colorado, and they all think that old ST. NICHOLAS is just the best and nicest book they know.  
MINNIE F.

We print this interesting letter from a Hungarian girl, just as she wrote it, queer spelling, punctuation, and all.

HUNGRIA Appony, 3-12, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS! I live in a very nice village, its name is Appony, we have twenty minutes walk from our hall in which we dwell, to another castle that is a ruin now, it is surrounded by very old oaks. On summer days we go there often, then I wish the trees could speak and tell me all about her. We are six children my eldest brother is 12 and I am 11 years, the youngest the darling of us all, is a lovely baby brother ten months old he walked already a month ago, and laughs allways, he patters about all day long with his little blue shoes but of course not quite alone.

I have been taking you since november 1885, but Mama gave me the two binded volumes of last year. I love you very very much indeed. What a pity it comes only once every month it seems eternety to wait for the continuation.

I would be to happy if you would print my little letter in the letterbox. Our favort tale is "His own fault" "Little lord Fountleroy" seems very nice too and my little sister Fanny likes "the Magic Watches." the best.

your deeply interested little reader

THERESA APPOONY.

P. S. I like the letterboxes very much.

BLACKSTONE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have written to you once before, but have never seen my name in the Letter-box, so I will try again.

We have taken you ever since you were first published, and "hope you will never die," as Charlie B. says. One evening, when my little sister Alice and I were reading you together, Alice said, "What is home without ST. NICHOLAS?"

We have just had all our ST. NICHOLASES bound, and Papa has bought a bookcase to put them and the *Centurys* in; they do look so bright and pretty. I am fifteen and Alice is twelve. I think that Lena E. R. is a very patriotic girl. I, too, like to read about the Civil War. I think General Grant one of the *bravest* generals the world has ever known.

I thought "His One Fault" was just splendid! I like all of Trowbridge's stories, if I am a girl, and they are boys' stories.

Alice thinks the Brownies are so funny.

One evening, when she was sick and had not smiled all day, I got the ST. NICHOLAS, which had come that day, and we looked it over together; when we came to "The Brownies at the Sea-shore," she commenced to laugh heartily, and seemed ever so much better.

I like the new cover of the ST. NICHOLAS very much.

Hoping that you may be able to print this letter, I remain,

Your constant reader,

MARY L. B.

CATTARAUGUS, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write you a short letter, as I have not seen any letter from this place since I have taken you.

I go to school every day, and slide down hill after school. I have three pets,—a bird, a cat, and a pony. My pony's name is Jessie.

My mamma and papa gave the ST. NICHOLAS to me three years ago for a New Year's present, and I have taken it ever since.

Hoping you will print this letter, I remain,

Your faithful reader,

NELLIE E. R.

ESSLINGEN, WÜRTENBURG.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here I am, far, far away from home! Just think, 4000 miles away from home! and whenever my dear parents send my dear old ST. NICHOLAS, I feel as if it were something from my old home that greets me and makes me feel happy; so I forget my homesickness a little. It is now about five years since Father brought me for the first time a number of ST. NICHOLAS (we then used to live in South Bend, Indiana), and I begged him to get it for me every month; and ever since I am always waiting anxiously for the 25th of the month, to get my dear ST. NICHOLAS. I have several volumes bound, and when I feel very homesick I go and sit

THESE lines are sent us as having been written by a little girl twelve years old:

THE SNOW.

SEE the snow! It's the first of the year.  
Has it come with tidings of cheer  
Of the happy Christmas and glad New Year?

Or have those little flakes so frail  
Come to herald the winter gale,  
And make heard the wind's hoarse wail?

The fields are covered with a downy white,  
For the snow was gathering all last night,  
When I was having dreams so bright.

GRACE MILLIKEN.

HARRISONBURG, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been intending to write to you for some time, and I have made up my mind to write to-day. I have just finished reading the Christmas number, which I enjoyed very much. Though I am a girl, I like to play ball, and often watch the boys play. I was very much interested in the story, "How Science Won the Game!" I am very fond of riding, and I have taken some very long rides. One evening I started out riding on a pony that had been ridden by a lady only a few times, and had not been ridden by any one for some time. He did not seem inclined to go any faster than a walk, so I touched him lightly with my riding-whip. He immediately stopped, and commenced bucking. I was so surprised that I was thrown on the pony's neck, but did not fall. Luckily my foot was in the stirrup, so I regained my seat, and tried gentleness and persuasion. It was of no avail, so I gave him a severe cut with the whip. He stopped again, and began to kick and tried to throw me. I was determined not to give up my ride, so I set to work to conquer him, and finally succeeded in making him go. I must now close my letter. With many good wishes,

I remain, your devoted reader, IMOGENE A.—  
P. S. I forgot to tell you that I was fifteen yesterday, and my father gave me a \$20 trunk.

LANCASTER, N. H.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like "Little Lord Fauntleroy" very much. I don't go to school, but I read nearly all the last number to myself. I have you every year for my birthday present.

From your affectionate reader,

PUSSY E. R.

BUTTE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you ever since 1879. I like your stories more and more every year. I have 1884 bound, and I am going to have 1885 bound too, so as to keep "His One Fault" and "Davy and the Goblin." You are the best book I have ever read. What do you always stop at an interesting part of a story for? I am only a little boy ten years old, but I love to read.

WILLIE M. GILBERT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I must tell you of something funny that happened on the sidewalk opposite our house not long ago. There is a public school-house on the other side of the street, and some of the boys made a slide on the sidewalk just after the first snow-storm this year. There is a queer, hot-tempered man who lives in a little house next door to the school-house. The boys all say that he is very cross, and I am sure from the way he acts that he does not like the boys. One day, soon after the boys made their slide, I was at our front window, at about ten o'clock in the morning. The boys were all in the school-house then; and I saw the old man come out of his house with a pile of ashes and begin to shovel them upon the slide,—when, what do you think happened? Why, all of a sudden, while he was busy with his shovel, his feet slid from under him, his arms shot out, the shovel went one way and his fur cap another, and the

pail of ashes was tossed so that nearly all the ashes fell over his head and shoulders! I could not help laughing, to save my life; and you must n't think it was mean, for I saw three or four grown people walking along the street who laughed, too. But the cross man did n't laugh, and he looked very much vexed as he went back into the house.

About half-past two, while all the boys were in the school-house, the old man came out again with his shovel, and some more ashes, but he had not even begun to sprinkle the ashes when the crowd of newsboys ran out from behind the fence and began to snow-ball him with all their might. I supposed he would have them arrested, but



But that was not all, for at recess, a few minutes later, the boys came out and swept all the ashes off; and somebody must have told them who had tried to spoil their slide, for I could hear a lot of them talking it over at noontime as they went home to lunch.

instead of that he just dropped his pail of ashes, turned and ran as fast as he could run, and never stopped till he got into his own house. You ought to have heard my big brother laugh! He said "the score of the snow-ballers was ten out of a possible sixteen."



And, anyhow, they got some newsboys to guard their slide for them that afternoon. My big brother was laid up with a sprained ankle that day, but when I told him what had happened in the morning, and that I could see the newsboys hiding behind the corner fence, he said he must see the fun if there was going to be any; so we moved his chair to the front window, and he and I watched.

But now the man who has charge of the school-building has to clean off the sidewalk every morning, so I think the man who was snow-balled must have spoken to the policeman about it. If he did, he succeeded in spoiling the boys' slide, after all.

Yours truly,

JOHNNIE L.

CAMBRIDGE, ILLINOIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have enjoyed reading your pleasant stories for the past two years. I have read the story about "Santa Claus on a Lark." It is very entertaining, and I think your little friends will think so, after they have read it. Mamma enjoys the stories about the "Brownies." I am nine years old, and will be ten the first day of May. Now I shall tell you about what I saw up at Chicago. If I should tell you all, it would be too long a letter, so I will tell you about Lincoln Park. Papa took me to see the animals. First I saw two seals, and they acted very strangely; one of them would lie on a stone and then put his head down in the water and slip off in the water, and then he would swim in the water a little while, and then he would put his head out of the water and then dash down in the water again. And then I saw some eagles and the red fox and some wolves. There was a lion there, but we could not see it because it was in its den. And then I saw two polar bears and three large black bears and some cinnamon bears. I guess I had better close now.

Your affectionate subscriber,  
DAISY MAY G.

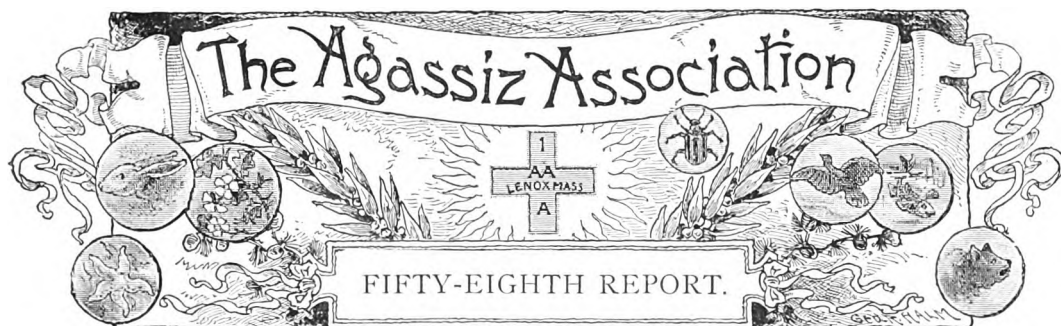
NEW WINDSOR.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for seven years, and we think you are the best children's magazine anywhere. We are

away at boarding-school for the first time, but we are with our Aunt, which makes it easier for us. I am glad Mrs. Burnett is going to write for us. We are afraid you will have to shorten our letter, but please print it, as we have always been anxious to write to you. Good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS. Your loving little friends,

MARY (12), JOSIE (14).

WE acknowledge with thanks the receipt of pleasant letters from the following young friends: Albert R. Parker, Clyde Williamson, Lady Loula, L. G. Levy, Ellen Mary Boulton, George G. Goold, Clara M. Upton, S. Rutledge, Kate Leonard, Agnes Barton, Susie L. Smith, Margaret Bullock, Willis E. Dunning, J. B. and S. B., Harry Drewett, Eva Brannon, E. T. and C., Loretta, C. Phalen, Clara S. Weil, Gussie Sweisfort, J. A. Wheat, Jesse Lemon, Rose M. Louis, Wallie Bassett, Florence B. Sturtevant, Retta and Rena, Fannie F. Dale, Louise Parrish, Isabel Kaplan, Oscar Hirsh, Louella M., Ira Jefferson M., Martha Washington M., Hal W., A. M., Mary W. McNair, Rosalie Gould, Th. Fr. M., Annie R. Wells, Jeanie G. Warren, Hattie A. Lengel, Maud Fawcett, Georgie, Pansy Kirkwood, Ella Friend, and Bessie C. Pike.



## A COURSE IN MINERALOGY.

## LESSON I. PROPERTIES OF MINERALS.

PROFESSOR W. O. CROSBY, of the Boston Society of Natural History, Boston, Mass., has volunteered to conduct a class through a course of ten observation lessons in elementary mineralogy. It is proposed that the course be freely open to every one, whether a member of the A. A. or not; and all who desire to avail themselves of this opportunity may send their names at once to Professor Crosby. The course will be based upon a collection of twenty-five typical specimens, which, with a magnet and some glass tubes for chemical tests, will be sent to each member of the class. The first lesson is printed here to enable those joining the class to go to work immediately; but the remaining lessons will be issued in the form of leaflets, which will be forwarded to students as rapidly as required. It is desired that no books be used in connection with this course; for the first and principal aim of the beginner should be to learn to observe and describe minerals accurately—to see them with the eyes of a mineralogist. But this important object is defeated if we begin our study of a mineral by reading a printed description of it. The specimens are not required for this first lesson, in which brief explanations of the principal properties of minerals and the terms to be used in describing them are followed by lists of familiar substances to test the students' powers of observation and discrimination. To help cover the cost of specimens, leaflets, and postage, a fee of one dollar and fifty cents will be charged.

Professor Crosby also offers to name specimens of minerals and rocks. For this purpose, small fragments, which can be easily sent by mail and need not be returned, are usually sufficient. These should be numbered to correspond with the larger specimens retained, and a stamp inclosed for the answer. This is an opportunity such as is seldom afforded to young persons outside of large cities, and it will be to the interest of all to accept it promptly. Teachers, by taking this course with their pupils, will do them a life-long service; and parents can easily pursue these simple lessons with their children.

FORM AND STRUCTURE.—Minerals are either *crystalline* or *uncrystalline*. Quartz crystal, white marble, rock-salt, and snow are crystalline; and copper, glass, clay, and agate are uncrystalline, or massive, *i. e.*, not visibly crystalline.

A. If a mineral is crystalline, it may be a single more or less perfect crystal. In that case, its form should be carefully described, noting the number of sides or planes of the crystal, their shapes, and the way in which they are arranged, *i. e.*, whether so as to make a cube, prism, or pyramid, etc.

B. Or it may be a fragment of a crystal; and then, in addition to some of the outside planes, it will usually show on the broken sides similar flat surfaces, due to the fact that in certain directions the crystal breaks or splits in a regular manner. This regular splitting, or fracture, is known as crystalline *cleavage*; and it is important to observe whether a broken crystal shows cleavage in one direction only, or in several directions; and whether these directions meet at right angles or obliquely.

C. Or the crystalline mineral may be a confused mass of small, imperfect crystals, showing no regular, crystalline form, but sparkling when turned in the light, the light being reflected by numerous irregular planes and cleavage planes. Common white marble and loaf-sugar are good examples of such crystalline aggregates.

If a mineral is not crystalline, or at least not visibly so, it may still possess various more or less definite forms and structures. It may be columnar, as in the stalactite, or globular, as in the geode; and it may be fibrous, as in asbestos; or made up of layers (banded), as agate.

Make some crystals by slowly evaporating a saturated solution of alum, and describe their forms; also describe the forms of any minerals you may have.

HARDNESS.—By the hardness of a mineral we mean the resistance which it offers, not to breaking, but to scratching. Diamond is the hardest of all minerals, because it is the most difficult to scratch,



although it is very easily broken on account of its cleavage. Mineralogists measure the hardness of minerals by comparing them with a series of ten minerals known as the *scale of hardness*. No. 1 of this scale is talc, a very soft mineral, and No. 10 is diamond. But with the thumb-nail, a knife, and a piece of quartz, the hardness of all common minerals may be determined accurately enough for ordinary purposes. Minerals having hardness under 2 by the scale, can be scratched with the nail. If the hardness is between 2 and 4, the mineral can not be scratched with the nail, but scratched very easily with the point of the knife-blade. If the hardness is between 4 and 6, it can be still scratched with the knife, but not so easily. If the hardness is between 6 and 7, it can not be scratched with the knife, but can be scratched with the corner of a piece of quartz, which is No. 7 of the scale of hardness. And if the hardness is above 7, it can not be scratched with the quartz.

Determine in this way, as nearly as you can, the hardness of ice, glass, copper, iron, and any minerals you may have.

**SPECIFIC GRAVITY.**—By the specific gravity, or density of a mineral, we mean its weight compared with that of an equal volume of water. If a cubic inch or any volume of a mineral weighs three times as much as the same volume of water, its specific gravity is 3, and so on. This important property of minerals is determined by weighing the specimen in the air and then in water, and dividing the weight in air by the difference between that and the weight in water. With a little practice, however, the specific gravity can be estimated with considerable accuracy by simply lifting the specimens, especially if we remember the specific gravities of a few familiar substances for comparison. The specific gravity of ice is a little less than 1; of coal, about 1.5; of rock-salt, a little more than 2; of white marble, 2.75; of common iron ore, 4 to 5; and of iron, 7.5. The great majority of minerals fall between 2 and 5, and very few are heavier than iron. The extreme range, however, is from minerals lighter than water to gold and platinum, which are more than twenty times heavier than water. Estimate, by lifting, the specific gravity of any minerals you may have in a sufficiently pure state, remembering that for this purpose it is essential that the specimen should not be a mixture of several minerals.

**LUSTER.**—By luster we mean the degree and nature of the polish, or glance, of a mineral; in other words, its brilliancy, or shininess. If the mineral resembles a metal, *i. e.*, has the luster or shine of a true metal, such as silver or copper, its luster is *metallic*, otherwise it is *non-metallic*. The non-metallic luster embraces several important varieties. Non-metallic minerals commonly have the *vitreous* luster resembling glass (quartz is a good example). A few look like resin, having the *resinous* luster. Scaly minerals, like mica and talc, usually have the *pearly* luster; and finely fibrous minerals, such as asbestos, have the *silky* luster. Non-metallic (vitreous, resinous, pearly, and silky) minerals are never perfectly opaque when in thin pieces. Metallic minerals are perfectly opaque under all circumstances. When a mineral has no polish or shine, like clay, it is described as lusterless, or *dull*. Luster is quite distinct from color; and substances having the same luster may vary greatly in color. Thus gold, silver, copper, and iron are all metallic. Determine the luster of the following: tin, zinc, coal, polished marble, sugar, salt, ice, and chalk.

**COLOR AND STREAK.**—The different shades of color in minerals require no explanation. But it is important to know that the color of the pulverized is often distinct from that of the solid mineral. The latter is the color proper, and the former is called the *streak*, because we most readily determine it by scratching the surface of the mineral; *i. e.*, making a streak upon it of its own powder. This is not the best time to explain this difference between the solid mineral and powder; but colored glass may be mentioned as a good illustration, since, whatever its color, it will give a white or nearly white powder when pulverized. With metallic minerals, the color and streak are usually the same; but with non-metallic minerals they are usually different, except when the mineral is white, the streak being white or light-colored. Compare the color and streak of any minerals you may have.

On receipt of the report on this lesson from each member of the class, such further explanations of the properties of minerals as he or she may require will be forwarded, with the specimens and the leaflet for the second lesson.

The general plan for the future lessons is to have the specimens numbered, and then to explain certain observations and experiments to be made with specimens Nos. 1, 2, and 3. The reports on this lesson will be criticised and returned to the students, with printed labels for the three specimens and a full description of the same for comparison with their descriptions, which will, of course, be partial and imperfect, and with explanation of experiments and observations to be made on a second series of specimens, and so on.

#### SECOND GENERAL CONVENTION OF THE A. A.

WE now have the pleasure of laying before our Chapters the following cordial and official invitation to hold our second convention at Davenport, Iowa.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

H. H. BALLARD, ESQ., LENOX, MASS.

DEAR SIR: I have now heard from all of the Executive Committee of the Iowa Assembly of the A. A., as well as from several other members, and without a single exception they are heartily

in favor of having the general convention held under our auspices at Davenport. I returned from that city last night, where I have been to consult the Chapters there, and I find them very anxious to entertain the convention. In extending this invitation, we fully realize the responsibility placed upon both Davenport and our State Assembly; but we have taken due consideration of the undertaking, and we promise, if our invitation is accepted, to give our best endeavors for a successful meeting.—Yours truly, E. P. BOYNTON, Cor. Sec. Chap. 64, and President I. A. A.

In the opinion of the President of the A. A., we all should accept this invitation, and each Chapter that is able should be represented by one or more delegates. It is true Davenport is not near us of the East, but it is near the center of United States, and we must remember that very many of our best Chapters are a thousand miles farther west than that. Moreover, the expense and labor attendant upon such a convention make it too great a burden for a single Chapter to undertake. The delegates to the Iowa State Convention will alone form a large nucleus for the General Convention, and assure its success in advance. We print also a part of a letter from Mr. Putnam, of Davenport:

"I have just heard from Mr. Boynton, of Cedar Rapids, that you are pleased with the idea of coming to Davenport. Hurrah for Iowa and Davenport! We know that it means money and work for us, but we are in for it. We think of holding our State Convention on Tuesday and Wednesday, then we can give a reception to the General Association on Wednesday evening, have sessions Thursday and Friday. Thursday morning we might spend in visiting the Academy of Sciences here, and in the evening have a lecture. On one afternoon Government Island can be visited, and there will be a Lawn party at 'Woodlawn,' a suburban place in which one of our members lives. We are located in the midst of numerous works of the mound-builders, and are well situated for the collection of many kinds of specimens. We have a population of 25,000, and Rock Island and Moline, just across the river, swell this to 50,000. We will secure reduced railroad and hotel rates. I am authorized by our Chapter to extend an invitation to the A. A., to be present in our city at the Second General Convention of the A. A., to be held under the auspices of the I. A. A. A.

EDWARD R. PUTNAM."

Nothing could be more cordial than these official invitations. It is now of urgent importance that each Chapter signify at once its acceptance thereof, or its regrets that it can not be there represented. Please take immediate action in this matter, and communicate at the first convenient moment with Mr. E. P. Boynton, President of the Iowa Assembly, 303 Third Avenue, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and also with the President of the A. A.

#### CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

PROF. H. T. CRESSON'S address (see Handbook of A. A., p. 64) should now be changed to 224 S. Broad street, Philadelphia.

#### A COMICAL TAME CROW.

THE following interesting account of a tame crow comes to us from Rev. Thos. J. Wyatt, of Reisterstown, Md.

"The interesting thing about our crow is, that all his developments have been entirely spontaneous. We named him Corvus, and he always responds to his name. Wherever any farming operation is going on he is immediately there, and struts up and down like an old gentleman. At such times he does not hesitate to jump on the shoulders and heads of those at work. He seeks constantly to attract attention, talking incessantly in his own way until his purpose is accomplished, but is a very good listener so long as he is addressed in kind tones. Anything like scolding enrages him greatly, and he lies down on his back, kicks with his feet, and threatens with his bill. He is very fond of a bath, and often stands on the edge of the pump-tub, while some one deluges his back. He often does battle with the game chickens, using his wings only as a last resort. He is a kleptomaniac. Thimbles, scissors, and all kinds of jewelry are carried off whenever he can get hold of them.

"Finding a fragment of ice, too cold to hold in his beak, he placed it in the pump-spout and drank the drops as it thawed.

"Flocks of crows sometimes come near him, but, strange to say, he pays no heed to them.

"The plumage of his back is turning white in places."

#### REPORTS OF CHAPTERS.

NEXT month we are to print the first installment of Chapter reports on the new plan explained in the November, 1885, report. Reports from Chapters 101-200 should be sent in as near February 1 as possible.

#### EXCHANGES.

Allenite in granite, magnetite crystals, muscovite, flint, etc. Correspondence desired.—W. E. Harding, So. Framingham, Mass.

All kinds of minerals from Rocky Mountains, curiosities, petrifactions, ores, etc., in exchange for minerals, curiosities, books, etc. Please write for list, etc.—Kurt Kleinschmidt, P. O. Box 292, Helena, Mont.

*Acervularia Davidsoni*, or "bird's-eye coral," for insects or shells.—Clifton Coldren, Iowa City, Iowa.



Minerals, for birds' skins and eggs. Lists exchanged. Write first.  
 —Wm. D. Grier, 49 Gloucester street, Boston, Mass.  
 Second-hand Maury's "Physical Geography," and Brewer's  
 "Science of Familiar Things," in good order, for *Lepidoptera* and  
*Coloptera*.—Miss Jennie Judge, Box 215, Savannah, Georgia.  
 Minerals of all descriptions, for fossils, etc. Correspondence  
 solicited.—J. B. Fite, 1517 North 22d street, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 Cocoons of *Attacus Cecropia*, for others. Correspondence solicited.  
 —Bradley M. Davis, 369 Mohawk street, Chicago, Ill.  
 Minerals, and correspondence.—Joseph Bosler, Jr., Carlisle, Pa.

## NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
909	New York, N. Y. (X) . . . . .	6.	Carlton R. Radcliffe, 18 East 127th Street.
910	Shortsville, N. Y. (A) . . . . .	15.	Mabel E. Brown.
911	Brick Church, N. J. (A) . . . . .	9.	Wilbur Kyle (Essex Co.)
912	Brookline, Mass. (C) . . . . .		Miss Ethel Stanwood.
913	Providence, R. I. (F) . . . . .	12.	Howard D. Wilcox, 41 Elmwood Street.
914	Milwaukee, Wis. (G) . . . . .	14.	Miss Alice L. Grey, 904 Winchester Street.

## DISSOLVED.

758 Philadelphia, (D<sup>1</sup>) . . . . . R. E. Clay.

## REORGANIZED.

142 Leavenworth, Kan. (A) . . . . . Chas. L. Hopper,  
208 South 5th Street.

Address all communications regarding the A. A. to the President:  
 MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD,  
 Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

## THE RIDDLE-BOX.



THIS differs from the ordinary numerical enigma, in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of forty-seven letters, is, as the title states, a Chinese proverb.

## ZIGZAG.

EACH of the words described contains four letters, and the zigzag (beginning at the upper left-hand letter) will spell what is said to happen every Valentine's Day.

1. A snare. 2. A pronoun. 3. An excuse. 4. A pretense. 5. A draught. 6. To desist. 7. A famous battle fought by the French in 1590. 8. Without a name. 9. Parts of a horse. 10. A

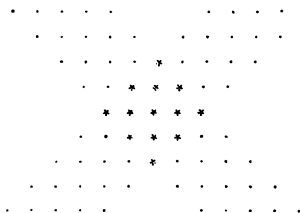
915 Newark, Ohio (A) . . . . . 6. Joseph Miller, Box 157.  
 916 Kittaning, Pa. (A) . . . . . 5. Miss R. K. Heilman,  
P. O. Box 310.  
 917 Wellesley Hills, Mass. (A) . . . . . Miss Mary N. Valentine,  
Box 88.  
 918 Pennington, N. J. (A) . . . . . 12. Herbert Westwood (Seminary).  
 919 Springfield, Ill. (A) . . . . . 12. Miss Annie Hickox,  
S. E. Cor. Cook and 7th Sts.  
 920 Auburndale, Mass. (A) . . . . . 5. Miss Annie L. Tourgé,  
Riverside School.  
 921 Washington, D. C. (J) . . . . . 15. Miss Ellen F. Goodwin, School  
5, Gr. 5, Gale's Building.

goddess of Roman mythology. 11. To float. 12. Very dark. 13. A metal. 14. To cause to stumble. 15. Commands. 16. To fail.  
 HENRY C. ROBERTS.

## WORD SQUARE.

1. Spheres. 2. The Arabic name of the Supreme Being. 3. A ruminating animal of South America. 4. Crippled. 5. To screen.  
 H. W. P.

## RHOMBOID CROSS AND DOUBLE DIAMOND.



UPPER LEFT-HAND RHOMBOID (across): 1. One who helps. 2. A preparation of lettuce and lobster. 3. A scriptural name. 4. A city of Afghanistan. 5. The national god of the Philistines. Downward: 1. A letter. 2. A verb. 3. To obstruct. 4. The valley in which David slew Goliath. 5. Fumed. 6. The Christian name of David Copperfield's first wife. 7. Something tied over the mouth, to prevent speech. 8. A preposition. 9. A letter.

UPPER RIGHT-HAND RHOMBOID (across): 1. Pertaining to the sun. 2. Dens. 3. Yawned. 4. The stem of a plant used for wickerwork. 5. The national god of the Philistines. Downward: 1. A letter. 2. An inseparable prefix. 3. Something tied over the mouth to prevent speech. 4. A famous Roman consul. 5. A dye-wood found in Asia. 6. A place for baking. 7. Conducted. 8. Similar. 9. A letter.

CENTRAL DOUBLE DIAMOND (across): 1. A letter. 2. A small animal. 3. The fish-god. 4. A person. 5. A letter. Downward: 1. A letter. 2. An engine of war. 3. A wandering tribe of African robbers. 4. A weight. 5. A letter.

LOWER LEFT-HAND RHOMBOID (across): 1. The fish-god. 2. A native of Rome. 3. Brandishes. 4. A number. 5. Small cottages. Downward: 1. A letter. 2. In like manner. 3. Rainy. 4. To be delirious. 5. Birds of the pigeon family. 6. So let it be. 7. Commonly used for illuminating purposes. 8. Upon. 9. A letter.

LOWER RIGHT-HAND RHOMBOID (across): 1. The fish-god. 2. Land belonging to a nobleman. 3. A surgical instrument. 4. An Oriental soldier of India. 5. To hinder. Downward: 1. A letter. 2. A verb. 3. Used for illuminating purposes. 4. Units. 5. Renowned. 6. A heavy cord. 7. A word denoting refusal. 8. A pronoun. 9. A letter.  
 L. LOS REGNI.

## DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

- I. My initials and finals name a well-known novel.  
CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. To praise. 2. A character in the play of *Othello*. 3. A rent. 4. A row. 5. A scriptural name. 6. A departure.
- II. My initials and finals each form the surname of a former President of the United States.  
CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A Syriac word meaning "father." 2. Deceased. 3. Surface. 4. To mutilate. 5. Large bodies of water.

M. E. W., JR., AND "PUZ."

## BROKEN WORDS.

EXAMPLE: Break to pardon, and make a preposition and to bestow. Answer, for-give.

1. Break a bird, and make to fold over and part of an army.  
2. Break to perform to excess, and make above and a division in a drama.  
3. Break one of the same name, and make to nominate and purpose.  
4. Break a name sometimes given to an emigrant, and make a color and a musical instrument.  
5. Break the end, and make part of a fish and a verb.  
6. Break diligent, and make part of the head and a case of boxes.  
7. Break a familiar piece of furniture, and make observing and a brittle substance.  
8. Break the pole star, and make burdens and a sailor.  
9. Break a Grecian theater, and make a short poem and upon.  
10. Break to separate chaff by wind, and make to gain and at this time.

When the foregoing words have been rightly guessed, and written one below the other, the initials of the first row of words will spell the name of a famous poet born in February; the initials of the second row of words will spell the name of a famous soldier and statesman who was born in February.

CYRIL DEANE.

## PI.

Vneer a tngghi os krad adn redar,  
Renev a lucre dinw os lhici,  
Tub gonliv ethars acn keam ti lacer,  
Nad fnid emos tcefofm ni ti slitl.

BESSIE.

## DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. To tittle. 3. An evergreen tree. 4. Inferior parish officers. 5. A department of the *ST. NICHOLAS* magazine. 6. Full of misery. 7. To repel by force. 8. The sun. 9. A letter.

F. L. F.

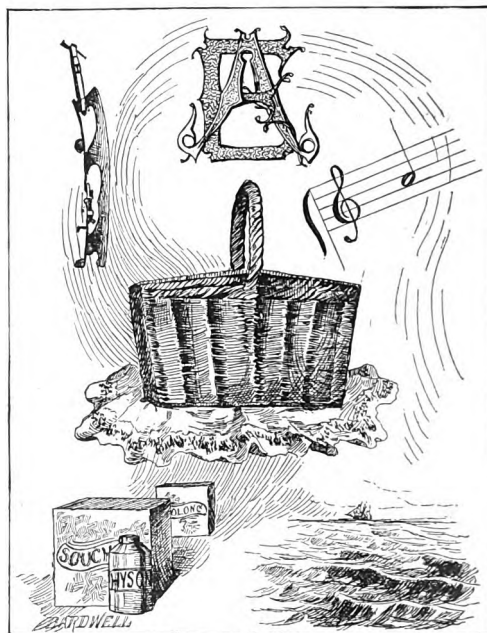
## INVERTED PYRAMIDS.

- I. ACROSS: 1. An extensive country of South America. 2. Aborigines. 3. Attired. 4. Mankind. 5. In pyramids. DOWNWARD: 1. In pyramids. 2. An article. 3. A sailor. 4. A particle. 5. Taunts. 6. A furnace. 7. A boy's nickname. 8. A verb. 9. In pyramids.

- II. ACROSS: 1. A flat-bottomed boat. 2. Sailors. 3. Languished. 4. Moisture. 5. In crowned. DOWNWARD: 1. In crowned. 2. A verb. 3. To strike gently. 4. Unproductive. 5. Sapped. 6. Over again. 7. A color. 8. A Roman coin. 9. In crowned.

L. LOS REGNI.

## ILLUSTRATED WORD-DWINDLE.



FIND A word of six letters that will rightly describe one of the six objects here pictured. Remove one letter, and transpose the remaining letters and the name of another object will be formed, and so on till only a single letter remains.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

- WORD-SQUARE. 1. Nicer. 2. Inure. 3. Cubes. 4. Erect. 5. Rests. Two DIAMONDS. I. 1. P. 2. Aug. 3. Arrow. 4. Puritan. 5. Goths. 6. Was. 7. N. II. 1. G. 2. Bed. 3. Bonus. 4. Genista. 5. Dusty. 6. Sty. 7. A. RHOMBOID. 1. Salem. 2. Maria. 3. Patch. 4. Serum. 5. Rebel. RIDDLE. Palace.

PI. The wave is breaking on the shore,—  
The echo fading from the chime,—  
Again the shadow moveth o'er  
The dial plate of time.

"The New Year."

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Wolfe.

- CUBE AND INCLOSED SQUARE. Cube. From 1 to 2, Australia; 2 to 6, axletrees; 5 to 6, datetrees; 1 to 5, announced; 3 to 4, smartweed; 4 to 8, departing; 7 to 8, spreading; 3 to 7, smartness; 1 to 3, avers; 2 to 4, avoid; 6 to 8, sting; 5 to 7, dimes. Included word-square: 1. Smart. 2. Malar. 3. Alone. 4. Range. 5. Trees.

## NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Another year! How swift the time doth glide!  
I trust 'twill bear thee on its peaceful tide;  
And may it prove to thee, whate'er betide,  
A bright new year.

- JANUARY PUZZLE. Epiphany. 1. shElf. 2. paPer. 3. chlld. 4. biPed. 5. asHes. 6. chAir. 7. caNdy. 8. drYad.

THE names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in the January number, from Maud Mudon, London, 2.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 20, from "B. L. Z. Bub, No. 1"—Paul Reese—"Hyslop"—Arthur Gride—Jamie, Papa, and Mamma—"B. L. Z. Bub, No. 1"—Woodbury—J. B. Longacre—Carey E. Melville—Albert S. Gould—"Punch, Judy, and Elsie"—Hallie Couch—J. A. and E. D. Sabine—The Knight Family—"San Anselmo Valley"—Harry Meeder—"L. Los Regni"—"Chawley boy"—Lulu May—"Judith"—Ida Maude Preston—Louise Webster Rosseter—Ella and Helen—Maud E. Palmer—J. A. Kellogg—"S. S."—"Shumway Hen and Chickens"—Effie K. Talboys—"Nippy Dog" and "Tidri Aye"—Francis W. Islip—Jennie P. Miller—Fanny R. Jackson—"Blithedale."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 20, from "Chippie Bird," 7—Anna F. Doggett, 1—Florence E. Milligan, 1—James H. Laycock, 1—Jean B. G., 1—Lucia C. Bradley, 4—Marie Louise, 3—Ethel M. Bennett, 1—Marian R. Young, 1—L. G. Levy, 1—"Kit and Gert," 1—Rena, 1—M. G. B., 1—Anna Tuttle, 1—No Name, Brooklyn, 5—Carrie and Ida, 1—"Locust Dale Folks," 6—Alice B. Smith, 1—Belle Murdock, 5—Charlotte B. Capen, 3—Charley Mason, 3—George T. Hughes, 2—"Old Carthusian," 5—"Eureka," 3—"Patience and Impatience," 4—Mary Phayre, 1—Felix and Dick, 1—Lulu Culver, 5—"Denzil Elinor," 1—George S. Seymour, 3—Don and Hal, 2—Sallie Viles, 7—"Katy Did," 7—Nellie and Reggie, 6—Sam Bissell, 1—Albert W. Lindsay, 5—Lucie Ward, 1—Ida and Edith M. Swanwick, 6—Clark Holbrook, 1—Harrison Allen, Jr., 2—Eleanor and Maude Peart, 4—Daisy and Mabel, 6—Edith L. Young and Jennie L. Dupuis, 6—Carrie W. Frederick, 6—"Pepper and Maria," 5—L. Lloyd, 2—"San Rafael," 7—Ernest B. Cooper, 6—Loui Zeppenfeld, 5—Kate Yerger, 2.





MADAME LE BRUN'S PORTRAIT OF HERSELF.

ENGRAVED FOR ST. NICHOLAS BY T. JOHNSON, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PAINTING. BY PERMISSION OF A. BRAUN & CO., PARIS.  
(See page 327.)

# ST. NICHOLAS.

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VOL. XIII.

MARCH, 1886.

No. 5.

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## STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS: FRENCH PAINTERS.

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.

FRENCH art has not so early a date for its beginnings as has that of Italy or Germany, but, like Spanish art, can be traced back to about the middle of the fifteenth century. At first, architecture was more important with the French than either painting or sculpture. Many splendid edifices may still be seen in France which were decorated by artists from Italy or the Netherlands whom the French sovereigns invited to their courts before they had artists of their own.

NICHOLAS POUSSIN,\* who was born at Anderlys in Normandy, in 1594, was the first great French painter. He must, indeed, be said to be partly of the Italian school, for while still quite young he made his way to Rome, in spite of great poverty and many hardships. There he studied, and really formed his style from the study of antique art and from the works of Raphael. In spite of many adversities from which he suffered, he made such a reputation in Rome that his fame reached France; and at the request of Louis XIII., he returned to his native country. He was lodged in the Palace of the Tuileries and he received many honors; but he longed for Rome. He soon asked leave to go there for his wife, who had remained behind; and as King Louis died shortly after, Poussin never returned to France.

This master was very simple in his tastes and devoted to art. He received more orders for pictures than he could fill, but he was never rich.

CLAUDE LORRAINE, whose real name was Claude Gelée, was born in the town of Chamagne, in the

Duchy of Lorraine, in 1600. There are various accounts of his youth and of the way in which he came to be a painter. We know that his parents were poor and had a large family, and that they died while Claude was still young.

One story is that both his parents died when he was about twelve years old and that he made his way to Frieburg, beyond the Vosges mountains and the Rhine valley, where his elder brother Jean was settled as an engraver and wood-carver. Claude, who had been a very stupid boy over his books, now showed a true artistic talent, and a relative of his who was a lace-merchant, and on his way to Rome, proposed to take the lad to that great city, where he could learn much more of art than was known in the Black Forest. Jean Gelée consented, and Claude departed on his journey.

Very soon the lace-merchant was forced to leave him, and Claude, a boy of fourteen, found himself alone, with little money and no friends. He began, however, to study the works of art which were about him on every side, and made copies of some paintings. His brother sent him a little money, and he earned what he could by acting as color-grinder in the studios, all the while profiting by the conversations which he there heard, and by watching the manner in which others painted. During his fourth year in Rome his brother was obliged to say that he could send him no more money, and then Claude set out for Naples, where he remained about two years. Here he was in the midst of beauties such as he had not seen, and he

\* See page 394.

was deeply moved by them. In many of his pictures the Bay of Naples is seen, and he painted it with a loving heart.

About 1620, Claude returned to Rome and entered the service of Agostino Tassi. This artist was a great favorite in Rome, and all the chief men of the city visited him and conversed upon all the important topics and events of that notable time. Claude listened and profited by what he heard, and conducted himself in such a manner that Tassi came to regard him as an adopted son. But all that he learned of painting from Tassi or any other master was of little account in comparison with that which he gained from Nature. Early in the morning, late at night,—at all times, in season and out of season, he was accustomed to go forth, beyond the city streets, out on the Campagna, where he could study sunlight and starlight, note the changes of the seasons, and become familiar with all the varying features of the landscape.

In 1625 he determined to return to his home. He was absent from Rome for more than two years. He met with many sad experiences; he was ill, and was twice robbed of all that he had in the world, so that on his return to Rome he was forced to tarry in Marseilles and earn the money to complete his journey. Meantime he had seen Venice, and studied its scenery and its works of art; he had delighted in the magic coloring of the great Titian, and in the brilliancy which sea and sky take on in that City of the Adriatic.

When he returned to Rome in 1627, Nicholas Poussin was the leader of the Society of French Artists there, and Claude became one of the circle which felt the influence of that master.

In spite of his close study of nature, Claude rarely painted a picture that exactly reproduced any one view that he had seen. He used his colors and made sketches out-of-doors, and he kept in his studio many of these exact copies of scenery, but he made up his pictures by taking bits here and there from various sketches. He was accustomed to consult one very large work, which represented the country about Villa Madama on Mount Mario. It was finished with great exactness and had in it nearly every variety of foliage found in Central Italy, so that he could turn to it for any variety of leaves and trees. Pope Clement IX. wished to buy that picture, and offered Claude as many gold pieces as would cover it; but even for so large a price Claude would not sell it. At length the talents of this master began to be recognized, and slowly and surely he rose to such a position that he could afford a studio on the Pincian Hill, near that of Poussin. Here he worked industriously upon pictures, which were rapidly sold.

At length, it happened that the attention of the great Cardinal Bentivoglio, the confidential friend of Pope Urban VIII., was drawn to Claude's pictures. He ordered some works for himself, and when the Pope saw them in the cardinal's palace, he summoned Claude to an interview, asked him to paint four pictures for his own palace, and from that hour the fame and fortune of Lorraine advanced from one height to another with no lagging pace. Orders now came to him from sovereigns and those of highest places in church and state; and soon such value was put upon his works that none but the wealthiest could buy them. His studio was visited by all persons of distinction in Rome; and in 1636, while still a young man, Claude Gélée had reached the very summit of artistic fame.

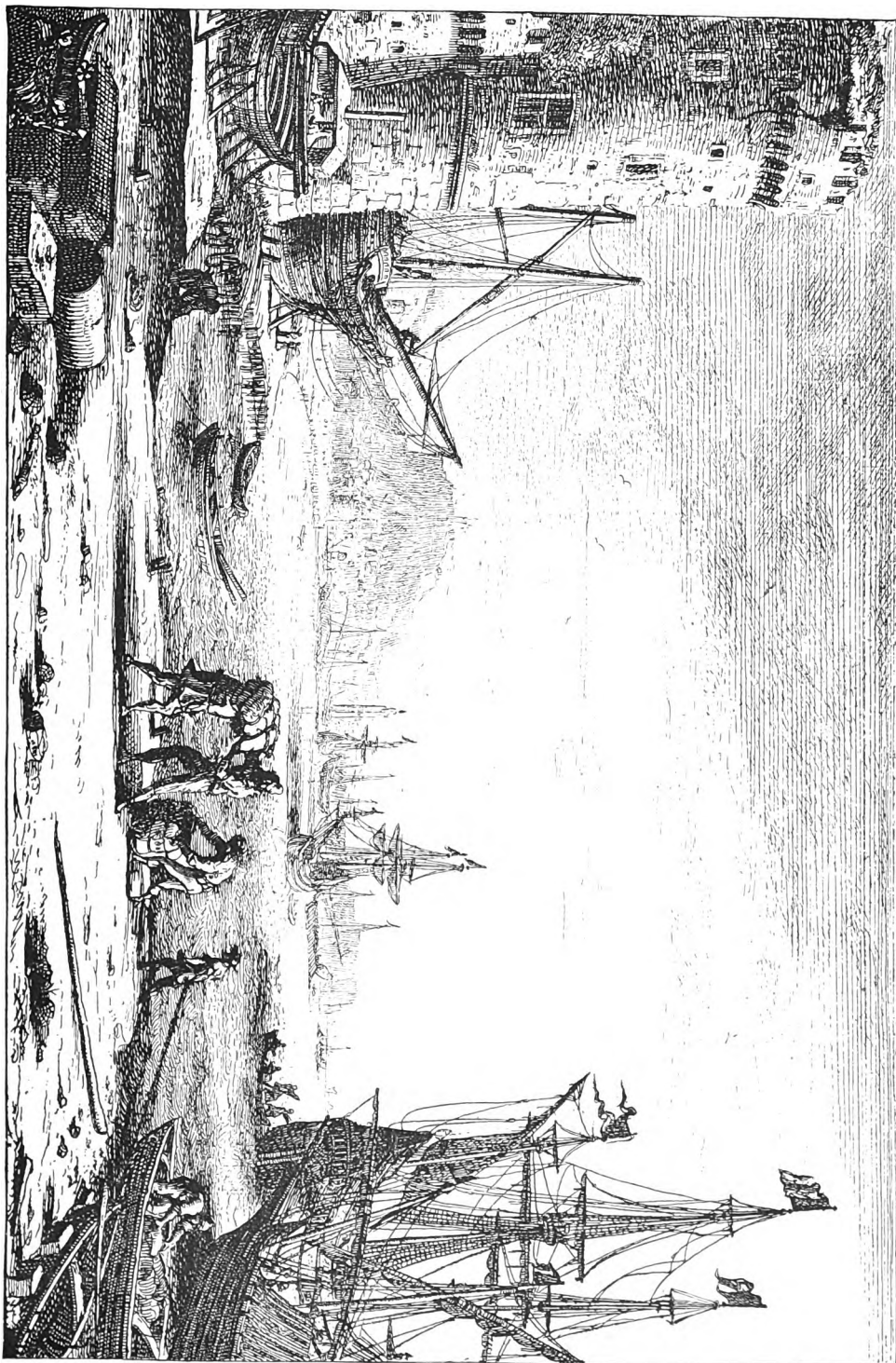
It was in this year that Claude made his finest etching. The etchings of this artist are about forty-four in number; they are very much valued by collectors, and good impressions are so rare that they are sold for several hundred dollars each.

When Lorraine became the landscape-painter of the world, and his pictures commanded great prices, other artists began to imitate his works as nearly as possible, and to sell them for originals. To remedy this evil Claude prepared a "*Liber Veritatis*," or "Book of Truth," in which he made drawings of every picture that he painted, and wrote upon them the names of the persons for whom they were made and the places to which they were sent. After that, it was easy to detect the counterfeit by reference to these drawings. At the time of his death these sketches numbered more than two hundred. They were preserved for a long time by his heirs, but were at length purchased by a Frenchman who took them to Paris and offered them to the king. His Majesty, however, did not buy them, and they were afterward purchased by an English nobleman, the Duke of Devonshire.

There are many other drawings by Claude in existence; all are regarded as very valuable.

Claude Lorraine lived about sixty years in Rome.

There is one anecdote told of him which shows his quiet nature more than any other circumstance of which we know. He had but a single pupil in all his life. This was a poor cripple named Giovanni Domenico. Claude remembered with so much gratitude all that Agostino Tassi had done for him that he wished to bestow like benefits upon another. Domenico was bright in mind though deformed in body; he learned rapidly, and for twenty-five years remained in Claude's studio, and was well known in all the city. When he was forty years old, some of his master's enemies per-



"THE SEAPORT WITH THE GREAT TOWER," AFTER A PAINTING BY CLAUDE LORRAINE.



suaded him to claim that he had executed the best pictures which Claude had sold as his own. Domenico left the master's studio and demanded a salary for all the years he had passed there. It is difficult to imagine the grief this must have been to Claude; he would not, however, contend with one whom he had loved, and he gave Domenico the sum for which he asked. The traitor died soon after, and reaped no happiness from the fruits of his wickedness. The falsehood of his claim was shown to the world by the fact that Claude painted his best pictures after Domenico had left him.

To describe the celebrated works of this master, or to give an account of the distinguished persons for whom they were painted, would require a volume. Many of them are now in celebrated galleries and are visited by all travelers. I have said that the prices he received were so large that only the wealthy could own his works; to-day their worth is many times doubled.

Claude Lorraine continued to work to the end of his life. In the collection of Queen Victoria there is a picture painted when he was almost eighty-two years old. A few months after this was completed he suffered an acute attack of gout with much fever, and he died on November 21, 1682. In July, 1840, his remains were removed to the French church of San Luigi de' Francisi, near the Pantheon, where the French Government erected a monument to his memory.

Many writers upon art have praised the works of Claude Lorraine. He is called the prince and poet of landscape-painters, and though some imperfections were pointed out from time to time, yet the testimony was in his praise until within the present century. Some years ago, the English painter, Turner, declared him to be a very faulty artist, and presented two of his own landscapes to the National Gallery, in London, on condition that they should be hung between two works by Claude. Ruskin has said some severe things of one of those works in his "Modern Painters"; but in spite of Turner and Ruskin, the name of Claude Lorraine stands too high in the world of art to be brought down to any common level.

One of his great excellences was in the representation of immense space; another was his color; he seems first to have used a silvery gray, over which he painted: this gives an effect of atmosphere which is very real—an effect rarely seen. His architectural works are superb, but he never painted animals or figures well. He was accustomed to say, "I sell my landscapes, but I give away my figures."

Other French painters of the seventeenth century studied in Rome, but neither their lives nor their works were of such interest as to detain us here.

#### ANTOINE WATTEAU.

THIS artist was born in 1684, and inspired by the picturesque costumes and habits of the court of Louis XIV., he broke away from all former rules of the artists of his country, and made pictures of manners and customs that were distinctly French. From this departure by Watteau may be said to date the true French School of Art.

There is little to be told of the life of Watteau.

His importance lies in the fact that he was original and earnest, and while his art was not of the loftiest type, he did his work well and in a manner which entitles him to a good rank among painters. Many of his pictures represent the *fêtes* and the merry out-of-door life of the court of Louis XIV., and reproduce the manners and costumes of that time with such exactness as to give them an historical value.

As a rule, his canvases are small and crowded with figures. They show ladies and gentlemen loitering in groups in charming garden temples in the midst of beautiful grounds, dancing on green turf, playing games, or promenading in brilliant costumes on the banks of quiet streams or beneath the branches of the forest trees; all above and around is bright and gay.

His pictures are seen in some of the principal galleries of Europe, and when they are sold they bring large prices.

#### JEAN BAPTISTE GREUZE

was the next French painter of whom I shall speak. He was born in 1725, and devoted himself chiefly to portrait painting. He excelled in pictures of beautiful women and lovely children. His single heads of young girls are his finest works, though there is an affected and extravagant air about some of them. His color was always pleasing, but some of his pictures are so finely finished that they look as if painted upon ivory.

A few of his paintings are known the world over. The "Village Betrothal" is sometimes called his masterpiece; the "Paternal Curse" is a celebrated work; and a favorite one is the "Broken Jug."\*

Most of the works of this master are in private galleries, but a few are seen in public collections. His pictures sell for fabulous sums.

Among the art-students in Paris, in 1770, was a young girl, Marie Louise Elizabeth Vigée, known to us as

#### MADAME LE BRUN.

She was born in Paris in 1755. The father of Elizabeth Vigée was a painter of little importance, but he was a favorite with a large circle of friends, and

\* An engraving of this painting formed the frontispiece of ST. NICHOLAS for March, 1883.

though he died when his daughter was but twelve years old, he had already so encouraged her talent and so interested people in her as to make her future easy. She had a few lessons from Greuze and others, but she sought to study Nature for herself, and to follow no school or system, and to this she attributed her success. When but sixteen years old, she was brought to public notice by two portraits which she painted and presented to the French Academy.

At the age of twenty, Mademoiselle Vigée married Monsieur Le Brun, who was a careless and unfortunate man and who spent all that his wife earned. In her memoirs, she tells us that when she left France, thirteen years after her marriage, she had not twenty francs, though she had earned more than a million.

Madame Le Brun painted portraits of the most eminent people; and between herself and the Queen, Marie Antoinette, there existed a true affection. Their intercourse was that of devoted friends. In the great state picture at Versailles, in which Madame Le Brun represented the Queen surrounded by her children, one feels the tender sentiment with which the artist painted her sovereign and friend. Marie Antoinette used her influence to have Madame Le Brun elected to the Academy; Vernet also favored it, and the unusual honor was paid her of an election before her reception-picture was finished. This was a matter of great importance at that time, as only the members of the Academy were allowed to exhibit their works at the salons, which are now open to all.

Many tales were told of Madame Le Brun's extravagance; but her own account of an entertainment which she gave, and which was a subject of endless remark, shows how little she merited censure in that instance, at least. She relates that she had invited a number of friends for an evening to listen to the reading of a poet. In the afternoon, while her brother read to her an account of an ancient Grecian dinner, which even gave the rules for cooking, Madame Le Brun determined upon improvising a Greek supper for her guests. She first instructed her cook as to the preparation of the food, and then she borrowed from a dealer, whom she knew, some cups, vases, and lamps, and arranged her studio with the effect which an artist knows how to make.

Among her guests were several very pretty ladies, and they all wore costumes as much like the old Greek costumes as was possible in the short time for preparation. Madame Le Brun wore the white blouse in which she always painted, and added a veil and crown of flowers. Her little daughter and another child were dressed as pages, and carried antique vases. A canopy was hung above the table,

and the guests were placed in picturesque attitudes, and the whole effect was such that when the later comers reached the door of the supper-room they had a delightful surprise. It was as if they had been transported to another age and clime; a Greek song was chanted to the music of the lyre; and when honey, grapes, and other dishes were served after the Greek manner, the enchantment was complete; a member of the company recited odes from a Greek poet of ancient times, and all passed off delightfully.

The fame of this novel affair spread all over Paris, and its magnificence and its cost were said to be marvelous. Some of the court ladies asked Madame Le Brun to repeat it, but she refused, and they were disturbed by it. The king was told that the supper cost twenty thousand francs, but one of the gentlemen who had been present told His Majesty the truth. However, the sum was swelled to forty thousand by the time the story reached Rome. Madame Le Brun writes, "At Vienna the Baroness de Strogonoff told me that I had spent sixty thousand francs for my Greek supper; that at St. Petersburg the price was at length fixed at eighty thousand francs; and the truth is that that supper cost me about fifteen francs."

Early in the year 1789, when the first mutterings of the dreadful horrors of the Revolution were heard in France, Madame Le Brun went to Italy. She was everywhere received with honor; and at Florence she was asked to paint her own portrait for a gallery, which is consecrated to the portraits of distinguished painters. After she reached Rome she sent the well-known picture with the parted lips showing the pearly teeth, and the hand holding the pencil as if drawing. (See frontispiece.)

Madame Le Brun enjoyed her life in Rome so much that she declared that if she could forget France she should be the happiest of women. She could not execute all the orders for portraits which she received, but after three years she was seized with the unrest which comes to those who are exiled from their native land, and, impelled by this discontent, she went to Vienna. There she remained three years; but again she longed for change and went to Russia, where her reception was most flattering.

She spent six years in Russia, and into this time was crowded much of honor, kindness, labor, joy, and sorrow.

In her Paris receptions during the later years of her life, the most distinguished people of the city were accustomed to assemble; artists, men of letters, and men of society, here all met on common ground, and laid aside all differences of opinion. Only good feeling and equality found a place

near this gifted woman, and few people are so sincerely mourned as was Madame Le Brun when she died, at the age of eighty-seven.

Her works numbered six hundred and sixty portraits, fifteen pictures, and about two hundred landscapes from sketches made in her travels. Her portraits included those of the sovereigns and royal families of all Europe, as well as those of famous authors, artists, musicians, and learned men in church and state. She was a member of eight academies, and her works are seen in many fine collections. As an artist, we can not admire Madame Le Brun as much as did many of her own day, but she holds an honorable place in general art, and a high position among women artists.

#### ÉMILE JEAN HORACE VERNET,

commonly called Horace Vernet, was born in Paris in 1789. As a boy, Horace was the pupil of his father, and before he was fifteen years old he supported himself by his own drawings.

The "Taking of a Redoubt" was one of his earliest pictures of a military subject, and from that beginning he devoted himself to the painting of military scenes. Horace Vernet married when but twenty years old, and soon after began to keep an exact account of all the moneys he received or spent. In this record the growth of his fame is shown by the increase in the prices which were paid him for his pictures; they vary from twenty-four sous, or about a quarter of a dollar, for a sketch of a tulip to fifty thousand francs (ten thousand dollars) for a portrait of the Empress of Russia.

When twenty-three years old, he began to receive orders from the King of Westphalia and other persons of rank. In 1814, when twenty-five, he fought on the Barrière Clichy in company with his father and other artists, and for his gallant conduct there he received the Cross of the Legion of Honor from the Emperor's own hand. In 1817 Vernet painted the "Battle of Tolosa," which was the beginning of his triumphs, and he soon became the favorite of the Duke of Orleans (afterward King Louis Philippe), whose portrait he painted in various costumes and characters. Vernet was not in favor with the Bourbons, however, and as he had made some lithographs which were displeasing to the King, it seemed best for him to leave Paris. He went to Rome with his father and remained there for some time.

After his return to Paris in 1822, Vernet exhibited forty-five of his pictures in his own studio. After the exhibition of his works orders and money came to him abundantly, and in the year 1824 he received nearly fifty-two thousand francs. About this time Vernet painted the portraits of some dis-

tinguished persons, and received an order for one of Charles X.; this made his portraits so much the fashion that he could not receive all who wished to sit to him. He took time, however, to paint some battle-scenes, and in 1825 finished the last of four which the Duke of Orleans had ordered to be placed in the Palais Royal.

In 1828 Horace Vernet was appointed Director of the French Academy in Rome. He lived generously, and held weekly receptions which were attended by artists, travelers, and men of distinction in Rome. These assemblies were very gay, and it seemed as if a bit of Paris had been set down in the midst of Rome. Vernet now painted a greater variety of subjects than before, but he made no advance in serious work. He soon grew very impatient of his life in Rome, though it was full of honor. He wished to follow the French army, and study new subjects for such pictures as he loved best.

In 1833 he was relieved from his office and went to Algiers. There were no active military operations, but Vernet made many sketches and painted some Eastern scenes. During the same year, Louis Philippe ordered the Palace of Versailles to be converted into an historical museum. The King wished Horace Vernet to paint pictures of the battles of Friedland, Jéna, and Wagram. There were, however, no wall-spaces in the palace large enough to satisfy Vernet, and for that reason two stories were thrown together, and a great Gallery of Battle-pieces made.

Louis Philippe desired Vernet to introduce a certain incident into one of his pictures, which Vernet refused to do. He therefore left Paris for St. Petersburg, where he was received with much honor. He was, however, much missed at Versailles, and when suddenly called to Paris by the illness of his father, he was respectfully reinstated at the palace. When the news of the taking of the city of Constantine was received, he was sent officially to Algiers to make sketches for his pictures in the Salon of Constantine, which in the end became a vast monument to this artist. In 1839 Vernet went to Egypt, Syria, and Turkey, and again to Russia, where he made a long journey with the Emperor. He was a great favorite with this sovereign, though he did not always agree with His Majesty. It is possible that this independence of thought was really welcome to one who was too much feared to be often addressed with such frankness as Vernet used. While in Russia, he painted the portrait of the Empress, and received many valuable presents.

After his return to Paris Vernet devoted himself to portrait painting, but his old love was too strong to be resisted, and in 1845 he joined the French



army in the Spanish valley of Aran. The troops received him with great enthusiasm; they honored him as the great painter of their hardships, their bravery, and their victories. During all his life Vernet received the honors that were paid him with great modesty, and in this manifested the sterling common-sense quality of his character. Horace Vernet died in 1863, full of years and of honors.

Vernet was forced to earn his living when so young that he had no opportunity for study, but his quick perception and active mind, with his large opportunities for observation, made him an acceptable companion to men of culture and learning. Horace Vernet was not a poet nor a true artist in the highest sense of the term; his art was not imaginative nor creative; he produced no beautiful pictures from deep resources in his own nature, but his works have great value and interest as a true record of events, and he commands our respect as one who made the best use of all his powers. He was a trifle vain, and loved to upset a box which contained all his decorations, and spill them out pell-mell as if these ribands and stars, which were the rewards of his life-work, were of no value. Cheerfulness and industry were two of his chief characteristics.

Vernet's most remarkable gift was his memory; he has never been surpassed in this regard by any other painter, and it is doubtful if any other has equaled him. He remembered things exactly as he had seen them. If Vernet spoke with a soldier, although he knew neither his name nor any facts about the man, yet long afterward the memory of the artist held a model from which he could paint the face of that particular soldier.

He painted action well; he knew how to suit the folds and creases of his stuffs to the positions of the men who wore them; his color was good, when we remember what colors enter into military subjects; for the crude brilliancy of the reds and yellows in gaudy uniforms are not suited to poetic effects of color.

#### JACQUES-LOUIS DAVID,

born in Paris in 1748, was, at the close of the last century, considered the first French painter of his time. So great was his influence upon the painting of France, that for some years he was an absolute dictator regarding all matters connected with it. He was a figure painter, and painted but one landscape in his life. Many of his pictures seem to be mere groups of statues; their flesh is as hard as marble, and there is nothing in them that appeals to our sympathy or elevates our feeling.

David became the friend of Napoleon, and painted the "Passage of St. Bernard" and other scenes

from the life of the Emperor. After the overthrow of Napoleon, David was banished to Brussels, and his family were not allowed to bury him in France.

#### JEAN DOMINIQUE AUGUSTIN INGRES,\*

born at Montauban in 1781, was the most celebrated pupil of David. His father was a painter, sculptor, and musician, and desired that his son should excel in music. The boy played the violin, and it is said that when thirteen years old he was applauded in a theater in Toulouse. But his love of drawing proved so strong that when seventeen years old he entered the studio of David. In 1801 he took the prize which entitled him to go to Rome, but his poverty prevented his reaching that city until 1806; he remained there fourteen years and then passed four years in Florence.

In 1824, Ingres opened a studio in Paris and received pupils, and a little later he was appointed to the Academy. His work was severely criticised, and this so affected his spirits that in 1834 his friends obtained his appointment as Director of the French Academy in Rome. After holding this office seven years, he went again to Paris, and this time in triumph. He was now praised as much as he had been blamed, and until his death he was loaded with honors, while enormous prices were paid for his works.

In the great Exposition of 1855, a room was devoted to the pictures of Ingres, and he received a grand medal of honor from the jury. He had no charity for those who differed from him in opinion. His appearance was not agreeable; his face has always an expression of bad temper — but extreme determination of character often gives a disagreeable air to a face, and it may be this which disfigures the face of Ingres.

When he first went to Rome he was very poor, and the utmost economy of his means was necessary in order to give him a living and leisure for the pursuit of his art. In 1813 he married, and his wife stood between him and all the petty troubles of life; she sold his works for the best possible prices, and by assuming all his cares gave him quiet days for labor when he dreamed not of the trials from which she saved him by her patient devotion.

The works of Ingres are very numerous. He painted one picture which was sold in England for sixty-three thousand francs. He executed some portraits and a few decorative paintings. He was without doubt a much greater artist than his master David, but there has rarely been an artist concerning whom the opinions of good critics differ so widely. Perhaps justice would neither exalt nor debase him, but accord to him an acknowledgement of all that can be attained by patience and industry

\* See page 394.

through many years, without the inspiration of great genius.

A list of the honors which were showered upon Ingres would be almost as long as the catalogue of his pictures; he was a senator, a grand officer of the Legion of Honor, a member of the Institute, and of six academies, and was decorated by the orders of several countries outside his own.

#### HIPPOLYTE DELAROCHE,

who is called "Paul Delaroche," was born at Paris in 1797. He was a very careful and skillful painter, and made many preparations for his work before commencing it. At times he went so far as to make wax models for his groups before painting them. He had a clear, simple conception of his subjects, but he was not poetical nor imaginative. He had an intellect which would have won success in almost any career that he might have chosen, but he was not a genius.

The masterpiece of Delaroche is a great painting called the "Hemicycle" in the theater of the Palace of the Fine Arts in Paris, and this work is so famous that one thinks of it involuntarily whenever his name is mentioned. It has seventy-five life-size figures, and the artist spent three years in painting it; it represents the arts of different countries and times by portraits of the artists of those times and nations.

Among his historical subjects were the "Condemnation of Marie Antoinette," "Cromwell Contemplating the Remains of Charles I.," and other similar scenes. The interesting study which he made for the "Hemicycle," and from which he and his scholars painted that great work, is in the Walters Gallery in Baltimore. When the works of Delaroche are sold they bring large prices; his "Lady Jane Grey" was sold for one hundred and ten thousand francs, or twenty-two thousand dollars.

Delaroche was a member of the Institute, an officer of the Legion of Honor, and a professor in the School of Fine Arts in Paris.

#### FERDINAND VICTOR EUGÈNE DELACROIX,

who was born in 1798, was another gifted painter. While a youth, he lost a fortune, and he was forced to struggle hard for the merest necessities for existence.

However, he had steadfastness and courage, and when twenty-three years old he exhibited a picture which attracted much attention, and was purchased for the Luxembourg Gallery.

In 1830, he traveled in Spain, Algiers, and Morocco, and painted a few pictures of scenes in those countries. After his return to France, he obtained the commission to decorate the new Throne-room in the Chamber of Deputies. He was severely criticised by other artists, but when his work was done it was found to be magnificent in effect, and from that time he was prosperous. Some of his large pictures are at Versailles, others are seen in the churches of Paris, and he also received the important commission of the decoration of the Library of the Chamber of Peers. In 1857, Delacroix was made a member of the Institute, having received a grand medal of honor from the jury of the great Exposition two years earlier.

The subjects of some of this artist's works were very dramatic, and he has been called "the Victor Hugo of painting." There is no doubt that his forcible imagination is his most noteworthy characteristic. Like all great artists, Delacroix loved space. This is shown in his decorative works, such as the "Apollo Triumphant over Python," on the ceiling of the Gallery of Apollo in the Louvre. It is one of his masterpieces in this kind of painting, and shows him to have been a genius of great dramatic power. It was the terrible which pleased him most, but while the impress of a master's hand is on his pictures, we are not attracted by them and can not love them. One writer has called Delacroix "the last of a grand family of artists," and his name is a fitting one with which to close this paper.

### AN EXPLANATION.

BY SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

WHEN you see the baby walk  
Step by step, and stumble,  
Just remember, now he's here,  
Both his wings are gone.—Oh, dear!  
Catch him, or he'll tumble!

When you hear the baby talk  
Bit by bit, all broken,  
Only think how he forgets  
All his angel-words, and lets  
Wonders go unspoken!

## LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

## CHAPTER V.

IT was late in the afternoon when the carriage containing little Lord Fauntleroy and Mr. Havisham drove up the long avenue which led to the castle. The Earl had given orders that his grandson should arrive in time to dine with him, and for some reason best known to himself, he had also ordered that the child should be sent alone into the room in which he intended to receive him. As the carriage rolled up the avenue, Lord Fauntleroy sat leaning comfortably against the luxurious cushions, and regarded the prospect with great interest. He was, in fact, interested in everything he saw. He had been interested in the carriage, with its large, splendid horses and their glittering harness; he had been interested in the tall coachman and footman, with their resplendent livery; and he had been especially interested in the coronet on the panels, and had struck up an acquaintance with the footman for the purpose of inquiring what it meant.

When the carriage reached the great gates of the park, he looked out of the window to get a good view of the huge stone lions ornamenting the entrance. The gates were opened by a motherly, rosy-looking woman, who came out of a pretty, ivy-covered lodge. Two children ran out of the door of the house and stood looking with round, wide-open eyes at the little boy in the carriage, who looked at them also. Their mother stood courtesying and smiling, and the children, on receiving a sign from her, made bobbing little courtesies too.

"Does she know me?" asked Lord Fauntleroy. "I think she must think she knows me." And he took off his black velvet cap to her and smiled.

"How do you do?" he said brightly. "Good afternoon!"

The woman seemed pleased, he thought. The smile broadened on her rosy face and a kind look came into her blue eyes.

"God bless your lordship!" she said. "God bless your pretty face! Good luck and happiness to your lordship! Welcome to you!"

Lord Fauntleroy waved his cap and nodded to her again as the carriage rolled by her.

"I like that woman," he said. "She looks as if she liked boys. I should like to come here and play with her children. I wonder if she has enough to make up a company?"

Mr. Havisham did not tell him that he would scarcely be allowed to make playmates of the gate-keeper's children. The lawyer thought there was time enough for giving him that information.

The carriage rolled on and on between the great, beautiful trees which grew on each side of the avenue and stretched their broad, swaying branches in an arch across it. Cedric had never seen such trees,—they were so grand and stately, and their branches grew so low down on their huge trunks. He did not then know that Dorincourt Castle was one of the most beautiful in all England: that its park was one of the broadest and finest, and its trees and avenue almost without rivals. But he did know that it was all very beautiful. He liked the big, broad-branched trees, with the late afternoon sunlight striking golden lances through them. He liked the perfect stillness which rested on everything. He felt a great, strange pleasure in the beauty of which he caught glimpses under and between the sweeping boughs—the great, beautiful spaces of the park, with still other trees, standing sometimes stately and alone, and sometimes in groups. Now and then they passed places where tall ferns grew in masses, and again and again the ground was azure with the bluebells swaying in the soft breeze. Several times he started up with a laugh of delight as a rabbit leaped up from under the greenery and scudded away with a twinkle of short white tail behind it. Once a covey of partridges rose with a sudden whir and flew away, and then he shouted and clapped his hands.

"It's a beautiful place, is n't it?" he said to Mr. Havisham. "I never saw such a beautiful place. It's prettier even than Central Park."

He was rather puzzled by the length of time they were on their way.

"How far is it?" he said, at length, "from the gate to the front door?"

"It is between three and four miles," answered the lawyer.

"That's a long way for a person to live from his gate," remarked his lordship.

Every few moments he saw something new to wonder at and admire. When he caught sight of the deer, some couched in the grass, some standing with their pretty antlered heads turned with a half-startled air toward the avenue as the carriage wheels disturbed them, he was enchanted.

"Has there been a circus?" he cried; "or do they live here always? Whose are they?"



"They live here," Mr. Havisham told him. "They belong to the Earl, your grandfather."

It was not long after this that they saw the castle. It rose up before them stately and beautiful and gray, the last rays of the sun casting dazzling lights on its many windows. It had turrets and battlements and towers; a great deal of ivy

He saw the great entrance-door thrown open and many servants standing in two lines looking at him. He wondered why they were standing there, and admired their liveries very much. He did not know that they were there to do honor to the little boy to whom all this splendor would one day belong,—the beautiful castle like the fairy



"THE GATES WERE OPENED BY A WOMAN AND TWO CHILDREN WHO CAME OUT OF A PRETTY IVY-COVERED LODGE."

grew upon its walls; all the broad open space about it was laid out in terraces and lawns and beds of brilliant flowers.

"It's the most beautiful place I ever saw!" said Cedric, his round face flushing with pleasure. "It reminds any one of a king's palace. I saw a picture of one once in a fairy-book."

king's palace, the magnificent park, the grand old trees, the dells full of ferns and bluebells where the hares and rabbits played, the dappled, large-eyed deer couching in the deep grass. It was only a couple of weeks since he had sat with Mr. Hobbs among the potatoes and canned peaches, with his legs dangling from the high stool; it would not have

been possible for him to realize that he had very much to do with all this grandeur. At the head of the line of servants there stood an elderly woman in a rich, plain black silk gown; she had gray hair and wore a cap. As he entered the hall she stood nearer than the rest, and the child thought from the look in her eyes that she was going to speak to him. Mr. Havisham, who held his hand, paused a moment.

"This is Lord Fauntleroy, Mrs. Mellon," he said. "Lord Fauntleroy, this is Mrs. Mellon, who is the housekeeper."

Cedric gave her his hand, his eyes lighting up.

"Was it you who sent the cat?" he said. "I'm much obliged to you, ma'am."

Mrs. Mellon's handsome old face looked as pleased as the face of the lodge-keeper's wife had done.

"I should know his lordship anywhere," she said to Mr. Havisham. "He has the Captain's face and way. It's a great day, this, sir."

Cedric wondered why it was a great day. He looked at Mrs. Mellon curiously. It seemed to him for a moment as if there were tears in her eyes, and yet it was evident she was not unhappy. She smiled down on him.

"The cat left two beautiful kittens here," she said; "they shall be sent up to your lordship's nursery."

Mr. Havisham said a few words to her in a low voice.

"In the library, sir," Mrs. Mellon replied. "His lordship is to be taken there alone."

A few minutes later, the very tall footman in livery, who had escorted Cedric to the library door, opened it and announced: "Lord Fauntleroy, my Lord," in quite a majestic tone. If he was only a footman, he felt it was rather a grand occasion when the heir came home to his own land and possessions, and was ushered into the presence of the old Earl, whose place and title he was to take.

Cedric crossed the threshold into the room. It was a very large and splendid room, with massive carved furniture in it, and shelves upon shelves of books; the furniture was so dark, and the draperies so heavy, the diamond-paned windows were so deep, and it seemed such a distance from one end of it to the other, that, since the sun had gone down, the effect of it all was rather gloomy. For a moment Cedric thought there was nobody in the room, but soon he saw that by the fire burning on the wide hearth there was a large easy-chair, and that in that chair some one was sitting — some one who did not at first turn to look at him.

But he had attracted attention in one quarter

at least. On the floor, by the armchair, lay a dog, a huge tawny mastiff, with body and limbs almost as big as a lion's; and this great creature rose majestically and slowly, and marched toward the little fellow with a heavy step.

Then the person in the chair spoke. "Dougal," he called, "come back, sir."

But there was no more fear in little Lord Fauntleroy's heart than there was unkindness — he had been a brave little fellow all his life. He put his hand on the big dog's collar in the most natural way in the world, and they strayed forward together, Dougal sniffing as he went.

And then the Earl looked up. What Cedric saw was a large old man with shaggy white hair and eyebrows, and a nose like an eagle's beak between his deep fierce eyes. What the Earl saw was a graceful, childish figure in a black velvet suit, with a lace collar, and with love-locks waving about the handsome, manly little face, whose eyes met his with a look of innocent good-fellowship. If the castle was like the palace in a fairy story, it must be owned that little Lord Fauntleroy was himself rather like a small copy of the fairy prince, though he was not at all aware of the fact, and perhaps was rather a sturdy young model of a fairy. But there was a sudden glow of triumph and exultation in the fiery old Earl's heart as he saw what a strong, beautiful boy this grandson was, and how unhesitatingly he looked up as he stood with his hand on the big dog's neck. It pleased the grim old nobleman that the child should show no shyness or fear, either of the dog or of himself.

Cedric looked at him just as he had looked at the woman at the lodge and at the housekeeper, and came quite close to him.

"Are you the Earl?" he said. "I'm your grandson, you know, that Mr. Havisham brought. I'm Lord Fauntleroy."

He held out his hand because he thought it must be the polite and proper thing to do even with earls. "I hope you are very well," he continued, with the utmost friendliness. "I'm very glad to see you."

The Earl shook hands with him, with a curious gleam in his eyes; just at first, he was so astonished that he scarcely knew what to say. He stared at the picturesque little apparition from under his shaggy brows, and took it all in from head to foot.

"Glad to see me, are you?" he said.

"Yes," answered Lord Fauntleroy, "very."

There was a chair near him, and he sat down on it; it was a high-backed, rather tall chair, and his feet did not touch the floor when he had settled himself in it, but he seemed to be quite com-

fortable as he sat there, and regarded his august relative intently but modestly.

"I've kept wondering what you would look like," he remarked. "I used to lie in my berth in the ship and wonder if you would be anything like my father."

"Am I?" asked the Earl.

"Well," Cedric replied, "I was very young when he died, and I may not remember exactly how he looked, but I don't think you are like him."

"You are disappointed, I suppose?" suggested his grandfather.

"Oh, no!" responded Cedric politely. "Of course you would like any one to look like your father; but of course you would enjoy the way your grandfather looked, even if he was n't like your father. You know how it is yourself about admiring your relations."

The Earl leaned back in his chair and stared. He could not be said to know how it was about admiring his relations. He had employed most of his noble leisure in quarreling violently with them, in turning them out of his house, and applying abusive epithets to them; and they all hated him cordially.

"Any boy would love his grandfather," continued Lord Fauntleroy, "especially one that had been as kind to him as you have been."

Another queer gleam came into the old nobleman's eyes.

"Oh!" he said, "I have been kind to you, have I?"

"Yes," answered Lord Fauntleroy brightly; "I'm ever so much obliged to you about Bridget, and the apple-woman, and Dick."

"Bridget!" exclaimed the Earl. "Dick! The apple-woman!"

"Yes!" explained Cedric; "the ones you gave me all that money for—the money you told Mr. Havisham to give me if I wanted it."

"Ha!" ejaculated his lordship. "That's it, is it? The money you were to spend as you liked. What did you buy with it? I should like to hear something about that."

He drew his shaggy eyebrows together and looked at the child sharply. He was secretly curious to know in what way the lad had indulged himself.

"Oh!" said Lord Fauntleroy, "perhaps you did n't know about Dick and the apple-woman and Bridget. I forgot you lived such a long way off from them. They were particular friends of mine. And you see Michael had the fever——"

"Who's Michael?" asked the Earl.

"Michael is Bridget's husband, and they were in great trouble. When a man is sick and can't

work and has twelve children, you know how it is. And Michael has always been a sober man. And Bridget used to come to our house and cry. And the evening Mr. Havisham was there, she was in the kitchen crying because they had almost nothing to eat and could n't pay the rent; and I went in to see her, and Mr. Havisham sent for me and he said you had given him some money for me. And I ran as fast as I could into the kitchen and gave it to Bridget; and that made it all right; and Bridget could scarcely believe her eyes. That's why I'm so obliged to you."

"Oh!" said the Earl in his deep voice, "that was one of the things you did for yourself, was it? What else?"

Dougal had been sitting by the tall chair; the great dog had taken its place there when Cedric sat down. Several times it had turned and looked up at the boy as if interested in the conversation. Dougal was a solemn dog, who seemed to feel altogether too big to take life's responsibilities lightly. The old Earl, who knew the dog well, had watched it with secret interest. Dougal was not a dog whose habit it was to make acquaintances rashly, and the Earl wondered somewhat to see how quietly the brute sat under the touch of the childish hand. And, just at this moment, the big dog gave little Lord Fauntleroy one more look of dignified scrutiny, and deliberately laid its huge, lion-like head on the boy's black-velvet knee.

The small hand went on stroking this new friend as Cedric answered:

"Well, there was Dick," he said. "You'd like Dick, he's so square."

This was an Americanism the Earl was not prepared for.

"What does that mean?" he inquired.

Lord Fauntleroy paused a moment to reflect. He was not very sure himself what it meant. He had taken it for granted as meaning something very creditable because Dick had been fond of using it.

"I think it means that he would n't cheat any one," he exclaimed; "or hit a boy who was under his size, and that he blacks people's boots very well and makes them shine as much as he can. He's a professional bootblack."

"And he's one of your acquaintances, is he?" said the Earl.

"He is an old friend of mine," replied his grandson. "Not quite as old as Mr. Hobbs, but quite old. He gave me a present just before the ship sailed."

He put his hand into his pocket and drew forth a neatly folded red object and opened it with an air of affectionate pride. It was the red silk hand-

kerchief with the large purple horse-shoes and heads on it.

"He gave me this," said his young lordship. "I shall keep it always. You can wear it round your neck or keep it in your pocket. He bought it with the first money he earned after I bought Jerry out and gave him the new brushes. It's a keepsake. I put some poetry in Mr. Hobbs's watch. It was, 'When this you see, remember me.' When this I see, I shall always remember Dick."

The sensations of the Right Honorable the Earl of Dorincourt could scarcely be described. He was not an old nobleman who was very easily bewildered, because he had seen a great deal of the world; but here was something he found so novel that it almost took his lordly breath away, and caused him some singular emotions. He had never cared for children; he had been so occupied with his own pleasures that he had never had time to care for them. His own sons had not interested him when they were very young — though sometimes he remembered having thought Cedric's father a handsome and strong little fellow. He had been so selfish himself that he had missed the pleasure of seeing unselfishness in others, and he had not known how tender and faithful and affectionate a kind-hearted little child can be, and how innocent and unconscious are its simple, generous impulses. A boy had always seemed to him a most objectionable little animal, selfish and greedy and boisterous when not under strict restraint; his own two eldest sons had given their tutors constant trouble and annoyance, and of the younger one he fancied he had heard few complaints because the boy was of no particular importance. It had never once occurred to him that he should like his grandson; he had sent for the little Cedric because his pride impelled him to do so. If the boy was to take his place in the future, he did not wish his name to be made ridiculous by descending to an uneducated boor. He had been convinced the boy would be a clownish fellow if he were brought up in America. He had no feeling of affection for the lad; his only hope was that he should find him decently well-featured, and with a respectable share of sense; he had been so disappointed in his other sons, and had been made so furious by Captain Errol's American marriage, that he had never once thought that anything creditable could come of it. When the footman had announced Lord Fauntleroy he had almost dreaded to look at the boy lest he should find him all he had feared. It was because of this feeling that he had ordered that the child should be sent to him alone. His pride could not endure that others should see his disappointment if he was to be disappointed.

His proud, stubborn old heart therefore had leaped within him when the boy came forward with his graceful, easy carriage, his fearless hand on the big dog's neck. Even in the moments when he had hoped the most, the Earl had never hoped that his grandson would look like that. It seemed almost too good to be true that this should be the boy he had dreaded to see — the child of the woman he so disliked — this little fellow with so much beauty and such a brave, childish grace! The Earl's stern composure was quite shaken by this startling surprise.

And then their talk began; and he was still more curiously moved, and more and more puzzled. In the first place, he was so used to seeing people rather afraid and embarrassed before him, that he had expected nothing else but that his grandson would be timid or shy. But Cedric was no more afraid of the Earl than he had been of Dougal. He was not bold; he was only innocently friendly, and he was not conscious that there should be any reason why he should be awkward or afraid. The Earl could not help seeing that the little boy took him for a friend and treated him as one, without having any doubt of him at all. It was quite plain as the little fellow sat there in his tall chair and talked in his friendly way that it had never occurred to him that this large, fierce-looking old man could be anything but kind to him, and rather pleased to see him there. And it was plain, too, that, in his childish way, he wished to please and interest his grandfather. Cross, and hard-hearted, and worldly as the old Earl was, he could not help feeling a secret and novel pleasure in this very confidence. After all, it was not disagreeable to meet some one who did not distrust or shrink from him, or seem to detect the ugly part of his nature; some one who looked at him with clear, unsuspecting eyes,—if it was only a little boy in a black-velvet suit.

So the old man leaned back in his chair, and led his young companion on to telling him still more of himself, and with that odd gleam in his eyes watched the little fellow as he talked. Lord Fauntleroy was quite willing to answer all his questions and chatted on in his genial little way quite composedly. He told him all about Dick and Jerry, and the apple-woman, and Mr. Hobbs; he described the Republican Rally in all the glory of its banners and transparencies, torches and rockets. In the course of the conversation, he reached the Fourth of July and the Revolution, and was just becoming enthusiastic, when he suddenly recollected something and stopped very abruptly.

"What is the matter?" demanded his grandfather. "Why don't you go on?"

Lord Fauntleroy moved rather uneasily in his

chair. It was evident to the Earl that Lord Fauntleroy was embarrassed by the thought which had just occurred to him.

"I was just thinking that perhaps you might n't like it," he replied. "Perhaps some one belonging to you might have been there. I forgot you were an Englishman."

"You can go on," said my lord. "No one be-

a development as this. He felt himself grow quite hot up to the roots of his hair.

"I was born in America," he protested. "You have to be an American if you are born in America. I beg your pardon," with serious politeness and delicacy, "for contradicting you. Mr. Hobbs told me, if there were another war, you know, I should have to — to be an American."



"ARE YOU THE EARL?" SAID CEDRIC. "I'M YOUR GRANDSON. I'M LORD FAUNTLEROY."

longing to me was there. You forgot you were an Englishman, too."

"Oh! no," said Cedric quickly. "I'm an American!"

"You are an Englishman," said the Earl grimly. "Your father was an Englishman."

It amused him a little to say this, but it did not amuse Cedric. The lad had never thought of such

The Earl gave a grim half laugh — it was short and grim, but it was a laugh.

"You would, would you?" he said.

He hated America and Americans, but it amused him to see how serious and interested this small patriot was. He thought that so good an American might make a rather good Englishman when he was a man.

They had not time to go very deep into the Revolution again — and indeed Lord Fauntleroy felt some delicacy about returning to the subject — before dinner was announced.

Cedric left his chair and went to his noble kinsman. He looked down at his gouty foot.

"Would you like me to help you?" he said politely. "You could lean on me, you know. Once when Mr. Hobbs hurt his foot with a potato-barrel rolling on it, he used to lean on me."

The big footman almost periled his reputation and his situation by smiling. He was an aristocratic footman who had always lived in the best of noble families, and he had never smiled; indeed, he would have felt himself a disgraced and vulgar footman if he had allowed himself to be led by any circumstance whatever into such an indiscretion as a smile. But he had a very narrow escape. He only just saved himself by staring straight over the Earl's head at a very ugly picture.

The Earl looked his valiant young relative over from head to foot.

"Do you think you could do it?" he asked gruffly.

"I *think* I could," said Cedric. "I'm strong. I'm seven, you know. You could lean on your stick on one side, and on me on the other. Dick says I've a good deal of muscle for a boy that's only seven."

He shut his hand and moved it upward to his shoulder, so that the Earl might see the muscle Dick had kindly approved of, and his face was so grave and earnest that the footman found it necessary to look very hard indeed at the ugly picture.

"Well," said the Earl, "you may try."

Cedric gave him his stick, and began to assist him to rise. Usually the footman did this, and was violently sworn at when his lordship had an extra twinge of gout. The Earl was not a very polite person as a rule, and many a time the huge footmen about him quaked inside their imposing liveries.

But this evening he did not swear, though his gouty foot gave him more twinges than one. He chose to try an experiment. He got up slowly and put his hand on the small shoulder presented to him with so much courage. Little Lord Fauntleroy made a careful step forward, looking down at the gouty foot.

"Just lean on me," he said, with encouraging good cheer. "I'll walk very slowly."

If the Earl had been supported by the footman he would have rested less on his stick and more on his assistant's arm. And yet it was part of his experiment to let his grandson feel his burden as no light weight. It was quite a heavy weight indeed, and after a few steps his young lordship's face grew

quite hot, and his heart beat rather fast, but he braced himself sturdily, remembering his muscle and Dick's approval of it.

"Don't be afraid of leaning on me," he panted. "I'm all right — if — if it is n't a very long way."

It was not really very far to the dining-room, but it seemed rather a long way to Cedric, before they reached the chair at the head of the table. The hand on his shoulder seemed to grow heavier at every step, and his face grew redder and hotter, and his breath shorter, but he never thought of giving up; he stiffened his childish muscles, held his head erect, and encouraged the Earl as he limped along.

"Does your foot hurt you very much when you stand on it?" he asked. "Did you ever put it in hot water and mustard? Mr. Hobbs used to put his in hot water. Arnica is a very nice thing, they tell me."

The big dog stalked slowly beside them, and the big footman followed; several times he looked very queer as he watched the little figure making the very most of all its strength, and bearing its burden with such good will. The Earl, too, looked rather queer, once, as he glanced sidewise down at the flushed little face.

When they entered the room where they were to dine, Cedric saw it was a very large and imposing one, and that the footman who stood behind the chair at the head of the table stared very hard as they came in.

But they reached the chair at last. The hand was removed from his shoulder, and the Earl was fairly seated.

Cedric took out Dick's handkerchief and wiped his forehead.

"It's a warm night, is n't it?" he said. "Perhaps you need a fire because — because of your foot, but it seems just a little warm to me."

His delicate consideration for his noble relative's feelings was such that he did not wish to seem to intimate that any of his surroundings were unnecessary.

"You have been doing some rather hard work," said the Earl.

"Oh, no!" said Lord Fauntleroy, "it was n't exactly hard, but I got a little warm. A person will get warm in summer time."

And he rubbed his damp curls rather vigorously with the gorgeous handkerchief. His own chair was placed at the other end of the table, opposite his grandfather's. It was a chair with arms, and intended for a much larger individual than himself; indeed, everything he had seen so far, — the great rooms, with their high ceilings, the massive furniture, the big footman, the big dog, the Earl himself, — were all of proportions calculated to make

this little lad feel that he was very small, indeed. But that did not trouble him; he had never thought himself very large or important, and he was quite willing to accommodate himself even to circumstances which rather overpowered him.

Perhaps he had never looked so little a fellow as when seated now in his great chair, at the end of the table. Notwithstanding his solitary existence, the Earl chose to live in considerable state. He was fond of his dinner, and he dined in a formal style. Cedric looked at him across a glitter of splendid glass and plate, which to his unaccustomed eyes seemed quite dazzling. A stranger looking on might well have smiled at the picture,—the great stately room, the big liveried servants, the bright lights, the glittering silver and glass, the fierce-looking old nobleman at the head of the table and the very small boy at the foot. Dinner was usually a very serious matter with the Earl—and it was a very serious matter with the cook, if his lordship was not pleased or had an indifferent appetite. To-day, however, his appetite seemed a trifle better than usual, perhaps because he had something to think of beside the flavor of the *entrées* and the management of the gravies. His grandson gave him something to think of. He kept looking at him across the table. He did not say very much himself, but he managed to make the boy talk. He had never imagined that he could be entertained by hearing a child talk, but Lord Fauntleroy at once puzzled and amused him, and he kept remembering how he had let the child's shoulder feel his weight just for the sake of trying how far the boy's courage and endurance would go, and it pleased him to know that his grandson had not quailed and had not seemed to think even for a moment of giving up what he had undertaken to do.

"You don't wear your coronet all the time?" remarked Lord Fauntleroy respectfully.

"No," replied the Earl, with his grim smile; "it is not becoming to me."

"Mr. Hobbs said you always wore it," said Cedric; "but after he thought it over, he said he supposed you must sometimes take it off to put your hat on."

"Yes," said the Earl, "I take it off occasionally."

And one of the footmen suddenly turned aside and gave a singular little cough behind his hand.

Cedric finished his dinner first, and then he leaned back in his chair and took a survey of the room.

"You must be very proud of your house," he said, "it's such a beautiful house. I never saw anything so beautiful; but, of course, as I'm only seven, I have n't seen much."

"And you think I must be proud of it, do you?" said the Earl.

"I should think any one would be proud of it," replied Lord Fauntleroy. "I should be proud of it if it were my house. Everything about it is beautiful. And the park, and those trees,—how beautiful they are, and how the leaves rustle!"

Then he paused an instant and looked across the table rather wistfully.

"It's a very big house for just two people to live in, is n't it?" he said.

"It is quite large enough for two," answered the Earl. "Do you find it too large?"

His little lordship hesitated a moment.

"I was only thinking," he said, "that if two people lived in it who were not very good companions, they might feel lonely sometimes."

"Do you think I shall make a good companion?" inquired the Earl.

"Yes," replied Cedric, "I think you will. Mr. Hobbs and I were great friends. He was the best friend I had except Dearest."

The Earl made a quick movement of his bushy eyebrows.

"Who is Dearest?"

"She is my mother," said Lord Fauntleroy, in a rather low, quiet little voice.

Perhaps he was a trifle tired, as his bed-time was nearing, and perhaps after the excitement of the last few days it was natural he should be tired, so perhaps, too, the feeling of weariness brought to him a vague sense of loneliness in the remembrance that to-night he was not to sleep at home, watched over by the loving eyes of that "best friend" of his. They had always been "best friends," this boy and his young mother. He could not help thinking of her, and the more he thought of her the less was he inclined to talk, and by the time the dinner was at an end the Earl saw that there was a faint shadow on his face. But Cedric bore himself with excellent courage, and when they went back to the library, though the tall footman walked on one side of his master, the Earl's hand rested on his grandson's shoulder, though not so heavily as before.

When the footman left them alone, Cedric sat down upon the hearth-rug near Dougal. For a few minutes he stroked the dog's ears in silence and looked at the fire.

The Earl watched him. The boy's eyes looked wistful and thoughtful, and once or twice he gave a little sigh. The Earl sat still, and kept his eyes fixed on his grandson.

"Fauntleroy," he said at last, "what are you thinking of?"

Fauntleroy looked up with a manful effort at a smile.



"I was thinking about Dearest," he said; "and — and I think I'd better get up and walk up and down the room."

He rose up, and put his hands in his small pockets, and began to walk to and fro. His eyes were very bright, and his lips were pressed together, but he kept his head up and walked firmly. Dougal moved lazily and looked at him, and then stood up. He walked over to the child, and began to follow him uneasily. Fauntleroy drew one hand from his pocket and laid it on the dog's head.

"He's a very nice dog," he said. "He's my friend. He knows how I feel."

"How do you feel?" asked the Earl.

It disturbed him to see the struggle the little fellow was having with his first feeling of home-sickness, but it pleased him to see that he was making so brave an effort to bear it well. He liked this childish courage.

"Come here," he said.

Fauntleroy went to him.

"I never was away from my own house before," said the boy, with a troubled look in his brown eyes. "It makes a person feel a strange feeling when he has to stay all night in another person's castle instead of in his own house. But Dearest is not very far away from me. She told me to remember that — and — and I'm seven — and I can look at the picture she gave me."

He put his hand in his pocket, and brought out a small violet velvet-covered case.

"This is it," he said. "You see, you press this spring and it opens, and she is in there!"

He had come close to the Earl's chair, and, as he drew forth the little "JUST LEAN ON ME," SAID LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY, 'I'LL WALK VERY SLOWLY.'"

"There she is," he said, as the case opened; and he looked up with a smile.

The Earl knitted his brows; he did not wish to see the picture, but he looked at it in spite of himself; and there looked up at him from it such a pretty young face — a face so like the child's at his side — that it quite startled him.

"I suppose you think you are very fond of her," he said.

"Yes," answered Lord Fauntleroy, in a gentle tone, and with simple directness; "I do think so, and I think it's true. You see, Mr. Hobbs was my friend, and Dick and Bridget and Mary and Michael, they were my friends, too; but Dearest — well, she is my *close* friend, and we always tell each other everything. My father left her to me



to take care of, and when I am a man I am going to work and earn money for her."

"What do you think of doing?" inquired his grandfather.

His young lordship slipped down upon the hearth-rug, and sat there with the picture still in his hand. He seemed to be reflecting seriously, before he answered.

"I did think perhaps I might go into business with Mr. Hobbs," he said; "but I should *like* to be a President."

"We'll send you to the House of Lords instead," said his grandfather.

"Well," remarked Lord Fauntleroy, "if I *could n't* be a President, and if that is a good business, I should n't mind. The grocery business is dull sometimes."

Perhaps he was weighing the matter in his mind, for he sat very quiet after this, and looked at the fire for some time.

The Earl did not speak again. He leaned back in his chair and watched him. A great many strange new thoughts passed through the old nobleman's mind. Dougal had stretched himself

out and gone to sleep with his head on his huge paws. There was a long silence.

In about half an hour's time Mr. Havisham was ushered in. The great room was very still when he entered. The Earl was still leaning back in his chair. He moved as Mr. Havisham approached, and held up his hand in a gesture of warning—it seemed as if he had scarcely intended to make the gesture—as if it were almost involuntary. Dougal was still asleep, and close beside the great dog, sleeping also, with his curly head upon his arm, lay little Lord Fauntleroy.

*(To be continued.)*

## NEW BITS OF TALK FOR YOUNG FOLK.

BY HELEN JACKSON. (H. H.)

### "TIT FOR TAT."

THE saying is a by-word of ill-nature and quarreling. "Tit for tat" and "Good enough for you!"—those were the two meanest exclamations ever heard in the set of children among whom I grew up. Our differences were due to thoughtlessness and not to any bad intent; and those of us who quarreled most fiercely one day were often the best of friends the next. I suppose that is just the way it is with children to-day, and always will be so long as the world lasts and men and women have to begin their lives by being boys and girls. But we should have been a great deal happier if we had never quarreled; had never said or acted "Tit for Tat."

Acting it is worse than saying it. It is bad enough to do a mean or unkind thing to another person from any motive, from envy or hatred or hasty temper,—but to do it simply (as the saying is) "to pay back" for an unkind thing done to us, seems to me the very meanest kind of meanness.

It occurred to me once upon a time to try to find out what the hateful phrase came from. "Tit for tat!"—the words sound as silly as they are ugly, and I wondered how they had ever come to be in people's mouths, like a sort of proverb. To my great surprise, I found that the saying originated with the Dutch people. In Dutch, it was "Dit vor dat," and the words mean simply "This for that," nothing more.

Then how has the saying come to mean always, the return of a disagreeable or cruel action, by one of its own kind? There is a proverb, "One good turn deserves another." When kindness is repaid by

kindness, therefore, why should we not say, "This for that," as well as when unkindness is repaid by unkindness.

Nobody can give any reason. And nobody can tell, now, how the ill-natured meaning was ever fastened to the words; but there it is, fastened close, and it will always stick, I suppose. Yet it would be a very jolly little phrase, if it meant a good thing. The syllables are short and brisk-sounding; and they are based upon three cheerful vowels: i—o—u, each with the shortest, merriest sound it has. Surely, it is a shame to degrade them so when we might turn the phrase right around if we would,—inside out, and right side out, at last; and we might make it mean just the opposite from what it always has meant, by never using it, except when we had paid back a bad turn by a good one, an unkind action by a loving one, a mean deed by the most generous one we could plan or perform. Then would be the time to cry out "Tit for Tat! This for that, my friend! and as often as you treat me badly, I'll treat you well, and we'll see which will get tired soonest!" If the saying ever comes to mean that, it will be by the children's beginning to give it that meaning. It would take about a century, I dare say. But that is only three generations of children! Would n't it be worth while for the children of to-day to start the new version of the saying? And then, some time in the far distant future, say in the year 2090, perhaps somebody who is interested in searching out the origin of phrases, will be seeking, as I sought, to find out where "Tit for Tat" came from. By that time, you see, if three generations of American children have all been steadily working, to give

the new, kind meaning to the words, the phrase will come to be as good as the Golden Rule in the New Testament, and everybody will be interested in knowing about it.

Then this seeker out of meanings, of the year 2090, might perhaps read something like this:

"The phrase, 'Tit for Tat' has undergone a curious change. For a long time it was what people said when they returned evil for evil: 'Tit for Tat,' 'This for That,' *i. e.*, this injury I do you is in payment for that injury you did me."

"But in 1886 some American children thought that they would give the phrase a new and nobler meaning: would make it the watchword of kind deeds done in return for unkind ones; in other words a sort of supplement to the Bible's Golden Rule. Their example spread among all the children in the land, and now in America the phrase is never used in the old sense."

The more I think of it, the more I feel as if I must be writing a sort of prophecy, and it would

really come true. Any boy or girl who thinks it a good prophecy, that ought to come true, can begin to fulfill it right away. Every good thing that has ever been done in the world, has been done by one person's beginning it first! Then this person makes others think and do as he does, and so the thing is at last accomplished.

As I have great hopes that some among the ST. NICHOLAS children will agree with me that we ought to give poor "Tit for Tat" a chance to become respectable, I have written two little verses, which will be good to help them to remember their duty in the case:

"It was the Dutchmen said it first.  
They called it 'Dit vor dat.'  
It's grown to be an ugly rule,  
As we say, 'Tit for Tat.'

But what the Dutch words really mean,  
Is simply, 'This for that;'  
We might make it a Golden Rule,  
And still say, 'Tit for Tat!'"

## THE GREAT SNOWBALL FIGHT.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

THE boys from Tin Horn were always troublesome, to begin with. On the other hand, the village boys, and especially those belonging to the Boat Club, were never friendly to the Tin Horn boys. There was a mill at Tin Horn, and nearly all the boys worked there, and on Saturday afternoons, when the mill was closed, they came over to the Great Pond, half-way to the village, to see the boating and skating. These mill boys were not exactly bad, but their confined life and hard work made them rather rough playfellows. Perhaps this was partly owing to the fact that they had never felt the soothing influence of a lapstreak nor the moral support of a pair of good skates. They were poor boys. The village boys had skates and lapstreaks and a good boathouse. So it happened there was not much intercourse between the two sets of boys. It was even said the Tin Horn boys stood on the shore and made fun of the younger members of the honorable Boat Club. On the other hand, the village boys had never once invited the mill boys to take a sail, though there was always room enough in the boats. In the winter, the poor little fellows stood and looked on while the more fortunate boys cut beautiful figures with their club skates. Perhaps, if they had

never put themselves in the skaters' way, nor laughed quite so loudly when any fellow sat down unintentionally, the village boys might have been more friendly. But it did seem as if the boys from Tin Horn were forever making trouble of some kind.

One night in February, there was a heavy fall of snow, and the skating on the Great Pond was greatly impeded. The members of the Boat Club, knowing that everybody would wish to try the skating on Saturday afternoon, went down to the pond, and with brooms and shovels cleared off the snow over quite a large part of the ice in front of the boathouse. But the snow had drifted badly in the night, and the dawn of Saturday broke clear, cold, and very windy. Parts of the sandy road along the north shore were bare, and the wind was northwest. These things the boys did not at the time observe, which was a great pity, for had they noticed them, the great snowball fight might not have happened.

Soon after one o'clock, the entire Boat Club, accompanied by every boy and girl who owned a pair of skates, went to the pond. When they reached the cleared place, the skating was completely ruined. The ice was covered with sand. Every one said at once that those dreadful mill

boys had spread sand on the ice, out of mischief, just to spoil the fun they could not enjoy themselves.

Then James Carter, the President of the Boat Club, said the sand must be swept off the ice, and he appointed Jake Stiles, Fred Tinker, and Tommy Morris as a committee of three to go over to the Widow Lawson's and borrow one or two brooms. The Widow Lawson lived in a large wooden house near the edge of the pond. Her husband had died several years before, and she now earned a living by taking boarders in the summer. The house was beautifully located on the road that skirted the pond, and the little place was about half a mile from the village and a mile from Tin Horn. There was a garden in front of the house, and behind it a well with an old-fashioned well-sweep. It was said that the house, the little barn, and the garden made all the property the widow had in the world, and taking boarders was her only means of support.

The committee found Mrs. Lawson busy in the attic, cleaning some old clothes with naphtha. She came down to them and even went to the barn and found three old brooms, which she said had been very good brooms when they were new. The committee took the brooms and said they were much obliged and would do as much for her some day.

"Mebby you will," she said. "Folks have been beholden to children before now. I hope none of you 'll get drowned. Skating on the ice is dangerous — particularly in warm weather."

"It is cold enough now," said the chairman of the committee.

"So the folks were saying, and I noticed my well is nearly frozen up," was the reply. "I suppose there's not a drop of water for a mile, and the river frozen and the pond covered with ice. It's scurcely weather for ducks, I'm sure."

The widow always did like to talk, and the committee bowed themselves out as politely and quickly as they could. As they crossed the road to go to the pond, whom should they meet but Teddy O'Brien on his way to his home at Tin Horn.

"There's one of the little wretches who put sand on the ice," cried the chairman of the committee. "Let us tumble him into the snow."

They were three to one. Poor little Teddy was all alone, and he had a pound of butter in one hand and a package of tea in the other. He dropped his bundles and tried to make a brave fight for it, but they soon rolled him in the snow and ran off, laughing heartily at his tears. All the boys and girls saw what was done, and when the committee arrived some laughed, but others said it was a very mean thing to do, and that Teddy would go home and tell the mill boys, and they would take his

part and be sure to do something far worse than putting sand on the ice.

Three of the big boys took the brooms, and in a very short time the sand was swept away, and then the fun began. Teddy O'Brien was forgotten in the sport, and time flew away more quickly than they knew. Perhaps an hour had passed when one of the little boys who had broken his skate strap, and was sitting on the bank trying to mend it, saw a great number of boys creeping quietly along the road beyond the Widow Lawson's house. They were Tin Horn boys. When they reached the edge of the pond, they all began to pick up the snow and to make snowballs. What did it mean? What was going to happen? Were these enemies preparing for a snowball fight? Every one seemed to discover them, at the same time, and the next moment the boys began to gather around the President of the Boat Club, and some of the girls sat down on the bank and began to take off their skates.

"The committee on brooms," said the president, "has involved us in a nice little difficulty. Every boy at the mills has come over to avenge the wrongs of Teddy O'Brien."

One fellow, who had lost three fingers in a hay-cutter, suggested that it would be well to go home.

"No, *sir!*" exclaimed the others, adding: "We must stay and fight it out. If we run away, they will chase us and get the better of us. The thing for us to do is to take off our skates, and make a lot of snowballs."

"Would n't it be better to make a fort?"

"No," said the President. "There is no time. The best way is to form a line, and go at 'em as fast as we can. Unless we drive them off they will drive us off, and smash the windows of the clubhouse afterwards."

The President was made Captain on the spot, and he at once gave his orders for the fight. The little boys must go home with the girls, and call every fellow in the village to come out and drive the Tin Horn boys back. Some of the girls wished to stay and see the fight, and care for the wounded, and every boy declared he was not a little fellow, and would not go home with the girls, anyhow.

While this was going on, there came a loud yell from the enemy, and they were seen advancing from the shore in a long line over the ice. The fight was about to begin, and for a moment there was some confusion. Every one was making snowballs as rapidly as possible, and the Captain rushed about giving his orders. Suddenly, there were several shots fired by the enemy. Little 'Tilda Simpkins had her hat knocked off, and she began to cry loudly. There was some lively dodging

among the younger boys. Captain Carter stood up bravely, and received a ball flat on the nose. He never shed a tear, but squeezed a ball till it became quite icy.

"Stand steady, men! Save your shots till you see the whites of their —"

A particularly icy ball whizzed past his ear and made it sing.

"Form a line, fellows — form a line. Steady in the ranks. Steady!"

They formed as strong a line as possible and advanced boldly, while all the girls ran away as fast as they could, to report the dreadful news in the village, and to carry 'Tilda Simpkins home to her mother.

"Forward!" cried Captain Carter. "Forward, all together!"

The charge was magnificent, and the mill boys, who expected to take the skaters by surprise, were for a moment demoralized. There were skirmishers thrown out in front, and there was a good volley from the entire army. It was too much for them and they broke and ran, followed by the villagers, shouting and firing as fast as possible. Reaching the banks of the pond, the enemy made a stand. They had lots of spare balls stored up, and with these they made a fierce fight. The balls flew thick and fast. Many a poor fellow had a sore nose and cold fingers.

It was no use. The mill boys were two to one against the villagers. Captain Carter managed to keep his line well formed, but it was too short. The enemy began to flank him on both sides and the fellows at the ends were getting badly punished. Two had fallen out with a cut lip or sore hands. The fight waged hotter and hotter. Hot shots were plentiful, which was remarkable considering the snow was so cold. The Tin Horn boys fought savagely. They were bound to avenge Teddy O'Brien and his lost butter and tea.

Slowly they began to press their enemy across the pond. The shots flew faster and faster. There were shouts, and perhaps cries of pain, but no one minded how badly he was wounded, and all flung the snowballs as fast as possible. The Tin Horn line of battle was splendidly managed, and just as Captain Carter had retired to the boathouse to care for his wounds, Micky O'Toole, the Tin Horn General, succeeded in breaking the villagers' line in the center. They were outnumbered, and greatly demoralized by the loss of their leader, and they were on the point of breaking up in confusion, when there came a terrible cry, half a scream, half a shout of alarm.

"Fire! Fire!"

"Mercy on us! Can't ye stop your play to hear me? My naphtha can fell over and set the roof

on fire. Can't ye run and call the men-folks before my best things all burn up?"

"What's the matter, mum?" said General Micky O'Toole.

"Mercy on us. Can't ye see my house is all a-fire! Can't ye call the men-folks to bring the engine!"

Yes, the widow's house was on fire. Already a little wreath of smoke was issuing through the roof. In an instant, the two armies were running, friend and foe together, toward the burning house. They had forgotten their battle in the presence of real danger and greater disaster. Captain Carter forgot his bruised chin, and started to follow the boys running to the fire.

"Will nobody call the men-folks?" cried the poor widow, as Captain Carter ran past her.

"'T would be of no use, ma'am," he replied. "There's not a drop of water to be had anywhere."

"Call the men-folks! Call the men-folks. I'm only a poor lone woman, and all my best things are burning in the garret."

Captain James Carter wished to go to the fire. The poor woman appealed to him to go to the village for the engine. Here was a good fight within himself, between duty and selfishness.

"I must run to town for the men," he cried, and was off in a moment.

The village boys and the mill boys reached the burning house together, and stood perplexed and alarmed. One corner of the roof was smoking at every shingle. There were tiny tongues of fire along the eaves. What could they do? The pond was frozen, the well-sweep stiff with ice.

"Let us bring out the furniture," cried the chairman of the committee on brooms.

There was a rush toward the burning house, but just then General Micky O'Toole sprang on the top of the fence and cried out:

"Hold on, fellows! Ye may get killed entirely if ye go inside. Let's snowball the roof! That'll put the fire out."

And he quickly made a soft snowball and sent it flying toward the house. It lodged on the roof and rolled down through the smoke into the eaves-trough, and upon a tiny flame which sputtered and went out.

"Hurrah! That's the idea! Snowball the fire!" In an instant, a dozen snowballs went flying through the air. Each sent up a white puff of steam as it struck the roof. Every boy was a fighter again, and took good aim at the sparkling flames along the eaves.

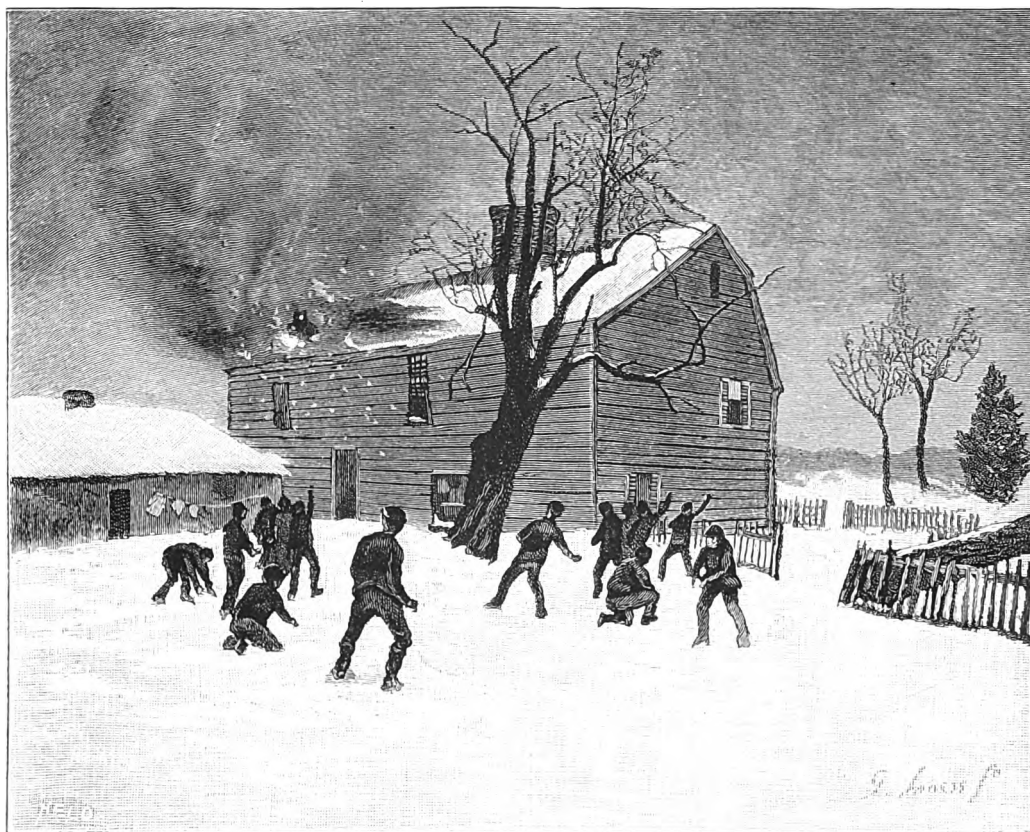
The snow was deep and soft just there — just right for making snowballs. They rose by dozens and scores, and fell like big white rain on the roof. The fighters stood on every side and put in the

shots from every direction, every man of them a hero in a good fight.

At first, it did not seem to do much good. The smoke increased rapidly, and though every shot told, the fire seemed to increase. Faster and faster flew the balls. Hurrah! The men were beginning to arrive from every direction. They saw the idea at once, and every one went to work throwing snowballs at the blazing roof. Suddenly the engine arrived, but it stopped at the gate, and

nearly burned through, but still standing. The house had been saved by snowballs.

The Widow Lawson said "she was tired out with shaking hands" with everybody, and she thanked General Michael O'Toole again and again for suggesting such a cute idea, and President James Carter for calling the engine when it was n't wanted. "He meant well, James did, but he was a little too late," she said; but she thanked him, all the same.



FIGHTING THE FIRE WITH SNOWBALLS.

every man and boy left the ropes and joined in the great snowball fight.

Ah! The smoke is going down. The snow cannonade is too much for the fire. It hissed and sputtered, and at last went out, while white clouds of steam took the place of the brown smoke. The wind blew the steam away and there was the roof,

They called it a drawn battle, and ever afterward the Tin Horn boys and the village boys were good friends. It was soon known, of course, that it was the wind that blew the sand on the ice. Peace was better than war, and every one of the combatants had proved himself a hero in the great snowball fight.

## AN ERRAND.

BY SIDNEY DAYRE.

## I.

"PUT on your hat, my boy, and go  
And make your prettiest bow, and say  
That your Mamma would like to know  
How old Mrs. Weatherly is to-day."

## II.

"Well, how do you do, Ma'am?—  
I'm glad to see *you*, Ma'am."  
—Johnny bowed in his finest style,  
And smiled his very politest smile.—  
"My mother sent me over to say,  
How old are you, if you please, to-day?"

## SAVAGE AND COWARDLY.

BY JOHN R. CORVELL.

It would be difficult to imagine a more vicious brute than the wolf. It is so bloodthirsty that when one of its fellows is disabled by wounds or illness, it will fall upon the helpless animal and tear it in pieces. On the other hand, it is so cowardly that when it is captured it is so stupefied by fear that it makes no effort to defend itself.

The wolf is a native of every portion of the globe, from the hot tropics to the freezing polar regions, and everywhere he is dreaded by both man and beast. When hungry, and they are seldom otherwise, wolves collect together, and set out in a band, ready to devour the first hapless creature that comes along. They are not so very swift, but they seem absolutely tireless, and keep on the trail of a flying animal with a long, slouching gallop that never varies, and that in the end is sure to wear out the fleetest of runners. The horse and even the swifter deer sometimes fall victims to the wolf. Nor is it only by sheer dogged pursuit that the wolf secures its prey. When a hungry pack comes upon a fit victim, the fleetest two or three set off in direct pursuit, while the others, as if by preconcerted agreement, fall off to the right and left, ready to prevent escape should the pursued animal seek to turn. They have even been known to adopt a finer strategy than this.

A credible story is told by a gentleman who had gone out to hunt roebuck, of a scene he witnessed which displayed well-considered planning by two wolves. He had taken up his station near a trail

where he was quite certain the deer would pass, and was waiting patiently, when a wolf with hanging tongue rushed across the trail, and was hidden in the brush before the startled hunter could make up his mind to shoot at it.

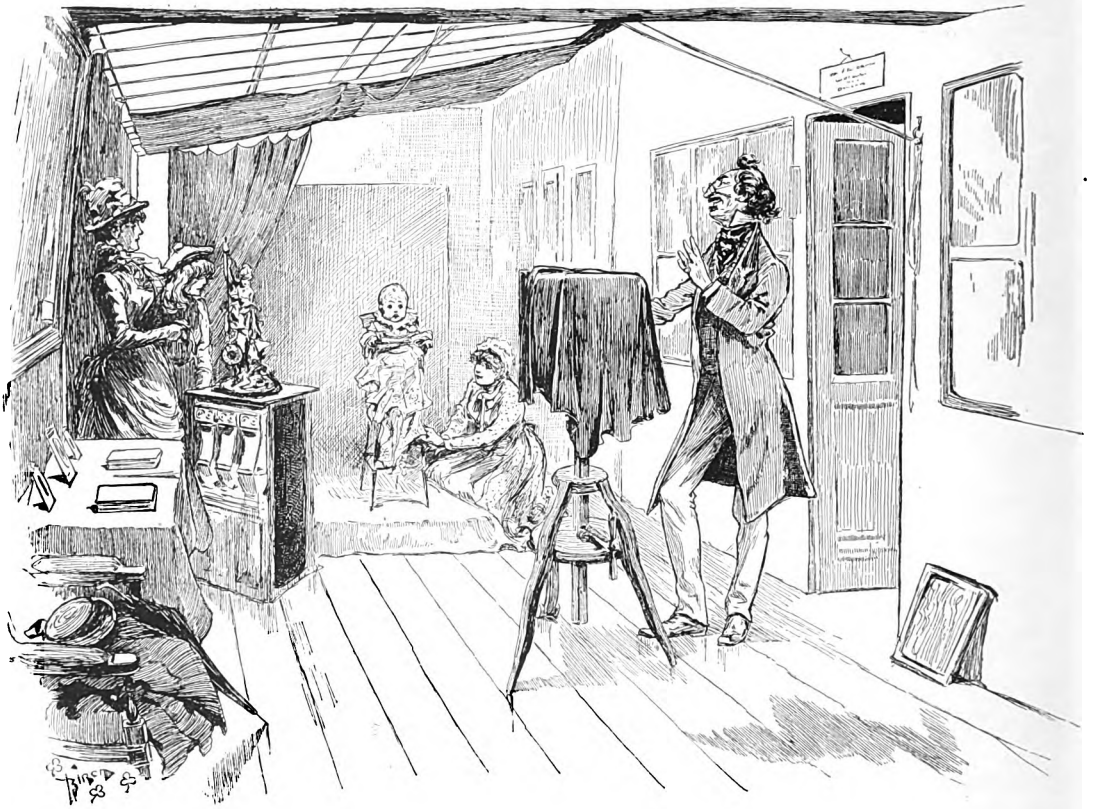
In another moment, from the opposite direction, a roebuck, with a magnificent bound, cleared a large fallen tree, and with expanded nostrils and head outstretched, was making straight past the brush into which the wolf had disappeared.

The rifle was leveled, when the hunter's quick eye saw a pursuing wolf scrambling over a tree not far behind the deer. With a speed that would have left the wolf behind in a few minutes, the roebuck dashed onward. It rose to clear the brush; it fell back dying. The first wolf had been lying in wait there, and at the right moment had leaped at the flying deer, and caught it by the throat. However, the triumph of the wolves was short. The sportsman's repeating-rifle put them beyond the need of roebuck.

In this country we have the prairie wolf, the coyote, and the black wolf, the last-named being the largest and most dangerous. In former days, wolves were common in England, Scotland, and Ireland, but they were so dangerous to lonely travelers that fierce war was made upon them, and they were exterminated. In other parts of Europe, however, they are still to be found, and many frightful tales come now from eastern Europe, of the savage doings of the hungry creatures.







## TAKING BABY'S PICTURE.

By A. W. N.

*Photographer:*

"CARDS? Four dollars. Six for this size.  
 These will please you best, I think.  
 I'll be ready in a moment,  
 And we'll take him, in a wink.  
 Bring in baby. Will you hold him  
 Sitting in your lap, and—No?  
 Ah! I see!—Then we'll arrange him  
 In this little high chair.—So!  
 There, that's easy.—'Heigho, baby,  
 Going to take a little ride?  
 Want to see the pretty birdy?'  
 (When I'm ready step one side.)—"

*Mamma:*

"Now, my Bessie, do not whisper;  
 We must still as statues be.  
 If we speak, the baby 'll surely  
 Turn his head and look at me."

*Photographer:*

("Now, good Nurse, please raise him up  
 A little—there!) 'Hear birdy sing?'  
 (Little more!)—'Where is the birdy?'  
 (That's right.)—'What shall Nursey bring?'  
 (Try to close his mouth.)—'Come, birdy!'  
 (Now his head is up too high,—  
 Easy,—there!) 'Chirp, chirp,—hear birdy?'  
 Baby see bird by an' by?  
 (That's right—keep him so!)—'Good baby,'—  
 (Steady!)—'Baby would n't cry!'—  
 (Now then!)—'LOOK! SEE! HERE 'S THE  
 BIRDY!'  
 —Caught him, first time, 'on the fly'!

"Yes, it's good. I know you'll like it.  
 I'll have proofs without delay.  
 Can't be better. Finished?—Friday.  
 Very much obliged. Good day!"

## PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

## VI.

## IN FLORENCE AND VENICE.



WE left ourselves in Capri, as you will remember, not knowing how long we should have to stay there. But I am happy to say that, after having been detained there two days, during which we scattered ourselves over the whole island, and made up our minds that it was a place where we could spend a summer vacation with perfect satisfaction, the steamboat came and we sailed away.

And now we are in Florence, having come by railway from Naples, stopping over night in Rome. As I have said before, each prominent Italian city is as

different from all the others as if it belonged to another country; and, in fact, at one time or another they each did belong to a different country.

We can not walk in the narrow streets by the tall palaces, and in the great open squares of Florence, called by the Italians *La Bella*, because it is so beautiful, without being reminded at every step of by-gone times; and yet there is nothing ancient about Florence. It is preëminently a city of the Middle Ages, and with the exception of the dress of its citizens, it looks almost as mediæval to-day as it did in the time of Dante and Michael Angelo. The Romans were here, of course, but they left few or no ruins behind them, and in our rambles through Florence we shall never think of the ancient Romans. This, I know, will be a comfort to some of us. It was in the Middle Ages that Florence raised itself up so that the whole world might see it, and it was not only political power or commercial greatness that then was seen, but a city of poets and architects, of men of learning, and of thought. One of the charms of Florence now, will be that we can see it just as it was at the time of its greatest glory. The lofty, fortified palaces appear in as good order as when they were

first built; some of them are still inhabited by the descendants of the princes and nobles who built them. In the walls of these palaces are the same iron rings to which the knights and cavaliers used to tie their horses, and here, too, are the iron sockets in which torches were thrust to light up the street about the palace doors. These things are sound and strong, and would be perfectly fit for use to-day if people still tied their horses to rings in the sides of houses, or thrust torches into iron sockets. It is a peculiarity of the city that nearly everything, no matter how long ago it was made or built, is in good condition. Florence has been well kept, and if the painters, and poets, the architects, the sculptors, and philosophers of former days could return to it, they would probably feel very much at home. Giotto could look up at the beautiful *campanile*, or bell-tower,\* that he built, and find it just as he had left it; and if he had forgotten what he meant by the groups and symbols which he put upon it, he could step into the adjoining street and buy a book by Mr. Ruskin, the English art critic, which would tell him all about it. Dante could sit on the same stone (if somebody would take it out of a wall for him) on which he used to rest and watch the building of the great *duomo*, or cathedral. This stone, now called the *Sasso di Dante*, was placed, after the poet's death, in the wall of a house near the spot where it used to lie, and there it is now, with an inscription on it. Farther on, the two architects who built the cathedral would find statues of themselves, one looking up at the dome, because he made that; and the other at the body of the building, because that was his work. The great, round baptistery, near by, would look very familiar, with its beautiful bronze doors on which are twelve exquisite bass-reliefs representing Scripture scenes. And if these returned Florentines were to go inside, they would probably see some babies baptized in very much the same way in which it used to be done in the Middle Ages. On the opposite side of the street they would still find the *bigallo*, a very pretty little building, in the open porch of which babies were put on exhibition at certain periods, so that any one who wished to adopt a child could come there and see if any one of those on view would suit. It was, in fact, a sort of baby market. The place is now an orphan asylum, but I believe the babies are not set out for adoption. In a small street, not far from the

\* An engraving of this bell-tower was printed in *St. Nicholas* for July, 1881.

cathedral, Dante would find his old house still standing; and Michael Angelo could go into his house and find, in the room which he used as his study, a lot of unfinished pencil-drawings just as he left them.

In the principal *piazza*, or square, of the city would still be seen standing the great Palazzo Vecchio, which is a town hall now, just as it used to be; and near by still stands the vast open portico adorned with statuary, in which the nobles and the magistrates once gathered to view public spectacles or meetings in the open square. But Savonarola, the famous monk and patriot of Florence, could not see the spot in this square where he was burned at the stake. This place has been covered by a handsome fountain. Here, in the vast Uffizzi Palace, the Duke de Medici, Cosmo III., would find that now-celebrated statue of Venus which he brought to Florence in the sixteenth century. It was an ancient statue then, but its great fame has come to it since, and it still is known as the Venus di Medici and not by the name of its sculptor—Cleomenes, the Greek, the son of Apollodorus.

What a grand collection of pictures and sculptures, with the most of which they would be very familiar, would the returned Florentines of the Middle Ages find in the long galleries of the Uffizzi Palace, and in those of the Pitti Palace on the other side of the river Arno, which runs through the city! These two palaces are united by a covered gallery, which forms the upper story of a very old bridge called the Ponte Vecchio, which is a curious and interesting structure. Each side is lined with little shops which, ever since the year 1593, have been occupied by goldsmiths and jewelers. The shops are still there, and if the old-time goldsmiths were to come back, they would have no difficulty in finding their old places of business.

The Pitti Palace is a very grand building, with a front as long as a New-York block from avenue to avenue. The massive stones of which it is built, some of them twenty feet long, are rough and unhewn, and the whole building has a very massive and imposing appearance. This and the Uffizzi Palace together contain one of the most valuable and extensive collections of pictures in the world. Even the covered way over the bridge has its walls hung with pictures. Here we shall wander from hall to hall, and gallery to gallery, and look upon many of those great works of art, of which we have so often seen engravings, or which we have read and heard about.

The Bargello is a large and old stone palace, once the residence of the *Podesta*, or chief magistrate of the town. It is now a museum filled with all

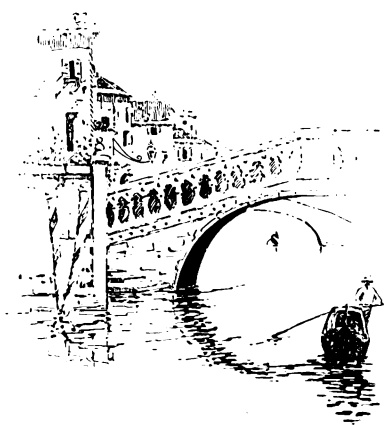
sorts of curious things, generally relating to old Florence, such as arms, costumes, etc. There are also here a great many statues and other works of art. One of these is that fine figure of Mercury, casts of which we all have seen. It stands tip-toe on one foot, and is winged on head and heels.

The palaces of Florence were built for fortresses as well as for residences, and they still stand, tall, massive, and gray, looking down upon the narrow streets of the city. On the corners of some of these we shall see great lamps surrounded by the intricate and beautiful iron-work, for which the artist blacksmiths of the Middle Ages were famous.

It will soon become evident to those of us who have not remembered the fact, that the Medici family were once very prominent citizens of Florence. There are Medici statues in the public places; the Medici palaces indicate the power and wealth of the family; and in the church of San Lorenzo, besides some grand sculptured tombs by Michael Angelo, we shall see the Chapel of the Princes, an immense hall, built by the Medici family as a place in which to bury their dead, at a cost of over four millions of dollars. The octagonal walls of the room, which is very high and covered by a dome, are composed of the most costly marbles and valuable stones, while upon lofty pedestals around the room are the granite sarcophagi of six of the Medici princes, gorgeously adorned with emeralds, rubies, and other precious gems.

If we happen to be in Florence on Ascension Day, we shall see a great many people in the streets who offer for sale little wooden cages, two or three inches square, which are used in a very peculiar way. Each person who wants to know what his or her fortune is to be during the ensuing year, buys one of these cages, and into it is put a cricket, great numbers of which are caught on that day by children, and even men and women, in the fields and roads outside of the town. Each cricket is kept in its cage without food, and if it grows thin enough to get out between the little bars, and escapes, then its owner expects good luck during all the year; but if the cricket's constitution can not withstand privation, and it dies in the cage before it is thin enough to get out, then the person who imprisoned it must expect misfortune. Many travelers buy some of these curious little cages as mementos; but if we do not wish to be troubled by Mr. Bergh, or our own consciences, we shall not go into the cricket fortune-telling business.

The suburbs of Florence are very beautiful, and from some points in them we have charming views of the city, and the valley in which it lies, the river, and the mountains all about. To the north, on an eminence, is the very ancient and



picturesque town of Fiesole, with remains of great walls, which were built by the Etruscans before Romulus and Remus were ever heard of.

—  
GOING on with our journey, the next place we shall visit is Venice, the

“City in the Sea.” This lies, as we all know, in a shallow part of the Adriatic, and is built upon three large islands, and one hundred and fourteen smaller islands. Instead of streets it has one hundred and fifty canals. The railway on which we arrive crosses a bridge more than two miles long; the wide stretch of water lying between the city and the mainland; and when we go out of the station, instead of finding carriages and cabs in waiting for us, we see the famous long black boats of Venice called gondolas. There is not a horse, a cab, or a carriage of any kind in all the city. The people go about in gondolas or other kinds of boats, or walk in the alleys, streets, and squares, which are found all over the city. If any one wishes to cross a canal, he can do it by that one of the three hundred and seventy-eight bridges that happens to be most convenient.

The Grand Canal, nearly two miles long, and as broad as a small river, winds through the city. At one end of it is the railway station, and at the other the hotel to which we are going. When we are all ready—four of us, with our baggage, in each gondola—the two gondoliers, one standing at the stern and the other at the bow, push on their long oars and send us skimming over the water. We shall not make the whole tour of the Grand Canal, but soon leaving it, we glide into one of the side canals, and thread our way swiftly along, between tall houses rising right out of the water, under bridges, around corners, past churches, and open squares filled with busy people—grazing, but never touching, other gondolas going in the opposite direction, until we shoot out into the lower part of the Grand Canal, near its junction with the lagoon, or bay, in which Venice lies. Tall palaces, with their fronts beautifully ornamented, now stand upon our left, and on the opposite bank is a great domed church with beautiful carvings and sculptures, which seems to rise, bal-

loon-like, out of the water. In the open lagoon is a large island with a tall church-spire. Far away are other islands, purple in the distance; vessels sail about with brightly colored sails, often red or orange; gondolas shoot here, there, and everywhere; and a little farther down, large ships and steamers lie at anchor. Our gondolas skim around with a sweep, and stop at the steps of the hotel, which come down into the water.

There are few things about Venice that will be more directly interesting to us than the gondolas, which constitute a peculiar and delightful feature of the city. If ordinary rowboats were substituted for gondolas, Venice would lose one of its greatest charms. These boats, which are truly Venetian, and are used nowhere else but here, are very long, narrow, and light. The passengers, of whom there are seldom more than four, sit on softly cushioned seats in the middle of the boat, and the portion occupied by them is generally covered in cold or rainy weather by a little cabin, something like a carriage-top, with windows at the sides and a door in front. In hot weather, when the sun shines, this cabin-top is taken off, and its place supplied by a light awning. Very often, however, neither is needed, and at such times the gondola is most enjoyable. At the bow of every gondola rises a high steel affair, brightly polished, which looks like an old-fashioned halberd or sword-ax; these are placed here principally because it has always been the fashion to have them, and they are also useful in going under bridges; if the *ferro*, as this handsome steel prow is called, can go under a bridge without touching, the rest of the gondola will do so also. There is but one color for a gondola, and that is black; this, especially when the black cabin is on, gives it a very somber appearance. Many people, indeed, liken them to floating hearses, with their black cords, tassels, and cushions. But when their white or bright colored awnings are up, or when they have neither canopy nor awning, their appearance is quite cheerful. There is nothing funereal, however, about the gondoliers, of whom there is generally one to each gondola. It is only when the boat is heavily loaded, or when great speed or style is desired, that there are two of them. The gondolier stands in the stern, as we have so often seen him in pictures, and rests his oar on a crooked projection at the side of the boat; he leans forward, throwing his weight upon his oar, and thus sends his light craft skimming over the water. As he sways forward and back, sometimes, apparently on one foot only, it seems as if he were in danger of tumbling off the narrow end of the boat; but he never does.—Trust him for that. The dexterity with which he steers his craft, always with his oar

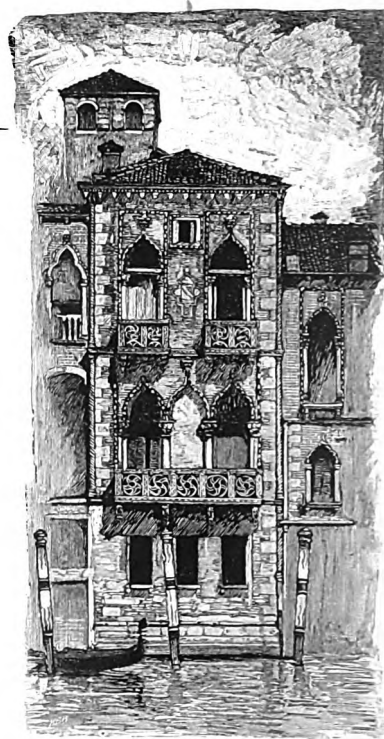


A SCENE IN VENICE.

on one side, is astonishing. He shoots around corners, giving, as he does so, a very peculiar shout to tell other gondoliers that he is coming; in narrow places he glides by the other boats, or close up to houses, without ever touching anything; and when he has a straight course, he pushes on and on, and never seems to be tired. Gondoliers in the service of private families, and some of those whose boats are for hire, dress in very pretty costumes of white or light-colored sailor clothes, with a broad collar and a red or blue sash; these, with a straw hat and long floating ribbons, give the gondolier a very gay appearance which counterbalances in a measure the somberness of his boat.

The reason that the gondolas are always black is this: In the early days of Venice the rich people were very extravagant, and each one of them tried to look finer than any one else; among their other rivalries, they decked out their gondolas in a very gorgeous fashion. In order to check this absurd display, there was a law passed in the fifteenth century decreeing that every gondola, no matter whether it belonged to a rich man or a poor one, should be entirely black. And since that time every gondola has been black.

I have said a great deal in regard to gondolas because they are very important to us, and we shall spend much of our time in them. One of the best things about them is that they



DESDEMONA'S HOUSE.

are very cheap; the fare for two persons is twenty cents for the first hour, and ten cents for each succeeding hour. If we give the gondolier a little extra change at the end of a long row, he will be very grateful.

One of our first excursions will be a trip along the whole length of the Grand Canal. As we start from the lower end, we soon pass on our right the small but beautiful palace of Cantarini-Fasan, which is said to have been the palace in which Shakespeare chose to lay the scene of Othello's courtship of Desdemona. The palaces which we

such as the Palazzo Foscari, are grand specimens of architecture. These palaces are directly at the water's edge, and at a couple of yards distance from their door-ways is a row of gayly painted posts, driven into the bottom of the canal. They are intended to protect the gondolas lying at the broad stone steps from being run into by passing craft. The posts in front of each house are of different color and design, and add very much to the gayety of the scene. Before long we come to quite a large bridge which is one of the three that cross the Grand Canal. We must stop here and land, for



THE RIALTO.

now see rising up on each side, were almost all built in the Middle Ages, and many of them look old and a little shabby, but among them are some very beautiful and peculiar specimens of architecture, their fronts being covered with artistic and graceful ornamentation; many of the windows, or rather clusters of windows, are very picturesque; and the effect of these long rows of grand old palaces, with their pillars, their carvings, and the varied colors of their fronts, is much more pleasing to us than if they were all fresh and new. One of these, the Cà d'Oro, or House of Gold, is particularly elegant; and some of the larger ones,

this is a bridge of which we all have heard, and we shall wish to walk upon it and see what it looks like. It is the Rialto, where "many a time and oft" old Shylock in the "Merchant of Venice" had a disagreeable time of it. It is a queer bridge, high in the middle, with a good many steps at either end. On each side is a row of shops or covered stalls, where fruit, crockery, and small articles are sold. This is a very busy quarter of the city; on one side of the canal is the fish market, and on the other, the fruit and vegetable market. The canal here, and indeed for its whole length, is full of life; large craft move slowly along, the men on board



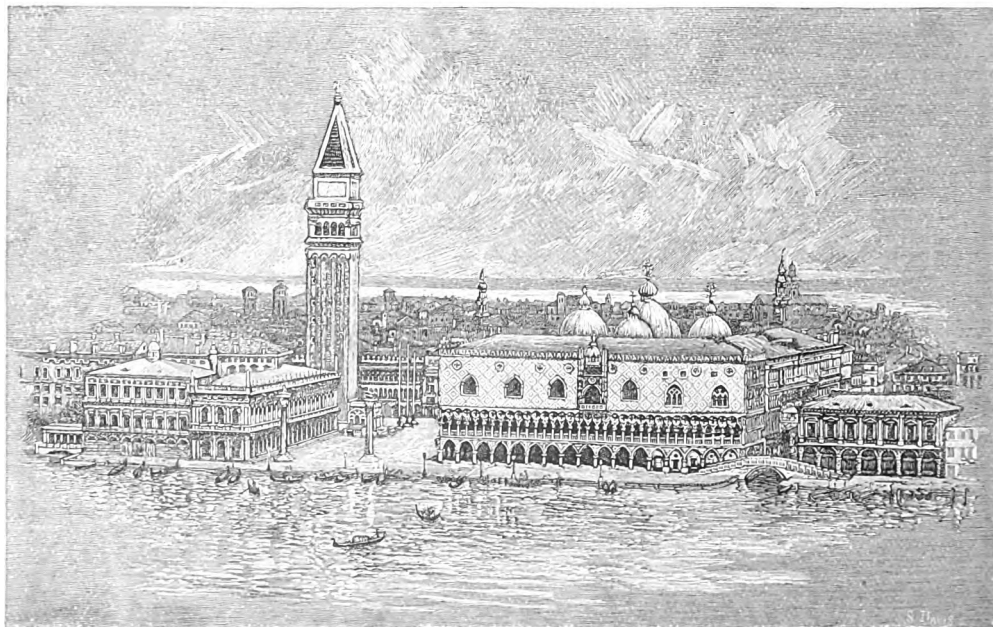


THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

generally pushing them with long poles; now and then a little passenger steamboat, not altogether suited to a city of the Middle Ages, but very quiet and unobtrusive, hurries by, crowded with people;

and look where we may, we see a man standing on the thin end of a long black boat pushing upon an oar, and shouting to another man engaged in the same pursuit.

Passing under a long modern bridge built of iron, we go on until we reach the railway bridge, where we came in, and go out upon the broad lagoon, where we look over toward the mainland and see the long line of the beautiful Tyrolese Alps. We return through a number of the smaller canals, the water of which, unfortunately, is not always very clean, but we shall not mind that, for we see so much that is novel and curious to us. In some places, there is a street on one side of the canal, with shops, but this is not common; generally we pass close to the foundations of the tall houses, and when there is an open space we can almost always see a church standing back in it. We continually pass under little bridges; at one corner we shall see as many as five, close together; these connect small streets and squares, and there are always people on them. If the day is warm we shall see plenty of Venetian boys swimming in the canals, wearing nothing but a pair of light trousers, and they care so little for our approach that we are afraid our gondolas will run over some of them. The urchins are very quick and active, however, and we might as well try to touch a fish as one of them. I once saw a Venetian girl about sixteen years old, who was sitting upon the steps of a house teaching her



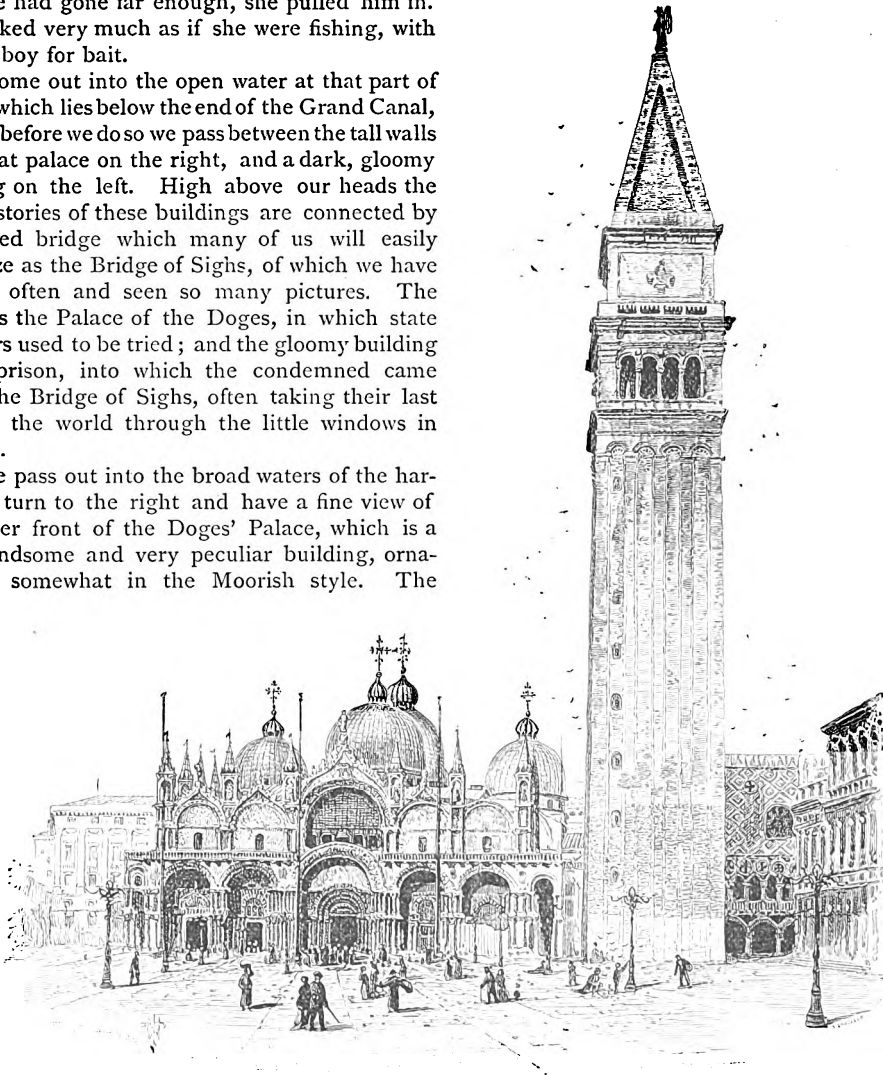
THE DOGES' PALACE.

young brother to swim. The little fellow was very small, and she had tied a cord around his waist, one end of which she held in her hand. She would let the child get into the water and paddle away as well as he could. When he seemed tired or when he had gone far enough, she pulled him in. She looked very much as if she were fishing, with a small boy for bait.

We come out into the open water at that part of Venice which lies below the end of the Grand Canal, but just before we do so we pass between the tall walls of a great palace on the right, and a dark, gloomy building on the left. High above our heads the second stories of these buildings are connected by a covered bridge which many of us will easily recognize as the Bridge of Sighs, of which we have read so often and seen so many pictures. The palace is the Palace of the Doges, in which state prisoners used to be tried; and the gloomy building is the prison, into which the condemned came across the Bridge of Sighs, often taking their last view of the world through the little windows in its sides.

As we pass out into the broad waters of the harbor, we turn to the right and have a fine view of the water front of the Doges' Palace, which is a very handsome and very peculiar building, ornamented somewhat in the Moorish style. The

and the other by a rather curious group representing a saint killing a crocodile. At the other end of this open space, which is called the Piazzetta, we see, rising high above everything else in Venice, the



ST. MARK'S AND THE CAMPANILE.

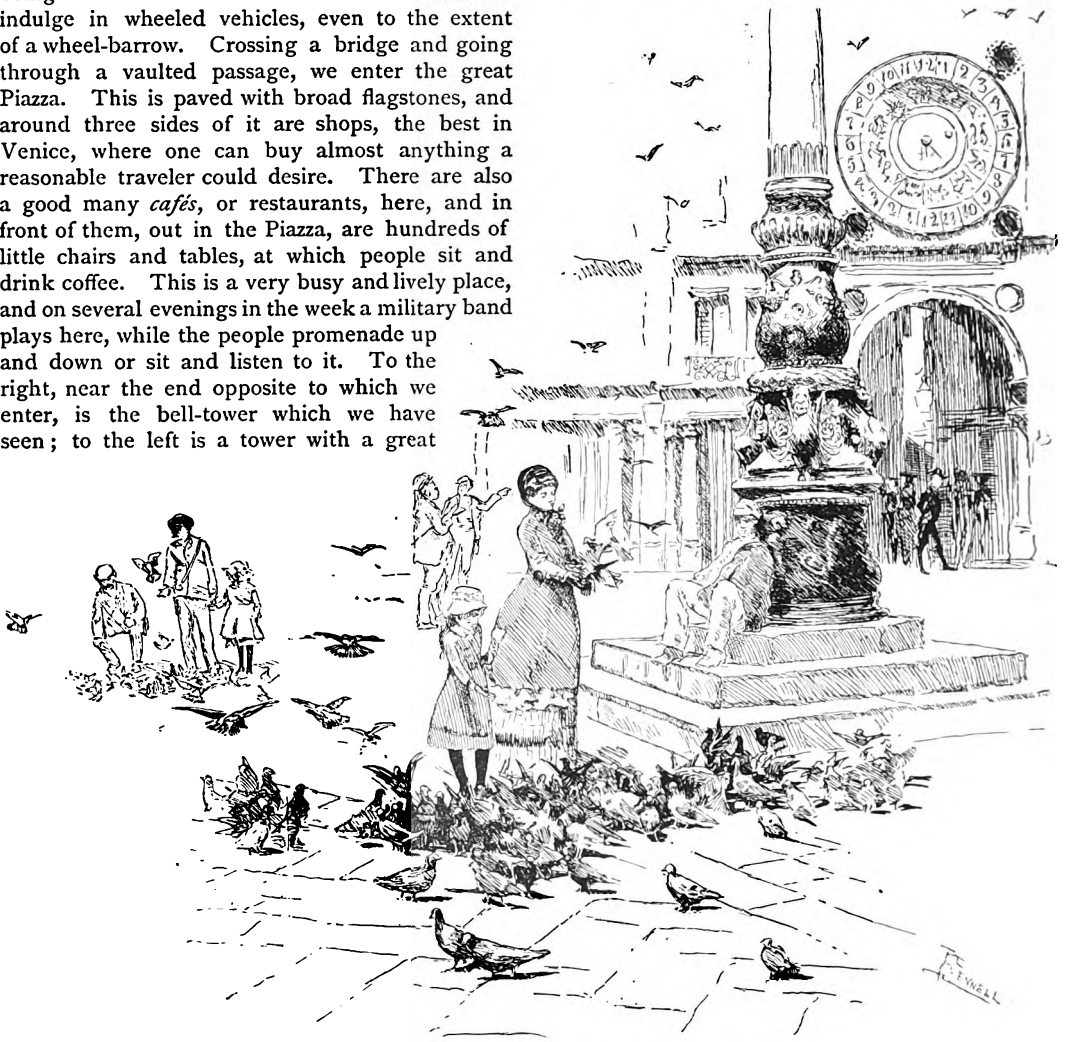
lower part of the front has a yellowish tinge, shaded off into light pink toward the top. We next pass a wide open space, reaching far back beyond the palace, and at the foot of this are long rows of steps, where great numbers of gondolas are lying crowded together waiting to be hired. Near by are two columns, one surmounted by the winged lion of St. Mark, the patron saint of Venice,

tall *campanile*, or bell-tower. This is in the Piazza San Marco, the great central point of the city; and the next thing we shall do is to come here on foot and see what is to be seen.

When we start upon this walk, we leave our hotel by the back door, and after twisting about through narrow passages, we soon find ourselves in a quite wide and pretty street, filled with shops

and people. The pavement is very smooth and clean, being one wide foot-walk, and we can straggle about as we please, without any fear of being run over. I do not believe the Venetians indulge in wheeled vehicles, even to the extent of a wheel-barrow. Crossing a bridge and going through a vaulted passage, we enter the great Piazza. This is paved with broad flagstones, and around three sides of it are shops, the best in Venice, where one can buy almost anything a reasonable traveler could desire. There are also a good many *cafés*, or restaurants, here, and in front of them, out in the Piazza, are hundreds of little chairs and tables, at which people sit and drink coffee. This is a very busy and lively place, and on several evenings in the week a military band plays here, while the people promenade up and down or sit and listen to it. To the right, near the end opposite to which we enter, is the bell-tower which we have seen; to the left is a tower with a great

and artistic, and are bright with red, purple and gold. In front of the cathedral are three very tall flag-staffs, painted a bright red, which have been



FEEDING THE PIGEONS IN THE SQUARE OF ST. MARK'S.

clock in the face of it, on the top of which are two life-size iron figures, which strike the hours with hammers they hold in their hands. In front of us, stretching across the whole width of the Piazza, is the Church of St. Mark, which, at a little distance, looks more like a painted picture than an actual building. The Venetians are very fond of color, and have shown this by the way they have decorated their cathedral; the whole front seems a mass of frescoes, mosaics, windows, and ornaments. Some of the mosaics are very large

standing here over three hundred years. When we enter the cathedral, we shall find that it is different from any church that we have yet seen. It is decorated in the most magnificent and lavish style, somewhat in the gorgeous fashion of the East. The floor is covered with mosaic work, and the ceilings, walls, columns, and altars are richly adorned with gold and bronze and many-colored marbles, and some of this ornamental work is six or seven hundred years old. On every side we find unexpected and picturesque galleries, recesses with

altars, stairways, and columns, and out-of-the-way corners lighted through the stained glass of many-colored windows. There are, in all, about five hundred columns in and about this church.

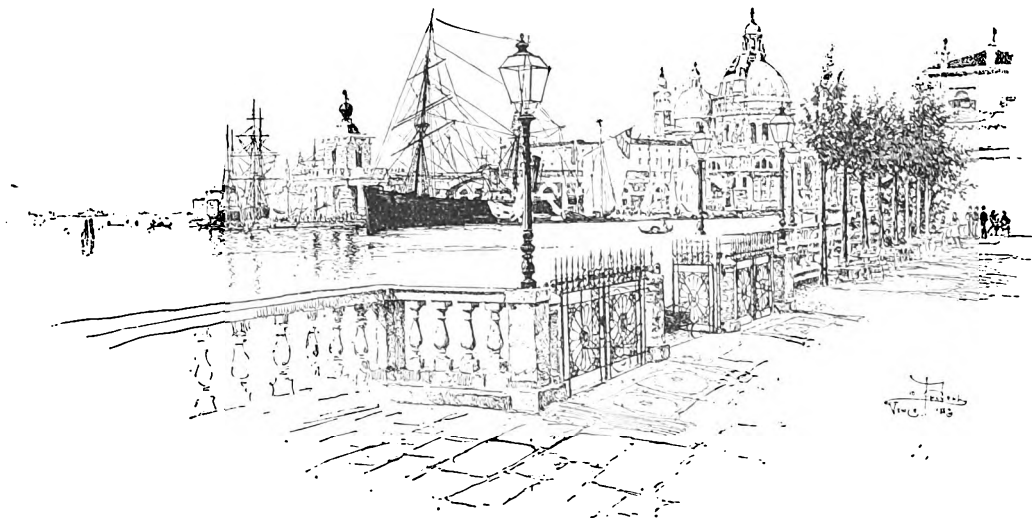
In front, over the principal entrance, we see those four famous bronze horses of St. Mark's, of which you have already read in ST. NICHOLAS.\* If the Venetian children, or even grown people, do not know what a horse is like, all they have to do is to look up at these high-mettled coursers, which, although rather stiff of limb, have been great travelers, having seen Rome and Constantinople, and even visited Paris.

As we come out again into the Piazza, we shall be greatly tempted to stay here, for it is a lively place. We certainly must stop long enough to allow some of our younger companions to feed the pigeons of St. Mark, which, if they see any of us with the little paper cornucopias filled with corn, which are sold here to visitors, will come to us by the hundreds, settling on our heads and shoulders, and crowding about us like a flock of chickens. For more than six hundred years pigeons have been cared for and fed here by the people of Venice, and as these which we see are the direct descendants of the pigeons of the thirteenth century, they belong to very old families indeed.

To the right of the cathedral is the Doges' palace, and this we shall now visit. We pass under a beautiful double colonnade into a large interior court, where, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, we may see numbers of Venetian girls and women coming to get water from a celebrated well or cistern here. Each girl has two bright

copper pails, in which she carries the water, and we shall find it amusing to watch them for a few minutes. There are two finely sculptured bronze cisterns in the yard, but these are not used now. We then go up a grand staircase, and ascend still higher by a stairway called the Scala d'Oro, once used only by the nobles of Venice. We now wander through the great halls and rooms where the doges once held their courts and councils. Enormous pictures decorate the walls. One of them, by Tintoretto, is said to be the largest oil-painting in the world. We shall take a look into the dreadful dungeons of which we read so much in Venetian history, and we shall cross the Bridge of Sighs, although we can not enter the prison on the other side; the doors there are closed and locked, the building still being used as a prison.

Ever so much more shall we do in Venice. We shall go in gondolas, and see the old dockyards where the ships of the Crusaders were fitted out; we shall visit the Academy of Fine Arts, where we may study some of the finest works of that most celebrated of all Venetians, the painter Titian; we shall take a steamboat to the Lido, an island out at sea where the citizens go to bathe and to breathe the sea air; we shall go out upon the broad Giudecca, a wide channel between Venice and one of its suburbs; we shall explore churches and palaces; and, above all, we shall float by daylight and by moonlight, if there happens to be a moon, over the canals, under the bridges, and between the tall and picturesque walls and palaces, which make Venice the strange and delightful city that she is.



A BIT OF VENICE.

\* ST. NICHOLAS for March, 1881, page 406.

## PANE-PICTURES.

BY A. C.

DAINTY frosty paintings  
 On the glass:  
 Wooded slopes and forests,  
 Mountain pass,  
 All in snowy splendor  
 Glistening white,—  
 Clear across them shining  
 Sunbeams bright!

We within the cities  
 Cannot see  
 Winter's royal landscape,  
 Field and tree.  
 But he paints them for us,  
 Hill and plain,  
 In the dainty pictures  
 On the pane!

## ST. NICHOLAS DOG STORIES.

FOR several years, ST. NICHOLAS has been collecting material for a series of stories, sketches, and anecdotes, illustrating the intelligence, sagacity, devotion, and usefulness of what the great naturalist Cuvier calls "the completest, the most singular, and the most useful conquest ever made by man"—the domestic dog. For ages the dog has been the friend and helper of man. Thousands of years ago the hound, the greyhound, and the watchdog were kept in Egyptian homes. More than this, the dog was worshiped, under the name of Anubis, as the god of the Nile, and the city of Cynopolis was built in its honor. The fifty war-dogs of Corinth saved that famous Grecian city by detecting and defeating a night attack, though every dog died in the fight. The splendid Molossian dogs of Alexander the Great would fight only with lions. The plucky little spaniel of William the Silent, saved the life of that great prince from his foes. The dogs of St. Malo were the only garrison of that beleaguered city. And many other incidents could be related, telling of the watchfulness, self-denial, and heroism of this faithful animal, which a poet has well called,

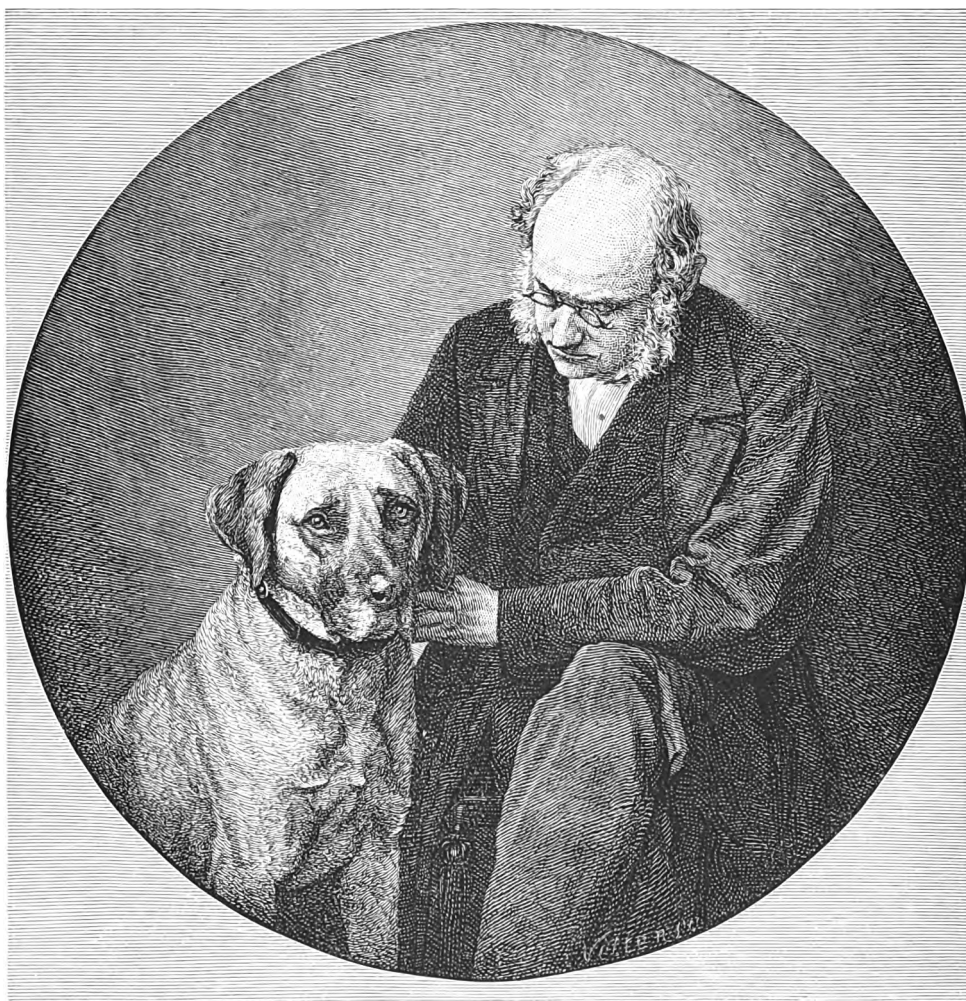
"The joy, the solace, and the aid of man."

The world's literature is full of testimonials to the devotion and sagacity of the dog. Boys and girls would find Robinson Crusoe almost as uninteresting without his dog as without his man Friday, and they could better spare some of the adventurous doings of the Swiss Family Robinson, than the faithful Turk and Juno, who were at once the protectors, the hunters, and the packhorses of that now classic family. And many a boy and girl,

indeed, might be drawn to the reading of the great authors did they but know of the prominent and delightful part that the dog plays in literature. There is Argus, the hound of Ulysses, of whom Homer writes, who knew his master after twenty years of separation; there are the dogs that Shakspeare speaks of in many of his plays; while the pages of Scott fairly echo with the barkings and bayings of the dogs—Fangs in "Ivanhoe" and Roswal in "The Talisman," Bevis in "Woodstock" and Juno in "The Antiquary," Wasp and Yarrow and Plato and Hobbie in "Guy Mannering," brave Lufra in the "Lady of the Lake,"

"Whom from Douglas' side  
 Nor bribe nor threat could e'er divide;  
 The fleetest hound in all the North,"—

these and many more give interest and excitement to the stories of this foremost lover of the dog. And who would wish to give up the dogs of Dickens: Diogenes, the pet of Florence Dombey, "a blundering, ill-favored, bullet-headed dog, with hair all over his eyes, and a comic nose, an inconsistent tail, and a gruff voice"; Jip in "David Copperfield," the black-and-tan pet of Dora, the "child wife," and Bull's Eye, the faithful dog of the ruffian Bill Sykes, in that gloomiest of gloomy boy stories, "Oliver Twist." Dr. John Brown's "Rab" is the hero of that most charming of dog stories, "Rab and his Friends," and is a dog that every boy and girl should know, while Wolf, the companion and friend of poor Rip Van Winkle, "as henpecked as his master," is as much a feature in Irving's well-known story as is lazy, good-for-nothing Rip himself. And so, from that very disreputable Snarleyow, in Captain Marryat's



DR. JOHN BROWN AND "RAD."

story, to the noble Royal in Annie Keany's "Blair Castle"—a book which Mr. Ruskin says contains "the best picture of a perfect child, and of the next best thing in creation, a perfect dog"—many a book now famous in the world's literature will be found to owe much of its fame to the dog that is one of its leading characters.

But "Truth is stranger than fiction," and it is probable that each one of the dogs that become familiar to us in the works of the great story-writers, is a picture of some dog that the story-writer knew. And as you read the ST. NICHOLAS dog stories,—you will agree that the dogs of real life can be as wonderful and as interesting as the dogs of fiction, and that they are as capable of devotion, watchfulness and care-taking as was Flush, the pretty brown spaniel so dear to Mrs. Browning, and of which she wrote a well-known poem, including these stanzas:

"But of thee it shall be said,  
This dog watched beside a bed  
Day and night unwearied;  
Watched within a curtained room,  
Where no sunbeam brake the gloom  
Round the sick and dreary.

"Other dogs in thymy dew  
Tracked the hare, and followed through  
Sunny moor or meadow;  
This dog only crept and crept  
Next a languid cheek that slept,  
Sharing in the shadow.

"And this dog was satisfied  
If a pale thin hand would glide  
Down his dew-laps sloping—  
Which he pushed his nose within,  
After platforming his chin  
On the palm left open."

The mute loyalty of pretty little Flush has been shown by many another dog, and grat-



itude for favors is a trait often exhibited by dogs. A remarkable instance of it is given in the following sketch, with which this series opens.

### I.—GIPSEY.—THE BIOGRAPHY OF A DOG.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

ONE day, several years ago, a gentleman, in company with a friend, was searching the dog-pound in New York, for a missing retriever. As they passed along the rows of boxes where the inmates of the canine prison were tied, they were greeted with many marks of affection by the animals that were hoping to find friends to release them. "Please take me away with you," was plainly expressed by many a pair of doggy eyes; and sometimes when the visitors paused to pat the head of a prisoner, their attentions were so warmly reciprocated that it was not easy to tear themselves away. Frequently, as they moved along the narrow space between the rows of boxes, some of the dogs they left behind were almost frantic in their despair at being abandoned to the fate awaiting them, which they seemed to realize.

The missing dog was found and rescued. While its owner was settling the terms of its release, the attention of the other gentleman was drawn to a small terrier, of the "black-and-tan" variety, that was balancing itself on the edge of the high board which formed the front of its prison cell. It was held by a cord, which prevented its jumping to the floor outside; when at the bottom of the box it was invisible, owing to the height of the front, and hence its efforts to retain a position where it could be seen. An attendant rudely pushed the dog inside the box, but it immediately climbed again to the edge of the board and mutely appealed to the stranger for his friendship. The painful attitude, and something in the face of the little terrier, awakened the gentleman's sympathy; he patted and talked to the animal for a few moments, noted the number of its prison, and then hastened away to the house of a friend whose daughter had recently expressed a wish for a pet dog. Fortunately he found the young lady at home.

"Come with me, Fanny," said he. "I have found a dog for you."

Fanny needed no second invitation, and in a few minutes they were on their way to the pound, accompanied by a servant carrying a small blanket.

At first sight of the terrier, Fanny was disappointed. The dog was thin and weak; its coat was rough and staring; its feet were all torn and raw between the toes from standing so much on the edge of the board; and there was a large scar

along its side where a wound had but recently healed. But when Fanny looked into its pleading eyes, and saw how patiently and with what suffering it maintained its place where it could be seen, and how much it longed for rescue, she decided to accept it. The gentleman paid the two dollars necessary to obtain the dog's release, and the little animal was wrapped in the blanket and carried home by the servant. On the way it barely moved its head; it seemed to have abandoned hope, and lay as if half dead in the servant's arms. A bath, good food, and the tender care which Fanny gave it, quickly restored the patient. In a few days, its feet were healed; it began to recover flesh and strength; its coat grew sleek and soft; new hair covered the ugly scar; and by the end of a fortnight it was apparently as well as it had ever been in its life. Fanny named it "Gipsey," and the two were the fastest of friends. The dog preserved a friendly though dignified demeanor toward the rest of the household, and lavished its affection upon its young mistress. It obeyed her



"GIPSEY WOULD SIT ERECT AND PATIENTLY WAIT FOR A MORSEL."

in every way, and seemed constantly to desire to please her. Toward strangers it was reserved and shunned familiarity, but if Fanny said, "Go to the lady," or "Go to the gentleman," it went without hesitation.

It was fully a month after Gipsey's rescue and establishment in this new home, when the gentleman who had accompanied Fanny to the dog-pound made his first call at her house since that event. Two or three members of the family were in the



parlor when he arrived, but Miss Fanny was in her room. In a few minutes she came to the parlor, followed by the usually shy Gipsev. The latter looked a moment at the caller, and then at the first sound of his voice, rushed toward him with many doggish demonstrations of delight. The little creature sprang into his arms, licked his face, threw its fore-legs around his neck as though embracing him, and then, jumping to the floor, went dancing and running about the parlor. Around and around it went, till some of the spectators feared it had lost its senses; every little while it paused and renewed its demonstration toward the gentleman, and then around and around it went again. It did not stop again till fairly exhausted with fatigue, and for the rest of the gentleman's stay the dog sat upon his knee or lay in his lap, and gazed into his face with wonderfully expressive eyes. Its actions said as plainly as though spoken words, "I know it is to you I am indebted for this nice home and so loving a mistress, and I wish to thank you for it." And ever after during the five years of her life with Fanny, Gipsev always welcomed him with the same delight, while to other visitors she was, as one might say, doggedly indifferent. The only exceptions she made were to those who had shown her some special kindness or attention, and these she never forgot. For example, while Fanny was at the seaside one summer, Gipsev became separated from her on a certain afternoon and returned to the hotel. A party was about to go on a sailing excursion, and Fanny was included, but she feared to lose her dog; Doctor —, a gentleman of the party, offered to go and bring it.

"If you will go to the door of my room," said Fanny, mentioning its number, "you'll probably find Gipsev there. She always runs there when she loses me, and she knows the way as well as the waiters do."

The doctor found Gipsev at the door, but could not persuade her to go with him; he took her in his arms and carried her, in spite of several struggles, to the dock, where the party was waiting. Immediately on finding her mistress, Gipsev seemed to comprehend the situation; she ran from Fanny to the doctor, and then from the doctor to Fanny, as though trying to say, "Excuse me, I did n't understand it; I'm so sorry I resisted; I see now that you were my friend." During the whole afternoon she divided her time between the two, and when, six or eight weeks later, the doctor called at Fanny's city residence, Gipsev recognized him, and renewed her acquaintance of that day at the seaside.

In playful tricks and ways Gipsev was not specially unlike other intelligent dogs, however much Fanny may have believed otherwise, but she cer-

tainly displayed unusual appreciation and gratitude. She was easily taught to do many things. While receiving instruction she looked steadily into Fanny's eyes, as though endeavoring to comprehend what was wanted, and to reason out the desired results. Her previous history was unknown. From time to time she astonished her mistress and friends by revealing a knowledge of tricks which were probably learned in her younger days. She knew how to sit erect; Fanny taught her to sit by her side at table, and her dignity and good behavior were the admiration of everybody. From time to time she would sit up, with her fore-paws drooping at right angles in front, and patiently wait for a dainty morsel. If no attention was shown her, she would speak in the softest whisper, making hardly a sound beyond that of closing her jaws; repeating this two or three times without success, she would venture upon an audible bark, but it was always as gentle as she could make it. She never went to the table without being invited, evidently recognizing it as a privilege, and not a right. She never followed her mistress into the street without invitation; though the door was left wide open, she gazed wistfully after Fanny descending the steps, but without attempting to follow. She perfectly understood the difference between "Gipsev can go," and "Gipsev must stay at home," but even when the former phrase was uttered, she always waited for the magic words, "Come along!"

Fanny cites several instances of the reasoning powers of the dog. Gipsev slept in a willow basket which contained a soft blanket; one very hot day, in the early part of the first summer of her rescue from captivity, she found the bed uncomfortable, and after vainly trying several times to lie there, she sat down in front of the basket, apparently wondering what made it so warm. For five minutes she sat there with her head dropped in meditation; then she took the blanket in her teeth, dragged it to the floor, and lay down upon the cool willow with a sigh of satisfaction. Ever afterward on hot days she repeated the performance, and with a little instruction from Fanny she learned to drag the blanket back again if the temperature fell enough to make her old bed desirable.

She slept at night in her basket in Fanny's room, but at six o'clock in the morning was privileged to go to the side of her young mistress. As the clock struck the hour, she left the basket and went to the bedside. For a long time, Fanny was puzzled to know how Gipsev knew the hour, but finally discovered that it was by a steam-whistle on a factory several blocks away. The whistle was blown at six o'clock as a signal to the workmen; but one night Gipsev mistook the whis-

tle of a ferry-boat for that of the factory, and went to Fanny's side, thus revealing her method of keeping time.

Fanny sometimes reclined on a lounge and played with her pet, but when she wished to rest, she had only to say in gentle tones, "Be quiet, Gipsey, and lie down; I am tired." Instantly all romping ceased and the dog settled to sleep or retired to its basket.

The old adage says "every dog has its day," and Gipsey was no exception to the rule. One autumn she fell ill, lost her sight, and developed various canine disorders for which no cure could be found. With patience far beyond that of many men and women she endured her sufferings, and down to the hour when she died, the only sound she ever made was a low moan, though it was often evident that she was in great pain. Through all her illness she seemed to appreciate to its fullest extent the kindness of her young mistress, and swallowed with almost no resistance the unsavory drugs which the veterinary surgeon prescribed.

"Don't forget to say," remarks Fanny as she finishes reading the foregoing lines, "that Gipsey was the most sensitive dog I ever saw or heard of, and more sensitive than most children or grown people. The slightest word of reproof wounded her so that she showed her consciousness of it for hours, and she could n't be happy till it was 'all made up.' When that was accomplished she would bark and dance about, and perhaps bring some of her playthings for a good romp. If you stepped on her foot, or otherwise hurt her by accident, you had only to say, 'Excuse me, Gipsey; I did n't mean it,' and she would pretend she was n't hurt at all."

"I am sure that she knew the difference between our language and another. Sometimes the doctor would talk to her in French or German, in the same tones and with the same meaning as in English; whenever he did so, she would stand still and look at him with a puzzled expression which showed she did not understand, but the moment he went back to English, she was as demonstrative as ever, and seemed trying to ask him not to talk any more in that outlandish way."

## II.—CARLO.

BY EFFIE SQUIER.

How well we all remember Carlo! He was a dear old dog, and belonged to Mr. Rhodes, the constable of our town. He was a sharp detective, and had many a time discovered the hiding-places of thieves. Even we children used to be a little afraid of him, for if we had done anything wrong

Carlo would be sure to know all about it, and scold us for it too.

One day he saved the Mayor's little daughter from drowning, and from that day he became a hero. The citizens presented him with a gold collar for his bravery, but Carlo never showed any especial pride because of this decoration.

Carlo always made a point of attending all the fires in the town. He could mount a ladder like a fireman, and well do I recollect the last of his adventures.

It was toward evening on a holiday, and few people were in the place, as most of the citizens of the town were absent on an excursion to a neighboring lake.

I remember feeling sadly disappointed at having to miss the excursion myself. At about five o'clock the bells in the churches began to ring very loud and fast, and Carlo, who had been lazily sleeping and watching the place, started up, and with two or three expressive growls that summoned his master, ran with all speed for the fire.

There was a general shout that "Carlo was going!" and of course all the boys in the neighborhood hastened to follow.

The dog was very busy and intelligent all the time, dragging down the stairs, with great speed and care, things of every description.

As the last house was burning, the cry of a child was heard in the upper story.

Of course it was out of the question for any one to go up and expect to come back; but Carlo seemed to take in the situation at a glance. Knowing in his dog mind that the first stories were already in a blaze, he leaped up the ladder and jumped in through the window. The fire and smoke soon drove him back, but his master, who appeared at that moment, shouted to him to go in, and the people cheered. Whether he understood or not, he again entered the window, and when all hope of his return had been given up, a boyish shout announced his arrival. He was terribly burned, and fell before he reached the ground; still holding with wonderful firmness a little babe.

The child did not prove to be greatly harmed; but poor Carlo's injuries were fatal. The brave dog received every care, but he died the next day. He was buried in a pretty spot in the cemetery, and over his grave a little white stone was placed with this inscription:

"HERE LIES CARLO THE WISE.  
A DOG WHO SHOWED ALMOST HUMAN INTELLIGENCE  
AND SKILL IN THE FIRE OF 1875."

## III.—BOB.

CARLO was not the only "fire" dog, for a London paper tells of Bob, the fireman's dog, at the

Southwark Fire-brigade station in London. Whenever the fire-bell rings, Bob is in a great hurry to be off. He runs before the engine to clear the way and, arrived at the fire, no one is more ready than he to obey orders. He will run up ladders, jump through windows and enter blazing rooms



more quickly than any of the firemen. One day a house was on fire in Duke street. The flames were spreading rapidly, and threatened soon to bring the building to the ground. Bob darted into the burning house, and in a few moments was seen coming out with — what do you think? — a poor cat, in his mouth! He carried pussy very carefully, and gently dropped her in a place of safety.

On another occasion a house in Westminster Road was on fire, and Bob was there, as usual. The firemen thought that all the inmates were out of the house. Bob, however, knew better. He kept barking and scratching at a small door. The firemen ordered Bob to “hold his noise, and get away.” Although usually a very obedient dog, Bob barked more loudly than ever, and seemed almost to say, “Be quick—do open this door!” The firemen were afraid that if this door was opened, it might make the fire burn more rapidly, but as Bob was so very boisterous, one of the firemen said: “There’s some reason why Bob makes this ado—let’s break open the door!” The door was burst open, when the astonished firemen found a poor little child, who, but for Bob, might have been burned to death!

Bob has been presented with a collar, on which is the inscription:—

“Stop me not,  
But onward let me jog.  
For I am Bob,  
The London Fireman’s Dog.”

#### IV.—THE HONEST DOG OF FERENTINO.

A TRAVELER in Italy relates the following anecdote: “A few years since I was sitting inside the door of a shop, to escape from the rain while waiting for a trap to take me to the railway station in the old Etruscan city of Ferentino. Presently an ill-bred dog of the pointer kind came and sat down in front of me, looking up in my face and wagging his tail to attract my attention.

“‘What does that dog want?’ I asked of a bystander.

“‘*Signore*,’ he answered, ‘he wants you to give him a *soldo*, that he may buy you a cigar with it.’

“I gave the dog the coin, and he presently returned, bringing a cigar, which he held crosswise in his mouth until I took it from him. Sent again and again, he brought me three or four more cigars from the tobacco-shop. At length the dog’s demeanor changed, and he gave vent to his impatience by two or three low whines.

“‘What does he want now?’ I asked.

“‘He wants you to give him two *soldi* to go to the baker’s, and buy bread for himself.’

“I gave him a two-soldo piece, and in a few minutes the dog returned with a small loaf of bread, which he laid at my feet, at the same time gazing wistfully in my face.

“‘He’ll not take it until you give him leave,’ said another bystander.

“I gave the permission, and the clever animal seized the loaf in his mouth and disappeared with it, and did not again make his appearance while I was in the city.

“‘He always does that,’ said the bystanders, ‘whenever he sees a stranger in Ferentino.’”

#### V.—MR. IRVING’S COLLIE.

A NEWSPAPER paragraph, some time since, stated that Baroness Burdett-Coutts was usually accompanied by a beautiful collie dog, which was a gift from Mr. Henry Irving, the English tragedian, and which had a history. The actor was one day driving over the Braemar moors, when he lost his Skye terrier, which had been trotting along behind his trap. He stepped down to look for it, directing the driver to go on with the trap. On the moor he met a shepherd with a collie; and the man, when told of the actor’s loss, offered to find the terrier. At a word from him the collie darted off, and after an absence of ten minutes returned. “Where is he?” asked the shepherd, and the dog, lifting one paw, pointed in the direction of the road. “He has gone after the trap,” the shepherd said, and Mr. Irving, marveling, and, in truth, incredulous, returned to the road, and, coming up with the trap, found his little favorite awaiting his arrival. He

bought the collie at the moderate price of fifteen guineas, and on his return to town presented it to the Baroness.

#### VI.—WHY MAJOR WENT TO CHURCH.

BY LIZZIE HATCH.

I ONCE visited a pleasant country-house, the owner of which had a powerful and sagacious dog called Major. This dog was highly prized by his master and by the people of the neighborhood. He had saved many lives. Once when a swing-rope became entangled around the neck of a little girl, Major held her up until help came.

One day the butcher brought in his bill for Major's provisions. Major's master thought it altogether too large, and shaking the paper angrily at the dog, he said:

"See here, old fellow, you never ate all that meat,—did you?"

The dog looked hard at the bill, shook himself all over, regarded the butcher with contempt, and then went back to his rug, where he stretched himself out with a low growl of dissatisfaction.

The next Sunday, just as service began at the village church, into my friend's pew vaulted Major; he had never before been to church.

Our hostess started in affright. "Something must have happened to the children," she said.

"No," said her husband, "the dog would tell us if that were so."

The Major kept perfectly quiet until we all arose for prayer; then he sprang upon the seat, stood on his hind-legs, placed his fore-paws upon the front of the pew behind, and stared gravely and reproachfully into the face of the butcher, who looked very much confused, and turned first red and then pale. The whole congregation smiled and tittered. Major's master at once took the dog home. But the butcher was more considerate in his charges from that time. Evidently he felt mortified and conscience-stricken.

#### VII.—A MONEYED DOG.

A FEW summers ago, according to a daily paper, the attention bestowed by a California lady upon her pet dog formed a constant topic of conversation at a well-known summer resort. The lady was often to be seen promenading upon the piazza of her hotel in company with a beautiful little black-and-tan dog. The small creature was said to have cost four hundred dollars. During the summer the lady ordered ear-rings and a gold collar for the dog. The ear-rings were declared to be worth two thousand dollars, and the collar, which was studded with emeralds and pearls, was valued at

even a greater price. A servant was provided to feed the dog and to attend it when its mistress did not have it in charge.

#### VIII.—DOGS AS NEWSPAPER-CARRIERS.

A CONNECTICUT journal, in speaking of the sagacity of dogs, says that it is a very common thing on all the Connecticut railroad lines for accommodating train men to throw newspapers off the train at or near the houses of subscribers who live on the line of the road but at a distance from the stations. In many instances, it says, dogs have been trained to watch for the cars and get these papers, and country dogs, it is noticed, take quite an active interest in the affair. On the Naugatuck road, some one had the curiosity to inquire into this matter of dog messengers. A certain gentleman, he states, had a dog which would go a mile and a half every morning to meet the train. The paper was at first thrown off by the brakeman on the last car, and there the dog watched for it. After a while it was thrown from the baggage car. The dog appeared angry at the change, barked furiously and waited sullenly for some time before going on its errand. It was some time before it became reconciled to the new way of delivering the paper. Below Derby, a dog acted for several years as newsboy for a number of families. The papers were thrown out of the car while it was going at full speed. Whether one or a large bundle of them, the dog was able to lug them off, making good time back.

Another dog which became a veteran as a news-dog and could not, from age and rheumatism, go down to the cars, managed in some way to train a younger dog to do its work.

A gentleman residing below Naugatuck, had a dog which regularly met the early morning train. The house was a mile away from the railroad, and the dog never left on its errand until it heard the train whistle at Beacon Falls station. Then it started on a run and waited always at the same spot, with its nose poked between the palings of a fence, and its keen eyes watching for the flying paper.

A story is told of one dog that was first taught to bring a certain New Haven paper, but when his master changed to another could not be induced to carry the new one. This seems unlikely. Another story is that a gentleman of Waterbury had a pet dog that could readily distinguish the locomotive whistles of the New England road from those of the Naugatuck, though the tracks ran parallel, side by side. For many years the faithful dog always found its train and car, and stood in waiting for the daily paper, which it carried home to its master.

## IX.—MY DOG FIDO.

BY L. J. CIST.

I TELL you I have a smart dog of my own  
 (His name, sir, is Fido);  
 The cunningest canine that ever was known  
 To "cut up a dido!"  
 His hair it is long and as soft as fine silk  
 (It's a sort of a yellow);  
 He's so dainty, he likes only sweet cake and  
 milk,—  
     The dear, funny fellow!

He comes when he's called, and he does what  
 he's bid  
 (Not all boys will do so!);  
 And he'll stand up and wear a fur cap on his head,  
 Like Robinson Crusoe!  
 He barks at all beggars, but persons well-dressed  
 He treats more politely—  
 In which he resembles, it must be confessed,  
 Some other folks slightly!

Throw a ball, and he'll chase it along anywhere,  
 Nor stop at your calling;  
 Toss it up in the air, and he's sure to be there  
 To seize it when falling;

Throw a stick in the pond, and at once, with a  
 bound,  
     He will jump in the water,—  
 Little Lilly fell in once, and would have been  
 drowned  
     If he had n't caught her!

He's so wise that when bad boys once managed  
 to tie  
     To his tail a tin kettle,  
 He turned, picked it up in his mouth, and so high  
 (Being put to his mettle)  
 He jumped, o'er the palings and made so much  
 noise,  
     The sound reached the kitchen;  
 And the servants ran out and soon caught both  
 the boys  
     And gave them a switchin'.

He knows me so well, that whenever he hears  
 The tone of my voice, sir,  
 You might think him human, so much he appears  
 At the sound to rejoice, sir.  
 So I can't treat him ill, and I'm certain that he  
 Loves me well and sincerely;  
 And he's always so good and so gentle with me,  
 That I love him most dearly!



NOT HANDSOME, PERHAPS, BUT VERY STYLISH!

## GEORGE WASHINGTON.

[*A Historical Biography.*]

BY HORACE E. SCUDDER.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE OHIO COMPANY.

WHETHER in the woods or at his friends' houses, George Washington was sure, at this time, to hear much talk of the country which lay to the westward. The English had their colonies along the Atlantic coast, and guarded the front door to the American continent. The French had their military posts along the St. Lawrence and the great lakes, and in the Mississippi and Ohio Valleys. They had entered the continent by other doors, and the two nations were like two families living in the same house, each wishing the whole premises and making ready to oust the other.

The French held their possessions in America chiefly by means of forts and trading-posts; the English by means of farms and towns. So, while the French were busy making one fort after another in the interior, meaning to have a line from New Orleans to Quebec, the English were constantly clearing away woods and planting farms farther to the westward and nearer to the French forts. The great Appalachian Mountain Range kept the two people apart for a time, but English settlers were every year crossing the mountains, and making their way into the fertile valleys beyond.

The Indians who roamed over the country found themselves between two fires. They saw very plainly that if these two foreign nations kept increasing their foothold, there would be little room left for themselves. They saw, too, that the French and the English would not settle down in peace together, nor divide the land between them. Nor were the Indians wholly at peace among themselves. One tribe fought another, and each was very ready to call in the aid of the white man.

So the tribes divided. The French were very willing to have certain Indians on their side, when they should come to blows with the English; the English sought to make friends with other Indians who were the enemies of those that had formed alliance with the French; and a tribe would sometimes change its position, siding now with the French, now with the English.

The region of country which was the prize most eagerly contended for by both nations was that watered by the Ohio River and its tributaries. As

yet, there were no white settlements in this region; but both French and English traders made their way into it and carried on a brisk business with the Indians. The two nations now set to work in characteristic fashion to get control of the Ohio Valley. The French began to build forts in commanding positions; the English formed a great land company, the object of which was to send out emigrants from England and the Atlantic colonies to settle in the Ohio Valley, plant farms, and so gain a real possession.

The company thus formed was called the Ohio Company. It was planned in 1748, by Thomas Lee, a Virginian gentleman, who associated with himself thirteen other gentlemen,—one, a London merchant who was to act as the Company's agent in England; the others, persons living in Virginia and Maryland. They obtained a charter from the King, and the grant of five hundred thousand acres of land lying chiefly south of the Ohio River and west of the Alleghany Mountains, between the Monongahela and Kanawha Rivers. These gentlemen reasoned that the natural passage to the Ohio country lay by the Potomac River and through the breaks in the mountain ranges caused by those branches of the Ohio River which took their rise in Virginia. So they intended that the stream of trade which flowed into the Ohio Valley, should take its rise in Maryland and Virginia, and benefit the people of those colonies; and in order to carry out their plans, they proposed to build a road for wagons from the Potomac to the Monongahela.

George Washington's elder brothers Lawrence and Augustine were both among the original members of the Ohio Company, and when, shortly after its formation, Mr. Lee died, Lawrence Washington became the principal manager. He took a very strong interest in the enterprise, and was particularly desirous of settling a colony of Germans on the company's land. The plans of the Ohio Company were freely discussed at Mount Vernon, and George Washington, who had made himself well acquainted with much of the country which lay on the way to the Ohio, was an interested listener and talker.

There was other talk, however, besides that of trade and settlement. The French were everywhere making preparations to assert their ownership of the Western country, and the colonies took the alarm and began also to make ready for possi-

ble war. Virginia was divided into military districts, each of which was under the charge of an adjutant-general whose business it was to attend to the organization and equipment of the militia. George Washington was only nineteen years of age, but his brother Lawrence had such confidence in his ability that he secured for him the appointment of adjutant-general for the military district which included Mount Vernon.

To hold such a post, one must be both a drill-master and something of a tactician, as well as a natural leader and good manager. Washington went to work with a will to qualify himself for his place. His brother had served long enough in the army to be able to give him some help, and Lawrence's comrades in the West Indies campaigns could give even more explicit aid. One of these, Major Muse, was a frequent guest at Mount Vernon, and now undertook to teach George Washington the art of war. He lent the young adjutant military treatises, and drilled him in manual exercises. A Dutch soldier, Jacob Van Braam, who was making a living as fencing-master, gave him lessons in the sword exercise, and Washington had the opportunity afterward of doing his old teacher a good turn by securing him a position in the army of which Washington was an officer.

While he was in the midst of all this military exercise, which was very well suited to the mind of one who had been captain of his school company, he was suddenly obliged to drop his sword and manual, and make ready for a voyage. Lawrence Washington, whose health had been impaired by his campaigning in the West Indies, was ill with consumption; and his physicians ordered him to take a voyage to the West Indies again,—this time to recover, if possible, the health which he had lost there when a soldier. He proposed to pass the winter at Barbadoes, and to take his brother George with him.

The two brothers sailed near the end of September, 1751. George Washington, with his methodical habits, at once began a diary, which he kept on the voyage and during his stay on the island. As two gentlemen from Virginia, they were seized upon at once by the English officers and other residents, and treated with great hospitality. The people who live in a small and isolated settlement like that of Barbadoes are generally very glad to meet some one whom they have not seen every day the year around. So the two brothers dined with this and that new acquaintance, and George, being robust and not needing to spare himself, walked, rode, and drove over the island.

Unfortunately, in the midst of his pleasure, he was seized with small-pox and obliged to keep by himself during the last part of his stay. Vac-

cination was not understood at that time, and there was nothing to be done, if the small-pox were about, but to have it and have it as lightly as possible. Washington had a strong constitution, and bore this trying illness well, but he carried some slight scars from the disease through the rest of his life.

In his diary he recorded briefly the events of each day of his journey, but at the end of his stay, he filled a few pages with general reflections upon the life on which he had looked, and which was so different from that of Virginia. He was of a frugal mind himself and was amazed at the shiftless ways of the people of Barbadoes. "How wonderful," he says, "that such people should be in debt, and not be able to indulge themselves in all the luxuries as well as necessities of life. Yet so it happens. Estates are often alienated for debts. How persons coming to estates of two, three, and four hundred acres (which are the largest) can want,—is to me most wonderful."

The exactness which the young surveyor had shown in his plans and in his accounts is very apt to go with great prudence and economy. Up to this time he had had very little money besides what he had earned; but he shows in many ways that he had acquired the fundamental principle of sound living,—never spend money until you have earned it; and to this principle he held all his life. I know that prudence and economy are usually regarded as habits which one acquires by careful training, and so they may be. But with George Washington I suspect these traits were inborn and very nearly allied to genius. He had a genius for order and method; it did not sparkle like a genius for wit or imagination, but one must not think less of it for that reason. Because he was so careful and correct, some people thought him mean and close; but he could afford to be thought so, if his carefulness and correctness kept him scrupulously honest.

After the two brothers had been on the island about six weeks, Lawrence Washington, with the uneasiness of an invalid, was sure that he should be better off in Bermuda, and he resolved to go there as soon as the spring opened. But he longed to see his family, and accordingly sent his brother back to Virginia, intending that he should return later to Bermuda with Mrs. Washington. George had a stormy passage, and reached Virginia in February. There he awaited orders from his brother. But Lawrence Washington, with the caprice and changing mood of a consumptive, could not make up his mind what he most wanted,—whether to send for his wife or to go home himself. At last his disease increased so rapidly as to alarm him, and he hastened home, reaching Mount Ver-



non only a short time before his death, which took place in July, 1752.

He left a wife and one daughter. It is a sign both of his confidence in his brother George and of his love for him, that he made him, though only twenty years old, one of the executors of his will, and his heir in case his daughter should not live to be of age. As George Washington was more familiar with his brother's affairs than any one else, the other executors left the management of the estate almost entirely to him. From this time, Mount Vernon was his home,—though it must have been a melancholy home at first; for he had looked up to his elder brother since he was a boy, and now it was as if a second father and a dear companion had died.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### MAJOR WASHINGTON.

FOR a while George Washington was closely occupied with settling his brother's estate, but he was obliged to busy himself with public affairs also; for there were growing rumors of French movements to the westward, and to these Virginia, as one of the nearest colonies and most concerned, was bound to pay special heed. Robert Dinwiddie, a Scotchman and surveyor of customs in Virginia, had just been appointed lieutenant-governor, which at that time meant resident and acting governor. As a new broom sweeps clean, he was immediately very active. Virginia was divided into four military districts and the militia put into active training. Washington had shown himself so capable before, that he was again appointed adjutant-general, with the rank of major; and one of the districts, including the northern counties, was assigned to him.

It was not in the colonies alone that preparations went on. The colonies were a part of the British empire, and a blow struck at them by the French in America was an attack on England by France. England, therefore, sent out cannon and powder to Virginia, and instructed the governor to make all speed and build two forts on the Ohio river, in order to secure the country against French occupation.

But the French had moved before the English. In military affairs, the general who is first on the ground usually has a great advantage; the French were a more military people than the English; the whole occupation by the French in America was an occupation by soldiers; and so, while the English ministry and Governor Dinwiddie and the Virginia militia were making ready to start, the Governor of Canada had dispatched troops and

supplies into the debatable territory, and was busily engaged in winning over the Indians. Moreover, it was said that he had seized certain English traders and sent them, prisoners, to France.

As soon as news of this reached Governor Dinwiddie, he determined to send a commissioner to the officer in command of the French forces, and ask by what right Frenchmen were building forts in the King's dominions, and what they were intending to do; why they had made prisoners of peaceable Englishmen; and as the two nations were not at war, why French soldiers were invading English territory. Moreover the commissioner was to see the Indian chiefs and make sure that they did not form an alliance with the French.

It was no slight matter for any one to undertake such an errand. He must know something of the country; he must be used to Indians; he must be a person whom the French would respect; above all, he must be strong of body, courageous, prudent, wise, and on the alert; for the journey would be a severe one, and the messenger would need to have what is called a "level head." The King's officers in Virginia would have to act on such information as he brought: how many Frenchmen there were in the Ohio country; how many more were on the way; what they were doing; what were their plans. Of course no one expected that the French commandant would kindly sit down and tell the Virginian commissioner what he meant to do; the commissioner must find that out by his own sagacity.

Now the persons who were most immediately concerned were the members of the Ohio Company. Indeed, it was largely through their agency that the Governor of Virginia, who himself was a stockholder, had moved in the matter. Lawrence Washington was dead, but Augustine Washington was interested, and the younger brother, George, had charge of Lawrence Washington's affairs. He knew perfectly what interests were at stake. Besides, he was a backwoodsman; it was no novelty for him to follow trails through the forest; he could deal with Indians; and above all, he had shown himself a clear-headed, far-sighted young man, whom every one instinctively trusted. He was one of His Majesty's officers, for he was Adjutant-General of the Northern District; and so, though Major George Washington was but twenty-one years old, Governor Dinwiddie and his council selected him for this delicate and weighty mission.

It was no summer jaunt on which he set out. He waited upon the Governor at Williamsburg, and was armed with papers duly signed and sealed with the great seal of Virginia, giving him authority as commissioner. On October 30, 1753, he left Williamsburg with a journey of more

than a thousand miles before him. He stopped at Fredericksburg to say good-bye to his mother, and to engage his old fencing-master, Van Braam, as an interpreter. Washington knew no French,

The real start of the expedition was to be made from Wills Creek, now Cumberland in Maryland, which was the outpost of civilization. Here Washington arrived on November 14, and made up



WASHINGTON HAS A NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING. (SEE PAGE 371.)

and never learned it. Van Braam pretended to know it well, but really had only an ignorant smattering of the language. Thence he went to Alexandria, where he laid in supplies; and to Winchester, which was the most important frontier settlement, where he provided himself with horses, tents, and other camp equipments.

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his little company. It consisted of Christopher Gist, who was in the employ of the Ohio Company, and was an experienced frontiersman; of Jacob Van Braam, the French interpreter; of Davidson, an Indian interpreter; and of four frontiersmen. The party was now complete, and the next day they plunged into the wilderness.

Gist knew the way as far as an Indian village called Logstown, on the banks of the Ohio, about seventeen miles from where Pittsburg now stands; there they were to call together the Indian chiefs and confer with them. It had been raining and snowing so heavily in the mountains, that they were a week making their way to the Monongahela River at Turtle Creek. Here they found the river so swollen that they saw it was impossible to cross with their pack-horses. Accordingly, they sent all their baggage down the river in a canoe, under charge of two of the men, while the rest swam their horses across and rode down to the rendezvous at the fork of the Ohio, ten miles below.\*

The Ohio Company had proposed to build a fort about ten miles away from the junction of the Monongahela and Alleghany; here lived a friendly Indian, Shingiss, and that may have determined their plans. But Washington, who reached the fork of the rivers before the canoe, began at once to look over the ground, and decided without hesitation that the real site for the fort should be the point of land which lay between the two rivers.

Shingiss went on with the party to Logstown, and there Washington staid five days, conferring with the Indian chiefs and gathering information from some French deserters who happened there. He was impatient to go forward to the French forts, but he knew something of Indian ways, and he was learning more. The chiefs sat and talked and smoked, and were silent, and shook their heads, and said it was a serious matter. Serious, indeed, it was to the poor Indians, for the French had already told them that they were coming in force in the spring to drive the English out of the country; but if the English proved too strong for that, then French and English would agree and divide the land between them. As in that case, the Indians would have small favor, the French advised the chiefs to side with them against the English.

At last Washington persuaded the Indians to let three of their chiefs and an old hunter accompany his party to where the French were, and they followed the Alleghany to Venango, now Franklin in Venango County, Pennsylvania, where were a few Frenchmen who had driven out an English trader. But the really important station was Fort le Boeuf.

The Frenchmen tried to entice the Indians from Washington, and otherwise to keep him from going on; but he insisted on carrying out his plans, and toiled for four more days through mire and snow-drifts until he came to the fort.

The French commandant, M. de Saint Pierre, received the Virginian commissioner politely, and

entertained him for a few days with hospitality, but in the meantime did his utmost to win from Washington the Indian chiefs who had accompanied him. Finally, however, M. de Saint Pierre drew up a formal reply to Governor Dinwiddie's letter, and Washington and his party returned by canoe to Venango, having sent the horses and baggage on in advance.

Now began a terrible journey. The horses were so weak, but so necessary for carrying the baggage, that Washington and his companions set out on foot, while the horses followed behind. Washington was dressed as an Indian, and for three days they kept on in this way, the horses losing strength, the cold increasing, and the roads growing worse. Then Washington, seeing how slowly the party was moving, determined to take Gist with him, and push through the woods, the nearest way, leaving the rest of the company together with the horses and baggage under charge of Van Braam to follow as well as they could.

It was the day after Christmas when he started. He put his journal and other papers into a pack which he strapped to his back, wrapped himself in a stout coat, took his gun in his hand and set off alone with Gist. They were only a few miles from Venango, and they meant to follow the path a short distance to an Indian village called Murdering Town, and then go by the compass through the woods in as straight a line as possible to the fork of the Ohio. The village was well-named; for shortly after they had left it, they were fired at by a French Indian whom they had taken along there as a guide. They pretended to think that his gun went off for some other reason; but they kept him with them, watching him very closely all day till nine o'clock that night. Then they sent him home. But they knew well that he would rally his friends and pursue them; so they walked all that night and the next day, reaching the Ohio river at dark, and rested there over night.

They supposed, of course, that they should find the river frozen tight and could cross on the ice, but to their dismay, it was frozen only near the shore, while blocks of ice were swirling down the middle of the stream. "There was no way of getting over," says Washington in his journal, "but on a raft, which we set about, with but one poor hatchet, and finished just after sun-setting. This was a whole day's work; we next got it launched, then went on board of it, and set off; but before we were half-way over, we were jammed in the ice in such a manner that we expected every moment our raft to sink and ourselves to perish. I put out my setting-pole to try to stop the raft, that the ice might pass by, when the rapidity of the stream threw it with so much violence against the pole

\* For points mentioned in this paper, see map on page 279 of February St. NICHOLAS.

that it jerked me out into ten feet water; but I fortunately saved myself by catching hold of one of the raft-logs. Notwithstanding all our efforts, we could not get to either shore, but were obliged, as we were near an island, to quit our raft and make to it. The cold was so extremely severe, that Mr. Gist had all his fingers and some of his toes frozen, and the water was shut up so hard that we found no difficulty in getting off the island on the ice in the morning, and went to Mr. Frazier's."

Here they succeeded in getting horses, and in a few days Washington was at Williamsburg and reporting to the Governor. He had not merely made a very difficult journey in the depth of winter and brought back an answer to the Governor's letter; but he had made the most minute observations of the condition and plans of the French; he had also strengthened the friendship of the English and Indians; and by patient, unwearied and resolute attention to the object of his mission, he had brought back a fund of extremely valuable information for the use of the colony. There could be no doubt in the minds of his friends, after reading his journal, that here was a man who could be depended upon. They had known him as a prudent, careful, economical, deliberate, rather silent young fellow, whose judgment was worth having; but I doubt if they had fully perceived before what indomitable courage he had, how fearless he was in the midst of danger, how keen and wary in his dealing with an enemy, and how full of resources and pluck when difficulties arose. Here was no sunshine soldier.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### FORT DUQUESNE AND FORT NECESSITY.

THE House of Burgesses was not in session when Washington made his report to Governor

Dinwiddie. But no time was to be lost, and the energetic governor and council issued orders to erect a fort at once upon the point of land at the fork of the Ohio, which Washington had recommended as the best site. Washington was to have command of the two companies of men who were to be enlisted for this purpose, but he was to remain for the present at Alexandria, organizing the expedition, while his second in command, Captain Trent, a trader and frontiersman, went forward with such men as he could raise in the



WASHINGTON DELIVERS GOVERNOR DINWIDDIE'S LETTER TO THE FRENCH COMMANDANT.

back settlements, and began the construction of the fort.

Lord Fairfax took a lively interest in his young friend's business, but it was not so easy to enlist men for an expedition of this kind, as it was to raise and drill a company of militia, which by the laws of the colony could not be marched more than five miles from the boundary line of the colony. Throughout the winter months Washington was hard at work raising his company and putting them in readiness. He had a sorry lot of volunteers to work with; they were for the most part shiftless fellows who had nothing else to do,

and scarcely anything to their backs. They were good-natured, however, and ready to buy clothing if the Major would pay them their wages; but the Major had no money of his own to advance, and he had hard work getting any from the Government. He had to reason with his men, humor them, and fit them for service as well as he could. It was capital preparation for a kind of work which he had to do on a large scale afterward.

The Governor, meanwhile, had been stirring up the governors of the other colonies, and had called the burgesses together. He could not make every one feel his own need of action; but he persuaded the burgesses to vote a sum of money, and thus was able to enlarge the military force to six companies. There was a proposition to put Washington in command of the entire force; but the young major was reluctant to assume such a charge, when he had had so little experience in handling troops. "I have too sincere a love for my country," he said, "to undertake that which may tend to the prejudice of it."

Accordingly Joshua Fry, an English gentleman of education, was commissioned as colonel, and Washington was given the second place, with title of lieutenant-colonel. Fry now remained at Alexandria and Washington pushed forward to Wills Creek, with about a hundred and fifty men, intending to join Trent and complete the fort which he had begun. He reached Wills Creek with his ragged, half-drilled men on April 20, and soon received a very disagreeable piece of news.

Trent, for some reason, had left the fort which he was building, and his second in command having also absented himself, the next highest officer, Ensign Ward, was left in command of the company, which numbered forty-one men. Suddenly there had appeared a multitude of canoes and other craft coming down the Alleghany. It was a large French force dispatched by the Governor of Canada to occupy the same point of land. Ward, of course, could do nothing. He was permitted to withdraw with his men, and the French at once pulled down the fort which Trent had begun, and set to work building another and larger one which they named Fort Duquesne. Here, after the wars of the next thirty years were over, the city of Pittsburg began to rise.

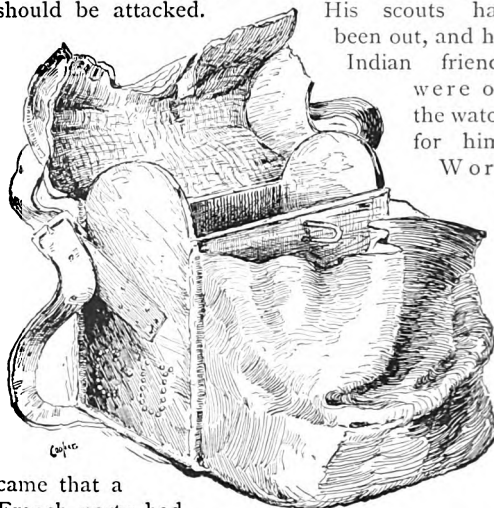
The taking of the post by an armed force was like a declaration of war on the part of France. It was the beginning of the great seven years' war between France and England which ended in the fall of France in America, and led by swift steps to the independence of the colonies. By a strange coincidence, the nearest English force was under the command of a young Virginian officer of militia, only twenty-two years old, who was after-

ward to be the leader of the colonies in their war against England, and to have the aid of the very France which he was now fighting.

Washington did not hesitate. He at once sent a messenger with the news to Governor Dinwiddie, and wrote letters to the governors of Maryland and Pennsylvania, urging them to send forward troops; for each colony acted independently of the others. Then he began work with such men and materials as he had, meaning to push through the woods to where Red Stone Creek empties into the Monongahela, about half-way to Fort Duquesne, and to build a fort there. It was a spot where Gist had already constructed a storehouse for the Ohio Company. By this plan, Washington would be keeping his men at work, and would have a road built for the use of the troops yet to come. At that point, moreover, there was water communication with Fort Duquesne.

Washington built his road and marched his men until he reached a level piece of grassland, partially covered with bushes, that lay at the foot of Laurel Hill, a spur of the Alleghanies, and was called Great Meadows. It was a good place for a camp, and a good place for fighting if he should be attacked.

His scouts had been out, and his Indian friends were on the watch for him. Word



LEATHERN CAMP-CHEST USED BY WASHINGTON.

came that a French party had left Fort Duquesne and were intending to engage with the first English forces they should meet, for they had heard that the English were on the move.

Washington at once made ready for the attack. There was a gully crossing the field, which he turned into an intrenchment. He also cut down the bushes; but he did not wait for the enemy. He feared they might surprise his camp; and getting word from the Indians that they had discovered, as they thought, the place where the French were

hidden, he took forty men, and at ten o'clock at night, in the midst of a hard rain, set out to surprise the enemy.

"The path," he says, "was hardly wide enough for one man; we often lost it, and could not find it again for fifteen or twenty minutes, and we often tumbled over each other in the dark."

At sunrise, May 28, 1754, Washington reached the camp where his Indian friends were. They joined him, and the impetuous young soldier led his combined forces, Indian file, in a stealthy march through the woods to the rocky hollow where the Frenchmen lay concealed. As soon as the English came upon them, the Frenchmen sprang up and raised their guns. Washington, who was in front, gave his men the order to fire, and a sharp engagement followed. Ensign Jumonville, commanding the French party, and nine others were killed. On the English side, one man was killed and two or three wounded. Twenty-two prisoners were taken, and Washington marched back with them to the camp at Great Meadows.

It turned out that Jumonville and his men were an advance party sent out from Fort Duquesne to reconnoiter. They had discovered Washington's force, and being fewer in number, had sent back to the fort for reinforcements. Meanwhile, they were in hiding when surprised by Washington, and had no chance to escape. The young Virginian lieutenant-colonel had every reason to believe that his force was to be attacked, and he acted promptly. He did not stop to parley with them, but answered their raised guns with an order to his men to fire.

The first shot had been fired, and Washington was the man who had fired it. He knew well what would be the immediate consequence of his act; the French would come in force as soon as they heard the news, and he began at once to prepare for defense. He threw up earthworks and made a palisade, and named it Fort Necessity. It was a slight enough protection. He sent his prisoners to Winchester, and informed Governor Dinwiddie of what he had done. "Your Honor may depend," he says, "I will not be surprised, let them come at what hour they will; and this is as much as I can promise. But my best endeavors shall not be wanting to effect more. I doubt not, if you hear I am beaten, but you will hear at the same time that we have done our duty, in fighting as long as there was a shadow of hope."

The camp was now a lively place. The Indians, afraid of the French, began to flock to it, and the companies left behind at Wills Creek now came up; but Colonel Fry was dead, and Washington was in sole command, after all. Meanwhile, Captain Mackay came with a company from South

Carolina. He was a captain of the regular army, and so could not serve under a colonial officer; but he was a man of sense and courtesy, and, by mutual consideration, he and Washington avoided any serious conflict of authority. But the volunteer and regular troops could not agree so well; the camp was becoming crowded, and Washington, anxious to carry out his plans, left Captain Mackay in command at Great Meadows, and moved his men thirteen miles further, to a place where Gist had formed a small settlement. It took two weeks to do this, for the men built a road as they went, and the way led through a mountain gorge.

Of course this forward movement was made known to the French by their scouts, and Washington had his scouts out quite as far as Fort Duquesne itself. Soon reports came thick and fast, that the French post had been strongly reinforced and that a large body of men was preparing to descend upon the English. Washington sent for Captain Mackay and his company, and they arrived near the end of June. A council of war was held, and the situation studied. The place where they were was unsuited for defense, since hills surrounded it. The enemy's force was much greater than their own, and they were in no condition to make a successful resistance.

The order to retreat was given. Washington, who had the courage to lead an attack, had also the patience, the self-control, and the cheerful spirit which are so necessary in a retreat. The horses were broken down and the men had to drag the heavy guns themselves. Washington loaded his own horse with public stores and went afoot. He would not even require the soldiers to carry his own baggage, as he might have done, but paid them for the labor. So, on July 2, they were back at Great Meadows. They did not mean to stay there, for though it was a good field for an open fight, it had no natural protection, and Fort Necessity was a hasty, flimsy affair. But the men were exhausted; they had been without sufficient provision for some time, and they were expecting supplies from below.

They strengthened the fort as well as they could, but the French were only a few hours behind them. The very next morning they came in sight, nine hundred strong, not counting Indians. Now was the time for boldness; it was too late to retreat. Washington led his little army out before the fort as if to invite attack; if the Frenchmen came on, he might, in a fair fight, beat them; but they did not come on. They remained at the border of the woods in a position where they could cut off his retreat, and began firing from a distance. Washington, accordingly, withdrew his men behind the embankment.

For nine hours the two forces faced each other,



sending shots through the heavy rain and the mist which almost shut them out from each other's sight. There had been a heavy loss on both sides, but when night fell the English were in a desperate condition, half starved, their powder nearly gone, and their guns almost good for nothing. The French proposed a parley. Washington refused, thinking they meant to send an officer who would find out in what a deplorable condition they were. But when they proposed that he should send an officer to them, he consented and sent Jacob Van Braam, who was now a captain, and the only uninjured officer who understood French.

Van Braam came back, bringing with him in writing the terms upon which the French would accept a surrender. The terms were on the whole liberal. The English were to carry with them everything in their possession except their artillery, were to promise to build no more forts there or beyond

the mountains for a year, and were to return the prisoners taken when Jumonville was killed. As a security for this last, two officers were to be left with the French as hostages. Washington accepted the terms, and the next morning began his march back to Wills Creek. From there he and Captain Mackay went to Williamsburg to report in person to the governor.

Failure is sometimes quite as necessary to character as success. It must have been with a heavy heart that the young colonel turned back from Fort Necessity that 4th of July, 1754, his expedition broken up, his military ardor damped, his eye resting on the miserable men whom he was leading away from the bloody field of Great Meadows. He was only twenty-two years old. Twenty-one years after the day when he marshaled his men before Fort Necessity, he was to draw his sword at the head of an American army.

*(To be continued.)*



## THE NEW HAT AND MUFF.

BY ELIZABETH L. GOULD.

THERE was a small person who had a new muff  
Of bearskin, most shining and long;  
And—(as if one fine ornament were not enough!)—  
She'd a tall, wide-brimmed hat, richly feathered and  
furred,  
And trimmed in the front with a beautiful bird  
That seemed ready to break out in song.

And every one said, "What a good little maid,  
With her eyes on the ground,  
And no glances around!  
For pride is, of course, very wrong!  
'Tis pleasant to find  
A child, with a mind  
From vanity utterly free."

"Now, though my new hat and my muff all can see,  
I am really as modest as modest can be,  
And unconscious," mused little Miss Belle,  
"But I certainly feel  
(Though my thoughts I conceal)  
I am looking exceedingly well."



## WONDERS OF THE ALPHABET.

BY HENRY ECKFORD.

## FIRST PAPER.

DID you ever stop to think how odd it is that the breath which comes out of the lungs, and the noises made by the air passing through the throat and over the inner opening of the nostrils and the teeth and lips can be changed from mere wind and sound into things the eyes can see? In other words, did you ever stop to think how curious it is that speech can be turned into writing,—and that the writing remains for long periods of years—as long, in fact, as the ink and paper will last? Just reflect a moment. Open your mouth slowly and expel the breath, making the vowel sound “ah.” Then write on a piece of paper “A H.” There you have done something very easy, no doubt, and what any boy or girl can do! But there was a time, though you may have forgotten all about it, when you did not know enough to write A or H, or any other of the twenty-six letters. There are many grown-up men and women who never did and never will have your wonderful knowledge! Are you surprised that I call it wonderful? Well, is it not wonderful that you can take not only a sound meant for the ears, but a thought never spoken out loud at all, and put that thought on paper? And that you can then put the paper in a safe place so that, perhaps, your great-great-great-grandchildren, if you are lucky enough to have them, will understand what their great-great-great-grandfather or mother was thinking of, years and years before?

In Europe there are very many grown-up persons of the same white race as ourselves, who can not write their own names, and a few centuries ago the number was much greater, and among them were rich people who could have paid a schoolmaster to teach them. There are, I am sorry to say, many just as ignorant to-day among the poor whites of the United States. Let us hope, when you are grown up, that schools will have been furnished for every white and black child and Indian in the land. But there are millions of people in other parts of the globe who can not write, because neither they nor their forefathers ever had such a system of writing, such an alphabet as civilized children are taught. They may be able to send a simple message by means of marks, but they have no alphabet, no true writing. Their minds, as far as writing is concerned, are about as ours were when we were little

children. They have never imagined that the separate vowels and consonants that form an alphabet, could be thought of as so many long and short sounds (half-sounds we might call the consonants); nor that several letters combined could make a syllable like that “A H” you have put down, and so a part of speech could be fixed forever on a piece of paper. To a real savage who has not seen much of white men such a paper is a deep mystery; he calls it a “talking leaf” and thinks the person who wrote it and the person who receives it two dangerous wizards. He, too, can send a message, after a fashion, but not by means of queer little black scratches that do not look like anything he has seen—plant, mineral or beast, and which seem for that reason the work of magic. Curiously enough, he uses the same expression for the paper that we do. He calls it a leaf. And what is this but a leaf on which the words you are reading are printed? No chance resemblance is this, I assure you. When we come to talk of the beginnings of the art of writing among our ancestors you will see that the leaves of books and the leaves of plants were once the same.

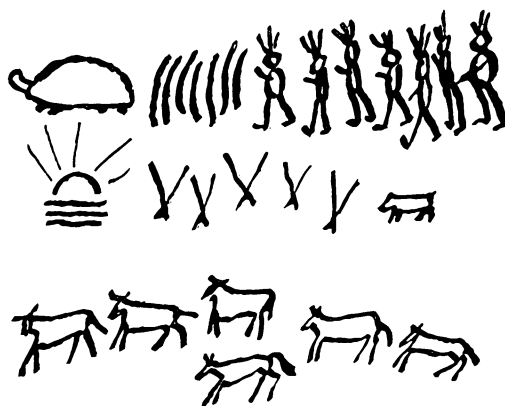
The savage can pronounce words well enough; he can say “bat,” “cat,” “date,” and so forth, but he can not write them down. If he be taught English by ear, as we were taught when infants, and then, knowing what we wanted, was asked to write down “bat,” what do you think he would do? He would act like a bright-minded child who has never learned its letters. He would take a slate and draw a bat with as few lines as possible. Asked for a cat, he would draw pussy; asked for a date, he would draw a date-palm, or perhaps merely a date-leaf, to save trouble. That is the kind of writing savages have to use. Our wild redskins who, unlike the Cherokees, Senecas, and other civilized tribes, have had no schools, or have not been taught at the Carlisle Training School, in Pennsylvania, or the Hampton Institute, as some of the young Sioux and Apaches have been, must put up with this kind of writing. You can imagine how slow it is and how much room it takes up; but I am sure you can not imagine how very hard it is to read with certainty. Guesses play a large part in the reading of such records. As it is made up of so many drawings, or pictures, it is called picture-writing. Let us see how an Indian of North America goes to work to write.

Suppose a wild Indian belonging to the great

clan whose members call themselves the Turtles, makes a raid on a village of huts and wigwams owned by enemies belonging to the widespread clan called the Bear clan. Suppose it has taken the Turtles three days of hard travel through forests and over the hills to reach the Bears. By means of their crafty spies, they find that the brave men of the Bears are away hunting moose, and that most of the squaws and papposes are either in the fields of maize or in the woods, where the berries are ripe, and only a few old men and women are left behind to keep watch over some ponies and oxen. Then the Turtles, each clutching his bow, creep on the village under cover of the woods, and with a terrific yell rush at the wigwams. The old people run into the bushes, frightened almost to death, as you can well imagine. Then the Turtles gather up all the ponies and oxen, drive them off, burn all the wigwams they can, and hurry home with the cattle. Now these savages think they have done quite a fine thing in robbing their neighbors of their cattle and plundering and burning their homes, as does one great nation in Europe, when, like our Turtle chieftain, badly counseled by wicked and ambitious men, it robs another of a great province, and forces the wretched people who dwell there to obey the laws of a nation they dislike. And they wish to let other Indians know what clever robbers they have been. So the Turtle chief chooses a piece of smooth, cream-colored birch-bark, chews up a little tobacco to serve as ink, plucks a twig of soft wood for a pen, and with the tobacco juice draws the following pictures:

First comes a turtle, and it is a very big turtle, because he thinks that he and his clan are very great personages indeed. Then he draws as many waving lines, to represent bows, as there are Indians in his party, and perhaps the same number of Indians with topknots; his lines bend forward to show in what direction the trail went. Following these, a rising sun stands for daybreak, and three lines under it mean that three days went by in going to the Bears. Next, he puts down as many funny little pyramids as there were Bear wigwams, and draws them upside down to show that they were destroyed. After that, he draws, as well as he can, a wee, wee bear, very small, in order to show his contempt for the Bears. Finally, he draws with the greatest care as many oxen and ponies as he has captured, because he is chiefly proud of this part of his exploit and wishes all the world of the woods to know what a great and successful robber he is. He does not tell that the Bear braves were away when he surprised the camp, and probably does not care to tell that part of the story. We may understand it from the absence of any sign for scalps. Had there been resistance and men slain

on either side, the exact number of dead would have been noted by drawing just as many human figures without their heads. Then to call the attention of all who pass through the wilderness, the war chief fixes the piece of bark to the top of a long pole, and plants it on the path so that the most careless passer can not fail to see it. There is no date on this singular card of boasting, because he is not clever enough to use the shape of the moon as a



A SPECIMEN OF INDIAN WRITING.

sign for the day of the month, much less indicate the season of the year, or the year itself in which these mighty events befell. But there is not much need of being so exact, because news runs from camp to camp with surprising quickness, and any other war party that sees the card, before rain and wind destroy it, is quite certain to know something of the raid to which it refers.

Such is the picture-writing of our wild North American Indians and of the savage races near them in rank. They have ways also of reminding themselves of past events. Have you ever noticed an absent-minded person make a knot in his handkerchief, or tie a bit of thread on his finger to remind him of something? The great and highly civilized nation of Peru, ruled by the Yncas,\* and often called the Ynca Indians, was found to use knots tied in woolen strings as memorizers. The only books in the royal libraries and treasuries of the Yncas were flimsy pieces of worsted-work! The woolen strings, made from the fleeces of llamas and alpacas, were dyed with different colors, and the knots were of several different kinds, so that the system was not easy to use, and special chiefs or historians were employed to make and read them. It was their duty to commit to memory the facts and figures to which the knots and the colors referred. Men were chosen who had great memories naturally, and constant practice.

\* Often spelled Inca; pronounced In-cal.

made them marvels of exactness. A simple glance at such strings would enable them to rattle off long accounts of taxes paid and taxes due, of tribute from conquered tribes given and still to come, of embassies from other nations and of wars made and treaties concluded. Although used chiefly in affairs of taxes, we can hardly doubt that now and then great pieces of news, like an earthquake, or an invasion of pirates, or the death of an Ynca, or the arrival of white men wearing beards and impenetrable clothes made of a dark metal, would be tied into these curious memorials. They were called *quippus*, and it is said that they are still in use among tribes of the Andes Mountains. The old *quippus* of the Yncas have not all been lost; but I fear that no Indian now lives, who can explain just what the knots and colors mean.

There is generally a better chance to recover a real alphabet when lost. One after another the writings found in Asia engraved on rocks have yielded to the study of wise men, and have been read, or are on the way to being read. The *quippus* can be read only by persons who have already learned their meanings. Sometimes old alphabets can be deciphered by people who have never seen before the name of the ancient king or priest who caused them to be written. They work back to the pictures from which the letters started, and so get a hint of what a given sign meant. But even if, by careful study of the methods used by the oppressed and sullen Indians of the Andes, we could get some clues to the meaning of different colors and different knots in the worsted *quippus*, how can we hope to read a sentence? At most we could guess the general idea. Yet it would be rash to say that we shall never make them out after a fashion.

Our North American Indians had a system similar to the *quippu*, only they used wampum, or

songs over his new resting-place, used belts of wampum to remind them what verses should be sung.

The beads of wampum, which are slowly made by hand from the inner part of a certain shell, remind them in what order to place the words, and recite the sentences they already know by heart. By this means the great Indian Confederation of New York State, called the Iroquois, or Six Nations, has kept its records of the founding of the league by Hiawatha and other great chiefs, word for word, during many centuries. As the great chief, to whose family belongs the right to pronounce the words, utters the solemn sentences, each chief present listens carefully, and should he vary the words or the order of the words, each would be able to correct him. When you are "counting-out," in order to know who is to be "it," you yourselves know that almost any child will stop you if you vary one word in the gibberish that is used. You must say, "Ana, mana, mona, might." But if you say, "Ana, mona, mana, might," you will be stopped. So with the Indians. They are so exact that certain words which used to be employed in their language, but are no longer in use, still keep their place in these old hymns. Often chiefs do not know exactly their meaning, but pronounce them they must.

By means, then, of *quippus*, wampum belts, tallies, and other systems, nations that have no true writing, nor even picture-writing, can hand traditions down from generation to generation. If war and pestilence do not ruin them as a nation, there seems no limit to the time such records taught from father to son may last. From books discovered in Ireland, it appears that the petty kings of that turbulent little island trusted to the memories of their bards for all sorts of important matters. Not only were the bards of use to delight men with ballads, in which they played



A STRING OF WAMPUM.

strings of colored shells and beads, to jog the memories of their chiefs. And some wampum belts are used to this day by Indians who speak, read, and write English as well as you. Once a year they meet in a grand council as their forefathers and they have always done. The belts are brought solemnly out, and the speeches and hymns which they recall are recited exactly as they have been for hundreds of years.

Only last year, when the bones of the great Indian orator Red Jacket were buried under a monument in Buffalo, New York, the chiefs who chanted

the part of historians, but for decisions at law, in which they acted as lawyers, or counsel, and for matters of finance, in which they were the authorities on taxes and tribute. We have the rough metrical verses they recited when called on by the king for a statement of his own rights and those of his officers and subjects, when taxes were to be laid, penalties exacted, or tribute asked. These verses were used long after the writing of the Greeks and Romans (our writing) had been brought to Ireland by Christian monks. The kings, forever at war with one another, could not

make or keep libraries; it was more convenient to have their library in the brains of a bard. So they went back to remote antiquity and used methods in practice among nations ignorant of letters. The bard, like the ancient Druid who was his superior and forerunner, felt in honor bound to cultivate his memory and be prepared for all sorts of questions from his employers. So you see that it is unwise to conclude, as have some, who figure as great historians before the world, that national traditions are not trustworthy, though these may have never actually been placed on paper until many centuries after the occurrences which they tell. Men have had various ways of keeping their memories true. The Zuni Indians of New Mexico, like the old Irish bards, learn to repeat thousands of lines of poetry that tell in picturesque terms of their forefathers and give an account of the early history of their nation.

In writing, then, as in so many other things, we have the advantage over the poor Indians. But let us beware how we take pride to ourselves for that reason. Suppose this advantage should turn out to be only recently acquired? Learned men who know all kinds of languages, both those now spoken and those that have died out, have consulted old books, and puzzled out old inscriptions, and compared one alphabet with another, and taken one alphabet and compared the letters as they now are with those of the same alphabet as they were when in use one thousand, and two thousand, and even three thousand years ago. And what do you think they find? For one thing, that far back in the beginning of history, our ancestors were no better off than the Indians. They used picture-writing only, and helped their memories with notches, or tallies, cut in wood. Would you like to know how it came about that our ancestors gave up writing by means of pictures that take a long time to draw, do not tell much to the world, and are hard to understand? They did not even invent the letters we now use; other races of people helped them to the alphabet. In fact they were so much helped, that we can say that really they borrowed their letters. So you see that it will not do for us to despise the North American Indian, for we know that not very many centuries ago our ancestors had no true alphabet, and had to be taught one. And from whom, think you, did our far-back ancestors borrow their letters? From the Greeks and Romans, of course. But from whom did they get the alphabet? From a great nation of sailors and merchants, called the Phœnicians, who were discovering distant lands, planting colonies, building cities, and driving back the savage hunters and shepherds when the latter attacked them, at a period even earlier

than when David and Solomon reigned over the Jews. This nation belonged to the same great folk as the Hebrews. It is to them that we owe that alphabet which enables us to put our thoughts on paper quickly and plainly, that alphabet which makes books and newspapers possible, and has given us the power to have many, many copies of this page of ST. NICHOLAS printed off. If we still used picture-writing, a magazine would be filled from first to last with the pictures needed to express what is now told in these few pages. And if we had no alphabet, the chances are that printing would not have been discovered. Certainly printing from movable types would not be possible.



We might now be in the same condition that our ancestors were in five hundred years ago,—only able to consult a book now and then in a monastery, and then finding it chained to a desk lest some one should run off with it.

You saw how the savage would indicate a bat, by drawing its image. Well, suppose picture-writing of that kind were used a long while by a nation, until it was found convenient to use the picture of a bat in words where there was simply a sound like *b a t*, even when it has no reference to the odd little flittermouse that comes out at dusk. Now, suppose some other nation (without as good a system of writing) should find it convenient to take that picture-sound *b a t*, but should use it somewhat differently. Suppose this nation has so far advanced on the way to an alphabet that instead of pictures, or signs, that mean certain things, or the sounds of the names of those things, they have

signs that mean single short sounds which we call syllables. A syllable is composed always of a consonant and a vowel, or a vowel and a consonant side by side, or a vowel between two or more consonants. Consonants are so called because they



ONE WAY OF SPELLING "BAT."

sound with a vowel; the vowel is the long, the consonant the short sound, and it sounds with the vowel. *Bat* is formed of the consonants B and T, which sound with the vowel A. Then, in the language of this nation I am speaking of, the little sketch of a bat would be used to stand for the syllable *ba*. Suppose by a similar development a small sketch of an ant should be employed to express the syllable *at*, the sound of *n* in *ant* being slurred over, after a fashion you will find in many different tongues. Then to write on this system the word *bat*, this nation would need two signs, one originally the drawing of a bat, the other that of an ant; placed side by side, they would spell *ba-at* and would be pronounced *bat*. Note now, that wherever in the words of that language those two sounds *ba* and *at* occurred, these two signs could be used. This may seem a clumsy fashion; you may wonder why it is easier to use two signs in the place of one; but it is really a great step onward from pure picture-writing. Let this be enough for the present. I only wish to hint to you how pictures gradually grew into letters of the alphabet during the course of ages. Later you will learn how it all took place, so far as we can make it out from the old forms of writing. The word *syllabary* expresses that stage of writing where *ba* and *at* spell *bat* and a true alphabet had not yet been born.

It was the Phœnicians then—remember this name, for it will constantly occur hereafter—a people of Syria and Palestine, and cousins of the Hebrews, who used a true alphabet of only twenty-two letters. By the hands of successive nations and, as a rule, westward from Asia Minor, we have borrowed from them our own excellent alphabet. But did the Phœnicians invent their own alphabet? Did they see the clumsiness of the syllabary stage and make the last great leap? That is a question many very wise men have labored hard to answer. Men have given the better part of their lives to discover whence that alphabet came. And some

are now content to believe that a French professor, named deRougé, was right, who argued by a train of reasoning too long to be given here, that the old Greeks were truthful in their traditions when they wrote that the Phœnicians took the shapes for their twenty-two letters from the writing of the Egyptians, several thousand years before the birth of Christ. The theory is that Phœnician traders in Egypt borrowed the shapes of the letters of the alphabet from the Egyptians, and handed these shapes improved

down to us, along with their names, which we retain very clearly in *alpha-beta*, or Alphabet. I shall soon tell you where the Phœnicians lived and how they came to be in Egypt, and we shall consider whether they obtained their alphabet there or elsewhere. Meantime, study over this old Phœnician alphabet and its modern English equivalents, and see whether you can trace the forms of our own letters in the old Phœnician letters and still older Egyptian symbols.

Phœnician Alphabet.	Egyptian Hieroglyphics or Symbols.	English letters represented.
𐤀	eagle	A
𐤁	crane	B
𐤂	throne	C, K or G
𐤃	hand	T or D
𐤄	mæander	* H
𐤅	cerastes	F
𐤆	duck	Z
𐤇	sieve	H or K H
𐤈	tongs	Th
𐤉	parallels	I
𐤊	bowl	K
𐤋	lioness	L
𐤌	owl	M
𐤍	water	N
𐤎	chairback	S
𐤏	.....	O
𐤐	shutter	P
𐤑	snake	Ts
𐤒	angle	Q
𐤓	mouth	R
𐤔	inundated garden	S or Sh
𐤕	lasso	T

\* *Mæander* is from the river Mæander in Asia Minor, full of turns and "mæanderings," whence came the name for a labyrinth or puzzling system of garden walks. The *Cerastes* was the "horned asp," or poisonous serpent of Egypt.

## QUAKER ESTHER'S RIDE.

BY E. VINTON BLAKE.

ON a fair low plain, cut in two by the gleaming, narrow ribbon of Camfield River, lies Camfield town, down below the rolling hills and high downs that skirt Marshford Coast. The village is a quiet place, with its small station, its one tavern, its green "common" in the center, and its pleasant white houses ranged all around like the circle of a child's toy village. Out beyond the village, past the rose thickets, and some way along the rough country road, twinkle the lights of Ashton Farm. And here lives Esther—brave, hazel-eyed, twelve-year-old Esther Garner, with her quiet, resolute will, her soft voice, her quaint "thee and thou." For the Ashtons are Quakers. Esther loves Ashton Farm, though it is so lonely and wind-blown. She loves the wind and will sooner come out for a frolic with it than with nine-year-old Matthew, or Griselda aged six.

The children have lived here since the day, five years ago, when their mother, Mrs. Garner, came home a widow with three children to her father and mother at Ashton Farm, and the home of her childhood received and bade her welcome.

And now, on this gusty May night, when the very stars seem almost blown out, and masses of clouds, wind-driven, go flying down the purple sky, the sturdy old man, Grandfather Ashton, comes out with a lantern, and by him is Esther with a shawl pinned over her head.

"The wind 'll blow thee away, child," says Grandfather, patting the head that is close at his elbow.

"No, indeed, I love the wind," answers Esther, raising her bright hazel eyes through the darkness, as if she can really see the wind as it tosses the fringes of her shawl about her face. "And when will thee be back? Not before midnight?"

"No, child, not before twelve. It is a long ride, and I shall take Polly and not Dhonabar. I wish to be sure, even if I am slow."

"Dhonabar goes well in the light wagon," observes Esther, as Grandfather unlocks the stable door.

"I want daylight when I drive Dhonabar," answers the old man, with a smile, stepping in. "I shall have to sell him, I think. He does no one any good but me, and Judson hardly understands managing him."

"I could manage him," says Esther, under her breath, her eyes blazing out with a strange, excited light.

No one knows what a longing she has to touch, even to be near the great black horse with the strange Eastern name, and the stranger ferocity of disposition that makes it dangerous for any one save Grandfather Ashton to go near him or to handle him. Esther loves horses; within the slight, willowy figure lives a dauntless little heart, and Grandfather Ashton's own resolute, indomitable will. She admires Dhonabar, and once even gave him an apple. Nothing but Grandfather's quick, horrified command kept her from further advances.

"Now, back, Polly," says Grandfather Ashton, as he fastens the traces. "Hold the lantern more this way, Esther;" for Esther, with her head turned toward Dhonabar's stall, pays but small attention to her light.

"I thought he was unfastened," says Esther, looking around again to Polly, the bay mare, and her grandfather.

"I think not. A little higher, child; this buckle is a hard one. I told Judson to have it fixed. By the way, where *is* Judson?"

Grandfather steps to the door, and shading his eyes from the lantern, looks down the grassy lane.

"He ought to be at home. And are not Mat and little 'Selda over at Deacon Devine's?"

"Yes," answers Esther, "and Judson is going for them as soon as ever he gets home."

"It 'd better be soon," mutters Grandfather; "or the children will start for home alone, and it is a lonely mile and a half."

Here Polly steps along with the wagon towards Grandfather, and in the clatter she makes on the floor, Dhonabar backs half out of his stall unnoticed, and turns a large, fiery eye around to regard the two.

"Oh!" says Esther just then, and with good reason, for a black head reaches slowly down over her shoulder, and a pinkish nose—the only spot of color on Dhonabar—snuffs silently at both her hands. She recollects a cookie that she has dropped into her apron pocket and forgotten. She holds it up to Dhonabar.

The big, black, sullen brute smells at it, opens his white, shining teeth, and crunches the brittle cake with morose satisfaction. On a sudden, Grandfather Ashton turning, confronts the dire spectacle.

"Esther! Esther! Is thee mad, child?"

He makes haste across the floor. Dhonabar sees him coming and backs away from the child with many a vicious shake of the head. Still shaking, he submits to be led back into the stall, where Grandfather Ashton is still further confounded by beholding the halter rope bitten completely in two.

easily. "I have a foreboding of trouble — I know not why, Esther — I saw John Topham in Upton to-day. He was unwilling, it seemed, to stop and speak to me. He is at work over there."

"I should n't think thee would wish to speak to him, Grandfather," remarks Esther, wonderingly.

"Judson will have to get a

"I have no ill will to John," says Grandfather, putting a robe in the wagon. "Even if he has threatened us, I would show him that we bear only kindly feelings towards him."

"I don't feel kindly," says Esther rebelliously. "Think of our poor Alderney."

"A merciful man is merciful to his beast," quoted Grandfather Ashton. "And John was not merciful. I remember the Alderney, Esther,



"DHONABAR WITH THE NEXT LEAP LANDS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BROOK." (SEE PAGE 384.)

chain to-morrow," he says ; "for with this animal's keen brain, what is done once can be done again."

Esther does not answer. She feels a little proud of Dhonabar's sagacity. Grandfather fastens the unruly animal with another, stouter rope, and once more turns his attention to Polly and the open wagon.

"I wish I had not to go to-night," he says un-

and I remember the black mare. I could not keep John Topham in my service, but even in discharging him, I tried to deal kindly with him."

"He did n't seem to thank thee for that, Grandfather," answers the child, still with a touch of rebellion in her voice, "for does n't thee remember how he said he would be revenged on us?"

"I think we should not judge John by what he



said in the heat of passion," says the gentle old Quaker; "for it must be that he repented of his words, when he cooled down. I think he felt ashamed to see me to-day."

"Perhaps he will come over here," observes Esther a little thoughtfully; "Upton is but twelve miles by rail."

"I fancy not," replies Grandfather smiling. "But bless me! I must be off. And Judson is not yet come! I shall meet him on the road, though, and I'll hasten him up. Go in, child, to thy mother."

Esther stands with her clothes blown hither and thither about her, holding up the lantern, and following with her eyes the last glimmer of wheels down the grassy lane and the long gray road. Then she shuts the stable door and goes up the broad stone steps.

Quite like a kitchen of the olden time is the kitchen at Ashton Farm. Grandmother will not have a cooking-stove in the house; and there are the big, old-fashioned fireplace with its pot and crane, and its stone seat at the side; the ancient dresser with its rows of blue plates; the settle in the corner; the scoured table; the sanded floor, and—the incongruity of a prim, modern work-basket, standing by the quaint, high-backed armchair.

This destroys the illusion. But for this, one might easily have slipped back a hundred years into the past by making that one step into Grandmother Ashton's kitchen.

But the work-basket is the property of Esther's mother; and Mrs. Garner's room, where she sits to-night with Grandmother, has more modern furnishings.

"Thee 'd better go to bed, Rachel, if thy headache is worse," says the soft, calm voice of the serene old Quaker lady as she pauses on the hearthrug, looking like a beautiful old picture in the firelight.

"I believe I would, Mother, only that Mat and 'Selda are out yet. Judson has gone for them. I heard him drive away." (She does not know it was Grandfather Ashton she heard.)

"That need not trouble thee, Rachel. I will see to thy children and put them to bed. They have had an afternoon of pleasure, I doubt not, with the Devine children."

"It is about the only place I care for them to go," says Mrs. Garner with a little sigh of anxious motherhood. "They are so pleasant and well brought up,—the Devine children, I mean—that I overlook the mile and a half one has to go to get to them. But I hope Judson will hurry."

"Judson is slow," answers Grandmother Ashton, peering out the window, "but very sure and careful, or we should not have employed him all these

years. He's getting to be about fifty-five years old, is Judson."

Then she adds, "But thee 'd best go to bed, Rachel. Thee looks sick. Can't thee trust me with Mat and 'Selda?"

"I can trust thee with anything, Mother," answers Mrs. Garner, smiling up at the placid old countenance, "and I believe I will go. Where is Esther?"

"With thy father," answers Grandmother Ashton. "I left him preparing for his ride to Dale Junction. Thee knows he has to see Aaron Moss to-night about that property. It is a long ride."

So they talk together, little dreaming of what was transpiring below stairs.

Esther had come in and stood by the fireplace. How pleasant it was! She did not mind the wind that blew about the windows, rattled the shutters and swooped down the big old chimney. It only fanned the flame to a brighter glow; for the night was chilly for the last of May.

There was a queer sound outside the kitchen door,—a sort of thump and step,—and Esther looked up as it opened. "Why, Joe!" she cried, "however did thee come 'way down here to-night? And thee so lame, too."

Joe panted,—he was ten years old,—and dropped in the nearest chair.

"Thee is n't sick, Joe?"

"No—no," answered the boy.

"Thy mother——"

"No—no," said Joe, with an impatient wave as he got his breath. "Where's your grandfather?"

"Gone away."

"Oh! Well, where's Judson then?"

"I don't know where he is," answered Esther anxiously, thinking of Mat and 'Selda. "He ought to be here now to start after the children. They're at Deacon Devine's."

"I know they be," said Joe, "and this is how I know it. I was up to the depot to-night when John Topham came on the train. You know him; he used to work here two years ago, and your grandfather turned him off because he was so ugly to the creturs."

"I know," answered Esther.

"Well, he acted 's if he did n't want anybody to know him nor speak to him, an' he hardly answered when the station-master called him by name. And I went along home a-thinkin' what had he come back for; an' pretty soon I met Judson, an' I says, 'Hello, Mr. Judson, father wanted me to ask you if you was a-comin' after the chickens that Mr. Ashton bought.' An' he says, 'Not to-night, Joe, because I've got to hurry home and fetch Mat and 'Selda, that's up to Deacon Devine's,

an' I have n't done all my arrants yet.' An' jest then I looked round, an' there was John Topham that had heard every word, an' his eyes was shinin' like the mischief, an' he sneaked around the corner as if he did n't want Judson to see him."

"Oh, do hurry!" said Esther, with a presentiment of what was coming.

"Well, when I came down to the next corner, I waited a bit, an' he passed me, a-mutterin' to hisself an' walkin' very fast, an' he says, says he, 'I'll have 'em sure this time; I'll have 'em sure.' An' all of a sudden, I 'membered how, when he left the farm, he said he 'd be revenged on your grandpa, though it do seem mean, don't it, to take it out o' the children? Now, where *do* you s'pose Judson is?"

"I don't know," said poor Esther, with a great pang of terror. She remembered John Topham very well, and how frightened she had been at his fierce gestures and extravagant threats on that April morning two years ago, when gentle old Grandfather Ashton had told him he could work there no longer. Brutality to animals was one of the cardinal sins in Grandfather Ashton's eyes, and the loss of a valuable Alderney and the laming of a patient, hard-working black mare procured John Topham his "walking-ticket." Esther's bugbear, since that day, had been the unspoken fear that John would some time return to carry out his threat;—just in what way or by what means she could not imagine. And now her very heart was in her throat at thought of nine-year-old Mat and innocent little 'Selda.

"They wont start to come home alone, will they?" asked Joe.

"That 's just what I 'm afraid of; yes, I think they will," said Esther, wringing her hands. "It is growing so late, and Mat is so headlong and impetuous, he thinks he can take care of 'Selda all himself; and even if Thad Devine comes with them, he 's only thirteen. What could he do against John Topham?"

Visions of John's big, burly frame and strong arms flitted before Esther's mind, and her thoughts went into a whirl. Polly gone with Grandfather, Dobbin with Judson,—Dhonabar left! A mile and a half by road to Deacon Devine's; only a mile by cart path over Ashton meadows. Not a wagon left, but Dhonabar was a magnificent saddle-horse, and she had learned to ride on old Polly.

"Say, what 'll we do? where 's your mother?" broke Joe's voice across her confused thought.

"Oh, we can't tell Mother, or Grandmother either," cried Esther distressfully. "What could *they* do?" She bound the old plaid shawl over her head and across her chest, tying the ends behind. "Don't make any noise," she said, beck-

oning to Joe as she caught up and lighted the lantern. And stifling as well as he could the sound of his crutch, the lame boy followed her flying footsteps to the barn.

He found her hanging the lantern on its nail, and pulling down, with might and main, her old side-saddle from its pegs. A heavy load it was for the slender figure, and Joe lent her such aid as he could.

"Why-ee, Esther! you 'll be killed! They say Dhonabar is so ugly. Is n't there any other horse?" he asked.

"No other," answered Esther, standing still for a moment. Only for a moment.

Dhonabar was nearly asleep; he roused himself sullenly and opened his eyes as the slender hands reached under his nose to unfasten the halter-rope.

"Back!" said the resolute, childish voice, and as Dhonabar came into the middle of the floor, Joe clambered fearfully half-way upon the loft-ladder.

Esther stood up in the old chair she used to mount by, slowly and painfully pushed the heavy saddle to its place, cruppered the motionless beast, and fastened the girths. She had purposely left the bridle till the last,—she used no martingale,—but as she approached Dhonabar's head, she saw she had made a mistake. The brute was thoroughly awake by this time. A sort of dull fire smoldered in his eyes, and he held his head very high up, quite beyond Esther's reach. I do not know but she would have faltered then, but a word from Joe spurred her flagging resolution.

"I 'm 'fraid that man 'll get there before you do, Esther."

The courage of desperation awoke in the child. With a rush she dragged the old chair under the brute's very nose, flung an empty egg-box upon it, and, bridle in hand, scrambled to the top of it.

Dhonabar's ears lay close to his head as the bits clashed against his sullen, closed teeth. If Esther had shown or felt one atom of fear, he would have trampled her under foot. As it was, he half opened his mouth to bite, but instead received the bit as Esther pushed it in. Dhonabar felt a sensation of slow astonishment at this small being who handled him so fearlessly. When she pulled his ears into place, he allowed them to stand up in their natural way, and stared at her with a perceptible softening of expression.

Esther dragged the chair about to one side, and was in the saddle before Dhonabar could realize it. From sheer force of habit he obeyed the rein, and walked slowly out of the barn.

"Shut the barn-door softly, Joe, so they wont hear it," she said, "and don't wait for me. Thee can never know how I thank thee, Joe, for coming to-night."

"Pooh! That 's nothin'," answered the boy, reddening with pleasure.

Then the dull beat of hoofs on the turf quickened, and the blackness of the night swallowed up the big black horse and the small rider.

Dhonabar's head was still very high; out of sheer sullenness he refused to put forth any speed. Esther was well-nigh distracted. She doubled up her small fist, leaned forward, and beat upon the black, glossy shoulder with might and main.

The insult of blows was too much for Dhonabar. He gave a fling and shake, took the bit in his teeth, and broke into a mad gallop. Not till then did Esther realize to the full the brute's great strength and her own weakness. She was really, however, a very good horsewoman; and as Dhonabar ran steadily and straight, she had no difficulty in keeping her seat. The cart path ended, she knew, in Deacon Devine's barnyard. The more speed,—the sooner there. With this thought she quieted her first thrill of fear.

And now, how the trees rush past! There, already, is the willow by the brook,—the gnarled old willow where she and the children often play,—now it is gone, and she hears above Dhonabar's rapid hoof-beats the rush of the stream. Now the reflection of the stars in the water passes like a flash, and Dhonabar with the next mad leap lands in the middle of the brook. There is a great splash and scramble. Esther clings fast. Up the opposite bank with a plunge and a bound go the big black horse and the dauntless little rider. Now the track winds down the long marshy meadows,—and now the stars shine out. Still on and on, with long, tireless leaps, past the frog-pond, around the hill where blueberries grow thick in summer, down into a reedy hollow and up a steep ascent to the bars where Deacon Devine's pasture-land begins.

Esther has counted on this hill to help her, but to her horrified amaze, Dhonabar tears up the rocky ascent with scarce abated speed. She looks ahead. The bars are up and — and — Dhonabar makes straight for them!

"I never learned to leap, on old Polly," murmurs Esther.

But she sees that her first lesson has come. All the old Ashton grit comes to her aid now; she settles herself firmly in her seat, takes a good grip of the reins, and the next instant feels as if launched bodily into space on the back of a Pegasus,—if, indeed, the little country maid ever heard of the wonderful winged horse. Then, with a jerk that almost unseats her, Dhonabar strikes ground again; the bars are behind them; the great horse and his small rider go tearing along the level pasture track. Esther looks ahead and becomes conscious of a big,

dark object looming up on the right,—Deacon Devine's cow-barn in the pasture,—and twinkling lights in the farm windows beyond. She is almost there.

Is she too late? she wonders anxiously; and in the next breath,—will she be able to stop the horse?

Is it imagination, or does Dhonabar's speed relax? He pricks his ears forward and snorts. Esther tightens the rein and speaks with an air and voice of authority. Dhonabar feels at first a sensation of astonishment that he is not yet rid of so insignificant a burden; then he flings up his head, shakes it, and slackens his pace!

For all that, he is not yet quite under control. But Esther feels encouraged; when right under Dhonabar's nose loom up the barnyard bars. Her body yields mechanically to the sway and rise of the powerful black body beneath her; and even in the instant of the leap, so rapid is thought, she feels a sensation of wonder at the strength of the mighty muscles that send Dhonabar plunging through the air. And then those bars, too, are passed, and there are the kitchen windows, golden-bright, with figures passing and repassing within, and voices approaching the outer door, which opens directly into the kitchen.

Will she be able to stop him? With all her childish strength she tugs at the rein, and, restively enough, he yields to the change of direction, and heads for the door.

At the very instant of reaching it, and just as Dhonabar concludes not to run his head blindly into the wall, the door opens; a flood of light pours out; there stand Mat and little 'Selda, with Deacon Devine's big boy, all hatted and shawled, and in attitudes of departure; the other children close behind, and the Deacon and his wife just bidding the little visitors farewell. Into this group, along with the clang of hoofs on the broad doorstep, and Esther's shriek of "Whoa, Dhonabar!" come the big black snorting head, with its wide, bright eyes, the panting breath like steam in their very faces, the mouth pulled wide by Esther's frantic grip, and dropping foam all over the broad black chest. For bars do not stop Dhonabar, and it looks as if house doors would not, either; since he is up one step and poised for another, and nobody knows why he hesitates on the very threshold of the kitchen. Yet he does hesitate, and so at that moment Esther's triumph is complete.

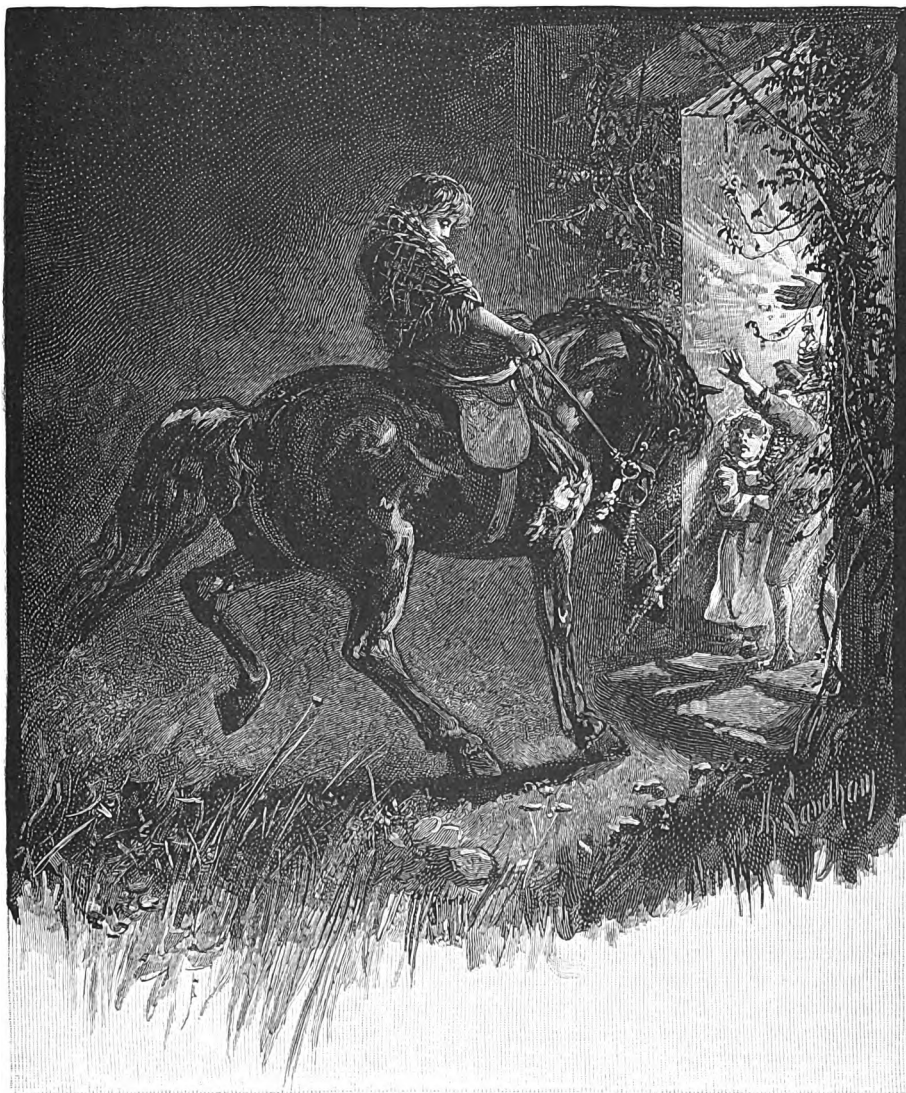
They all shriek and exclaim and retreat at sight of the black horse and the white, excited face of the little rider, as, shawl and hair blown back, she sits for one second a statue carved in living marble against the black background of night.

Then the statue shivers and drops the bridle

and cries out; and Deacon Devine, exclaiming "Why, what does this mean!" catches her as she slips in a limp state from the saddle. Being released, Dhonabar backs suddenly and morosely out of the way, and as nobody pays him the least attention, or tries to prevent him from running away, he

and his wife can learn from her the cause of all her troubles. When it is told, they look gravely at each other, not speaking.

And now comes a rattle of wheels, and Judson's voice says "Whoa, Dobbin!" and a moment later, "Bless my eyes, if here is n't Dhonabar!"



"WITH THE CLANG OF HIS HOOF'S ON THE BROAD DOORSTONE, ESTHER EXCLAIMS 'WHOA, DHONABAR!'"

concludes it is n't worth while to run; and so remains quietly staring at them, as if sculptured in black marble.

"Oh! I'm in time! I'm in time!" cries Esther, sobbing violently, as she hugs puzzled Mat and 'Selda. Some time passes before the good deacon

Deacon Devine hurries out with the lantern.

Then all go to the door. There is more excited talk; and in the midst of it the evil man, who has been listening to it all from the lilac hedge at the fence corner, creeps silently away, through the starlight and shadow of that windy May night,

and goes back disappointed and baffled to town, seen by no one and hastened on by the wind. He was ashamed and afraid. He left on the early morning train. He did not stop at Upton, but disappeared, and nobody about Ashton Farm has heard of him to this day.

But Esther — quiet, resolute Esther — had saved the children and had conquered Dhonabar, though her good grandfather chided her daring, and, even in the midst of his caresses, trembled to think of that perilous ride.

Yielding to Esther's intercessions, Grandfather Ashton never sold Dhonabar; and it came to pass, after the roses of several Junes had bloomed in the roadside thickets, that Esther became a young lady, and used to ride often upon the big horse. And Dhonabar, in a strange, savage kind of way, always manifested an attachment for the child who had so fearlessly braved him. He was kept until he died peaceably of old age, in his stall, as a well-behaved horse should die; which was a much more respectable end than the village gossips prophesied for him.

## AMONG THE LAW-MAKERS.\*

BY EDMUND ALTON.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

#### REFLECTIONS.

THERE are countless things in regard to our government that I must leave untouched. I have told you of the great principles underlying the system, but into all the intricate details I can not go. Within the space allowed, I have not been able to do full justice to the "Law-makers"; much less have I been able to treat of *all* the departments of government, the various lights and shades of national affairs, the myriad ramifications of the Law throughout the mighty structure of Society. Such an undertaking would have been indeed stupendous!

I have given you only a general idea—a mere "bird's-eye view"—of the duties, responsibilities, and privileges connected with the law-making power of the republic.

During my four years of service as a page in the Senate, I witnessed the two Houses of Congress in the exercise of nearly every one of the general and special powers and prerogatives conferred upon them by the Constitution. I started out with a vague intention to conduct you carefully over the ground I traversed as a page. But naturally enough, having once begun, I have asked you to stroll about with me in all directions. Thus I have wandered idly along, with much of the ground still unexplored; and yet, in my zigzag ramblings, I have called your attention to a variety of incidents and objects that came within our range of observation.

I have taken you upon the dome of the Capitol, conducted you through its mazy rooms and corridors, and led you down into the very caverns of

the earth. You have heard, in imagination, the halls of Congress echoing with the sounds of mirth, and you have seen them draped in black and hushed in the stillness of death. You have beheld laws made, a President inaugurated, statesmen and pages at their work and play. If, in my description of congressional scenes, I have in any place spoken in too light a vein, ascribe it to the fact that for the moment I regained the audacity of my youth; if I have anywhere been dry and uninteresting, charge it to the seriousness of maturer years.

That you might understand the importance of the trusts committed to Congress, I have explained the theory of our government—the simple delegation, by the people, of their sovereign authority, to three separate and distinct departments, each of which is, so far as necessary to the proper performance of its duties, made independent of the others, but with the officers of all three departments responsible to the people for the honest exercise of the power confided to them. I have not intended to disparage any of these departments. The functions of the Executive are of vital consequence. The trusts committed to the Judiciary are sacred. But in Congress are reposed the mightiest attributes of national sovereignty. The legislators voice the will of the people; it is for the President and the courts to see that those commands, when properly declared, are duly executed and obeyed.

If you should be in Washington at any time during the sessions of Congress, do not neglect to visit the Capitol. Listen to the deliberations of the Federal Law-makers. You may hear debates, perhaps grave, perhaps humorous,—you may witness scenes solemn or amusing, but do not form the

erroneous impression that the moving panorama before your eyes is the acting either of a tragedy or of a farce. Remember, always, that the exercise of power is one thing, but that the power itself is something else. Although occasionally enlivened by incidents of humor and hilarity, the proceedings of Congress, as a whole, are serious, and they involve matters of the greatest moment to us all. It may be that there are those among its members who are unfit to discharge the duties of their office, and that the country would be better off without them; yet nearly all recognize their responsibilities, and seek to protect and promote our national interests and welfare. As one of the three departments of the Government, the Congress of the United States is entitled to profound regard; as an institution representing the majesty and guarding the liberties of the American people, it should be revered by every patriotic citizen.

A year ago, I visited Washington and took a glimpse about me. I had been absent only a few years; but how swift had been the changes of those years! The city itself had, as if by magic, been transformed into one of the fairest cities of the land. Mean-looking buildings had disappeared, and on their sites had risen palaces and dwellings worthy to be the abodes of princes and of kings. The muddy thoroughfares were no more; in their stead were miles of glistening concrete over which the carriages rolled without a jostle, and boys and girls glided joyously upon their bicycles and skates. Even the grand and venerable trees that had surrounded the Capitol, and in the shade of whose branches I had so often roamed, had fallen beneath the axe of the landscape artist. But here was a change that, in my humble opinion, was not an improvement.

I entered the Capitol, and noted everywhere the ruthless hand of Time. I went to the Upper House and looked in. All the officers were strange. No! Two forms I recognized. There they sat, one on each side of the Presiding officer, in the very same chairs, I suppose, about which I had so often frolicked. May they both live many years to grace that Chamber by their presence!

Then I scanned the Senate for the old Law-makers. But how few I found! Of the many Senators whom I had met during portions of three Congresses, there were but sixteen to be found;

of the seventy-four members belonging to that body when I first entered it as a page, only seven\* remained to answer to the roll.

But there was another blow reserved for my feelings. The pages seemed a different order of beings. I met one of them and spoke to him with the air of a father. Had any visitor spoken to me in such parental fashion when I was a page, I would have withered him by a look! Yet this small fellow stood it, and in a mild and gentlemanly manner gave me all the information I requested. His statement was a revelation. Times had indeed changed!

Sadly I walked to the House of Representatives. I entered the gallery and gazed about me. I was among strangers. I knew that several of the old Representatives were still members, but I was unable to discern their faces in the turbulent crowd that thronged the floor. "Where," I mused, "are the legislators of the Forty-second, the Forty-third, the Forty-fourth Congresses?" I answered my own query. Some of them had been transferred to other spheres of public usefulness; others had withdrawn from the turmoil of business and retired to private life; many had gone to their eternal rest!

I remained in the Capitol for a short time to watch the proceedings of each House. The great work of legislation was going serenely on. The House was just as noisy; the Senate as efficient and industrious as in my time. My mind went back to that Monday in December, 1872, when I made my first appearance in Legislative Halls. I fancied that I heard a voice exclaim, "The Senate will come to order!" and that I was again a careless, happy boy. But it was only fancy. My reverie was broken by a touch. The visions of the past faded from my sight, and the reality of the present rose up before me. And yet, as I came away from the noble edifice and the scenes of my early joys and troubles, the same mysterious voice was ringing in my ears:

"Administrations terminate and Congresses expire as the years pass by, but the nation lives and grows and prospers, to be served in the future by those equally faithful to its interests and equally proud of its growing influence among the nations of the earth!"

\* Messrs. Bayard, Logan, Morrill, Ransom, Saulsbury, and Sherman. Senator Bayard has now become our Secretary of State.



## "MINUTE SKETCHES."\*

DRAWN BY ALFRED BRENNAN.



Pretty good  
for a minute.



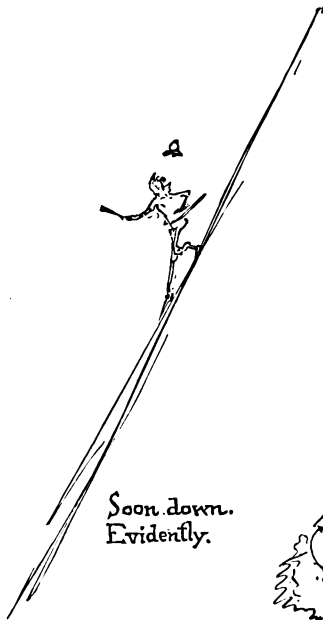
Five little bald headed chaps  
stepping right along.



A good place  
to look out at.



That!



Soon down.  
Evidently.



A driving rain.



What's up?



Presumably  
of the French army.



a Clown-



Well! Well!



A  
lot  
of  
little men



End of the powder-mill.

\* See page 394.



## THE BROWNIES' CIRCUS.

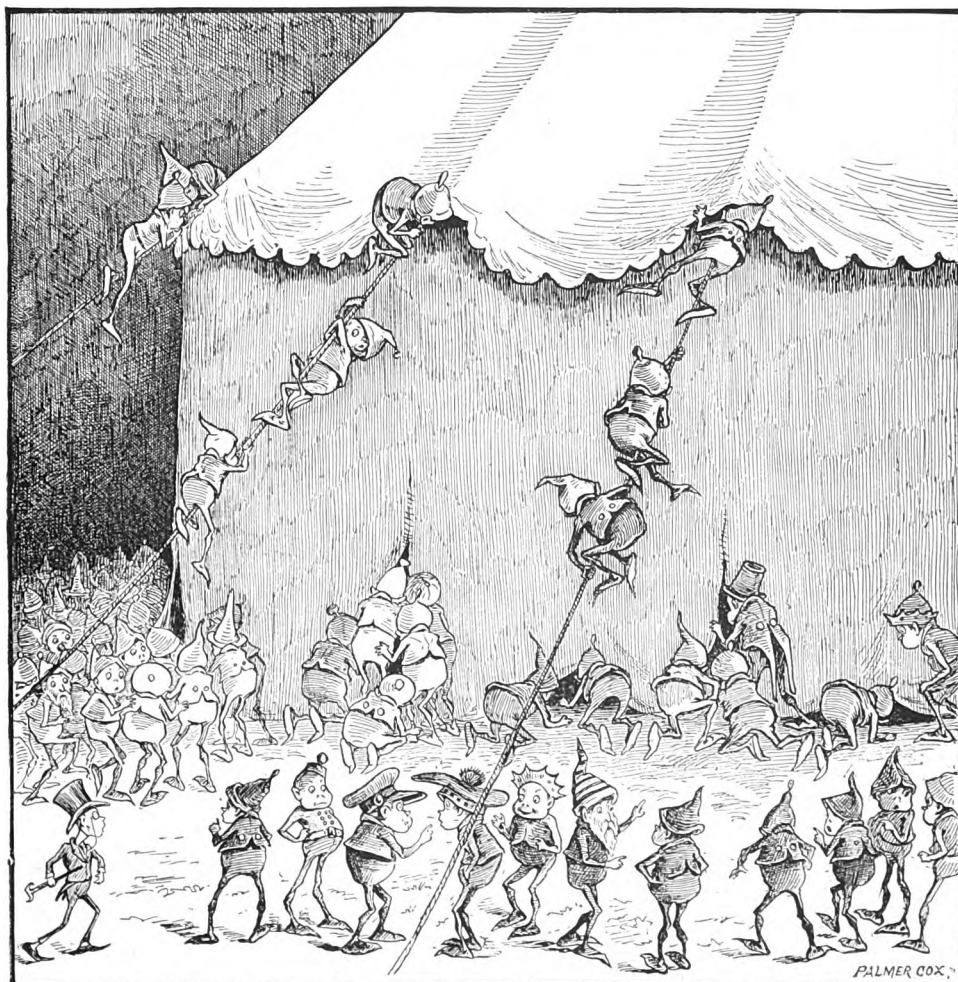
BY PALMER COX.

ONE night the circus was in town  
 With tumbling men and painted clown,  
 And Brownies came from forest deep  
 Around the tent to climb and creep,  
 And through the canvas, as they might  
 Of inner movements gain a sight.

Said one, "A chance we 'll hardly find  
 That better suits the Brownie mind;

And here, till morning light is shown,  
 We 'll have a circus of our own."

"I best," cried one, "of all the band  
 The elephant can take in hand;  
 I noticed how they led him round  
 And marked the place he may be found;  
 On me you may depend to keep  
 The monster harmless as a sheep."

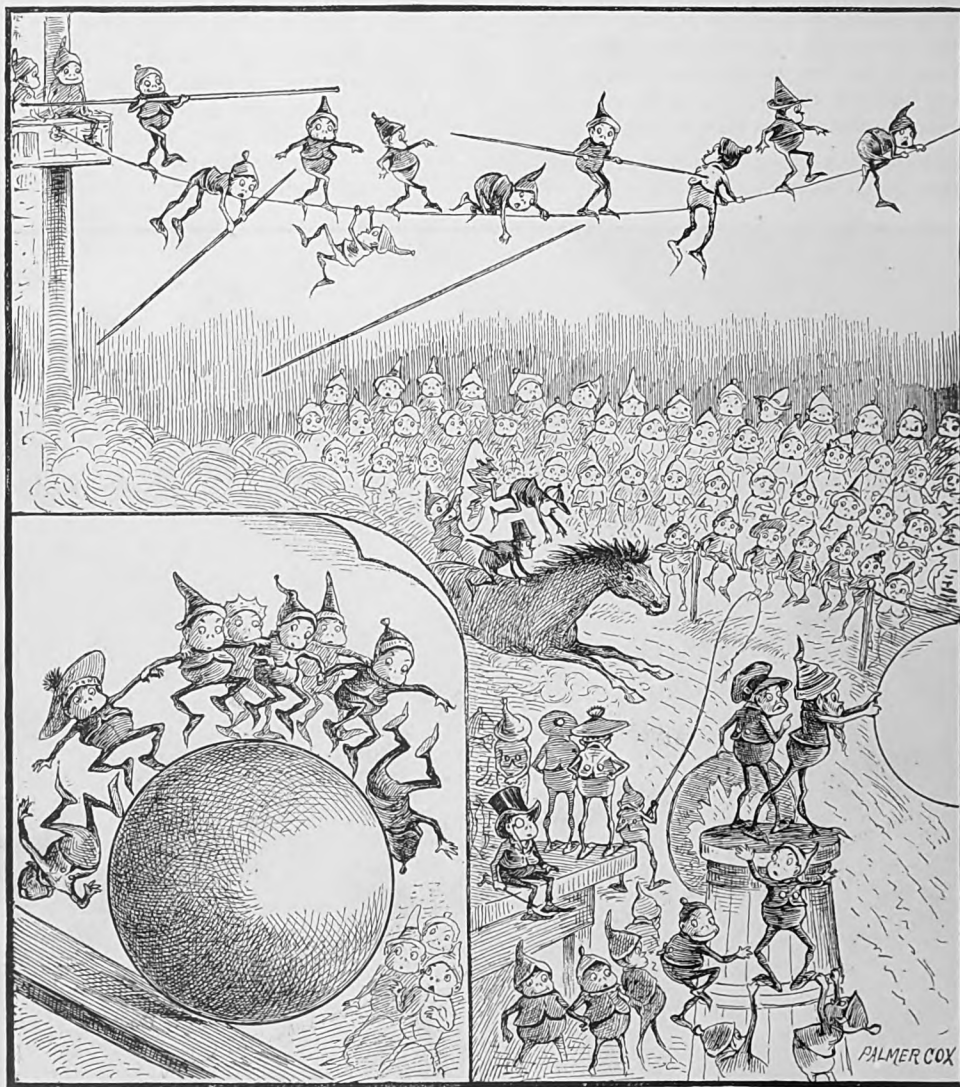


To-night when all this great array  
 Of people take their homeward way,  
 We 'll promptly make a swift descent  
 And take possession of the tent,

The laughing crowd that filled the place  
 Had hardly homeward turned its face,  
 Before the eager waiting band  
 Took full possession as they planned,

And round they scampered left and right  
To see what offered most delight.  
Cried one, "If I can only find  
The whip, I'll have a happy mind;  
For I'll be master of the ring  
And keep the horses on the spring,

The wire that not an hour before  
The Japanese had traveled o'er  
From end to end with careful stride,  
Was hunted up and quickly tried.  
Not one alone upon it stepped,  
But up by twos and threes they crept,



Announce the names of those who ride,  
And snap the whip on every side."  
Another said, "I'll be a clown;  
I saw the way they tumble down,  
And how the cunning rogues contrive  
To always keep the fun alive."

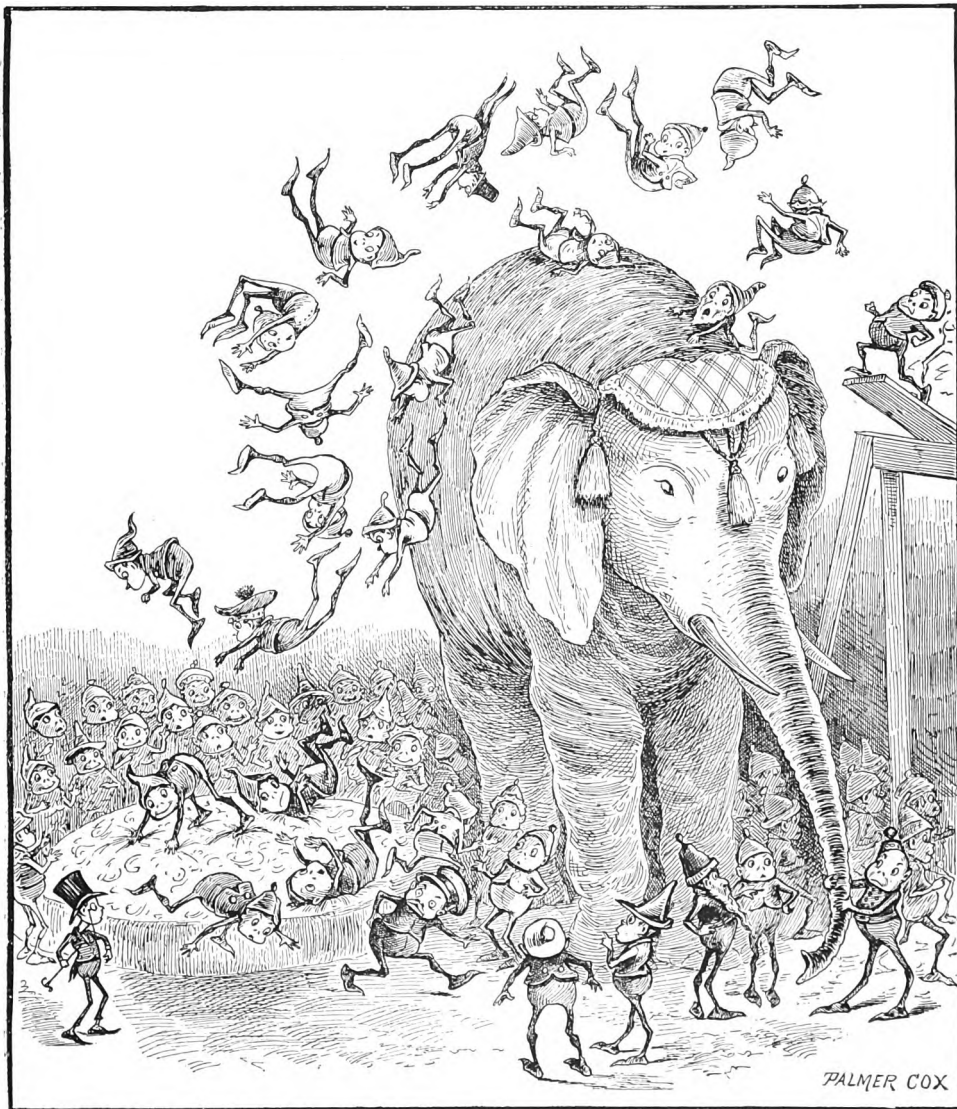
With such remarks away they went  
At this or that around the tent;

Until the strand appeared to bear  
No less than half the Brownies there.  
Some showed an easy, graceful pose,  
But some put little faith in toes,  
And thought that fingers, after all,  
Are best if one begins to fall.

When weary of a sport they grew,  
Away to other tricks they flew.

They rode upon the rolling ball  
Without regard to slip or fall;  
Both up and down the steep incline  
They kept their place, with balance fine,  
Until it bounded from the road,  
And whirled away without its load.

Their mystic power controlled the beast,—  
He seemed afraid to move the least,  
But filled with wonder, limp and lax,  
He stood and trembled in his tracks,  
While all the band from first to last  
Across his back in order passed.



They galloped round the dusty ring  
Without a saddle, strap or string,  
And jumped through hoops both large and small,  
And over banners, poles and all.

In time the elephant was found  
And held as though in fetters bound;

So thus they saw the moments fly  
Till dawn began to paint the sky;  
And then by every flap and tear  
They made their way to open air,  
And off through lanes and alleys  
passed  
To reach their hiding-place at last.



ABOUT this time of the year, my friends, Nature begins to stir, and soon the order comes—MARCH! Straightway the winds blow, the clouds divide and scatter, the trees rock, the dried grass flutters and struggles and tries to feel alive again; the ground begins to soften; the sunshine takes fresh heart; then a general mildness sets in, and we feel that Spring has arrived. This event, however, does not take place till Nature has been March-ing for about two weeks, which may or may not account for what the Little School-ma'am tells me. She says that, according to scientific records, the first of March is not the first day of spring, as many people suppose. This will not be news to all of you, my hearers, for it has been mentioned from this pulpit before, but I allude to it again in order to introduce gracefully a true account of certain

#### DANDELIONS THAT MADE A MISTAKE.

DEAR JACK: One of the pleasantest and oddest sights to be seen in our neighborhood on a certain cold windy day, last year, in the dreary month of March, was a great cluster of dandelion blossoms. There they stood, as bravely and cheerfully, right in the midst of the huge, shining snow-drifts, as if the bright blue skies of May were above them, and warm, soft grasses crept about their slender stems. The old tumble-down mill, beneath the window of which they grew, was in a lonely, out-of-the-way sort of place, but they could n't escape from the bright eyes of children passing by, on their way to school. The shouts of delight with which the happy youngsters greeted these bold, daring strangers made the whole neighborhood ring.

And yet the blossoms were not so very brave, after all, for they never would have shown their golden heads at such an unheard-of time of year, if they had not made a funny mistake. It hap-

pened in this way: Through an opening in the side of the mill ran a steam-pipe, from which the warm water oozed and dropped all the time. At last it reached the roots of the plants, on which it fell, quickening into life the shivering, tiny things, down deep in their winter prison. "Why, surely," thought they, "summer is here earlier than we ever knew it to come before—we hardly know what to make of it all; but, really, this June sunshine is delicious! Let us put forth a few stray blossoms here and there, and spread out our green leaves just as fast as we can, for we're quite tired of this do-nothing sort of an existence."—And into life and activity they sprang. Poor little blossoms! they were not to blame, if they did mistake the heat from an ugly black steam-pipe for the warmth of a summer sun! Yours truly,

E. M. CASS.

#### STILL ANOTHER WEATHER-PROPHET.

DEAR JACK: You have told us much about weather-prophets lately, but there is one to whom you have not yet done justice. In a pleasant field lying just outside the village and near the woods, may perhaps be found the house of Professor Woodchuck; and he is a famous weather-prophet. The house is of good size, and the entrances to it are skillfully made to slant upwards, so that even the cunning wind can not find its way inside without permission. A home filled to overflowing with nuts, acorns, preserved fruits, and vegetables, bears witness that the Professor does not forget to make proper provision for his family.

In personal appearance, it must be admitted he does not resemble the ideal philosopher. He is short and thick, somewhat inclined to clumsiness, and his countenance has by no means an intellectual expression. Yet his face shows watchfulness, shrewdness, and caution.

In the autumn he may be seen almost any day, carefully surveying the landscape and the sky, and drawing conclusions as to the length and strength of the coming winter. So trustworthy are his prophecies that all the little animals of his acquaintance base their calculations as to winter stores upon his decisions. In the first week of February, he comes forth to take his spring observations. If the sun is shining so that he can see his own shadow, he concludes that six weeks more must elapse before the weather will permit spring trade to open; but if the sun is obscured and the wind is at rest, he decides that cold weather is nearly over and spring not far off. Throughout all the Middle States implicit confidence is felt in the Professor's opinion.

He has many friends and few foes. Among his acknowledged enemies is the dog; and when in summer he and his family set out for a romp through the clover-fields, he always posts sentinels to give warning of the approach of this adversary. Yet if he is obliged to meet the dog in open fight, he displays undaunted courage, and almost invariably either makes his escape or conquers his antagonist.

Yours truly, JUSTINE B.

#### "BEAUTIFUL SNOW."

THE Deacon wishes me to say that C. E.'s letter, which I showed to you in January, about "Life in a Snowflake," was sufficiently astonishing, but that he happened upon an item in a newspaper the other day which may perhaps cause you youngsters to resolve never to handle snow again. "Read for yourselves," says the Deacon: "A Swiss scientist, Floegel, is said to have found, in examining the residue from the evaporation of freshly fallen snow, living *infusoria* and *algae*, *bacilli* and *micrococci*, mites, diatoms, spores of '*fungi*' (whatever all these Latin things may be), also fibers of wood, mouse-hairs, pieces of butterfly wings, skin of the larvae of insects, cotton-fibers, pieces of grass, pollen-grains, rye and potato flour, grains of quartz, minute pieces of roofing-tiles, with bits of iron and coal. And still, poets continue to use snow as a symbol of absolute purity!"

And so it is, my dear Deacon—and so the young folk will agree. This special specimen of pure snow happened to have fallen through atmosphere in which those Latin things and the rest were floating, and so it carried them to the ground. I'll warrant you that if the snow-storm continued a few hours the later specimens were not so laden. No, sir. It was *mixed* snow. Dr. Floegel should have waited till the atmosphere was swept clean by the busy little messengers that sometimes come to port like white ships bearing varied cargoes.

#### ABOUT SOME COLORS.

PERHAPS some of my hearers may be interested in colors. Black is not a color at all, I hear. What do you think of that? Blue and yellow, they say, make green; the more blue, the darker the green; the more yellow, the paler. Other colors may be mixed, too, I understand. Will some of you, my hearers, tell me of these? "Is it not odd," said the Little School-ma'am the other day, "that the flower known as the pink is not always pink at all, but may be any one of many colors. And so of rose-color, too; of all the hues of roses, only one is called rose-color—a pretty pale-pink hue. 'Tyrian purple,' she went on, "known as such a thousand years ago, was really red—about the tint of our present mauve or solferino," and it was obtained from certain shell-fish that —

But, as I have no doubt some of you will wish to look up these matters, I shall leave the rest of the Little School-ma'am's talk until another time. I hope to hear further from you on this color question.

#### THE INK-PLANT.

POULTNEY, VT.

DEAR JACK: You asked in the June number of the *ST. NICHOLAS* if anybody could tell about the country where the ink-plant grows, so I thought I would answer you. It grows in New Granada, South America, and the juice needs no preparation to make it into ink. It is at first of a reddish color, but afterward changes to black.

Your interested reader,

E. G. RANDALL.

#### HOW TURTLES WINK.

BANGOR, ME.

DEAR JACK: I had two snake-turtles, and both winked as J. L. S. said the common mud-turtle did. We could not keep them long, so we put them in the pond.

Your constant reader,

BERTHA W. S.

COULD N'T you stand their habit of winking, Bertha?

#### THE CANDLE-FISH.

PEOPLE do not get candles from water, as a rule, I believe, but nevertheless there was a time, the Little School-ma'am says, when men were indebted to the ocean for much of the light that made their homes pleasant at night. The best candles and oil of your forefathers' time came from whales, says the Little School-ma'am. She sends you a picture, this month, of a very remarkable light-giver, which is nothing more nor less than a small fish. This fish is so very oily that all you have to do, after it has departed this life, is to fasten it by its tail between two pieces of wood, touch a match to its head, and a pale flame will

arise from the fish's mouth that lasts until, like a candle, the fish is slowly consumed.

The useful fish, moreover, is a very important one to people living on the north-western coast of North America. At certain seasons the candle-fishes swarm the bays and rivers in vast numbers, and every native man, woman, and child is engaged in capturing them. And how do you suppose they catch them? They actually comb them in. The boats drive them in shore, where each native, armed with a gigantic weapon with teeth eight inches long, sweeps or combs them up by the hundred.



WRITING BY THE LIGHT OF CANDLE-FISHES.

When the boats are loaded full, the fish are carried ashore, where women and children take charge of them. After being dried and smoked, they are ready for candles. They are also used as food, and in that case the oil is tried out and put away for winter use.

But where do you suppose these natives find bottles in which to stow the oil away? The Little School-ma'am says they find their bottles also in the sea. Far down at the bottom of the cold Pacific grows a great weed with a hollow stem. This the natives in some way manage to obtain; they then cut it into lengths of about three feet each, and stop up the ends with fish-skin. And so they obtain light, food, and bottles from that excellent provider, Old Ocean.



## EDITORIAL NOTE.

For the benefit of those young readers who may not have studied French, we give below the pronunciation (as nearly as it can be rendered in English) of the names of the principal artists mentioned in Mrs. Clement's article on "French Painters," which opens this number of ST. NICHOLAS. These are, in the order of mention: *Poussin* (Pu-san); *Gelée or Lorraine* (Zhal-lai, Lor-rain); *Jacques Louis David* (Zhak Lu-e Dah-veed); *Antoine Watteau* (Ahn-twahn Wat-toh); *Jean Baptiste Greuze* (Zhan Ba-teest Gruz—u as in *but*); *Vernet* (Vair-nay—ai as in *hair*); *Le Brun* (Le Brün—u as in *urge*); *Ingres* (Angr); *Hippolyte Delaroche* (Hip-po-leet Del-ah-roash); *Delacroix* (Del-ah-crwah).

The final paper of this series, entitled "Stories of Arts and Artists," will appear in an early number, and will relate to English painters.

THE "minute sketches" by Mr. Brennan on page 388 of this number are especially interesting from the fact that each one was made in a minute or less time, and without any previous idea, in the artist's mind of what he wished to make. These instantaneous effects are sometimes very comical and often quite striking. The "five little bald-headed men," for instance, were made from five ink-blots; the "French soldier's head," from six; the "powder-mill" grew from a finger-blot; and just think of making such a seeming army as that "lot of little men" out of straight lines and in less than a minute!

These sketches only prove how quickly an artist's brain and hand can work, and they are full of suggestions for any boy or girl who is handy with a pen.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

UPPER NORWOOD, LONDON, S. E.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Nearly all the letters in your Letter-box come from American or English children, but I should like you to know that some African children also are very fond of your magazine and the lovely stories. I and my brothers and sisters were all born at the Cape of Good Hope. We are now in England at school, but we like the Cape best, because there we nearly always have beautiful bright weather. I never saw snow until I came to England. We generally have picnics at Christmas, because it is too hot to dance. I read with pleasure "The African New Year's Card." I have often eaten prickly-pears; they are very nice, but such a trouble to peel, on account of the hundreds of tiny thorns.

I am your constant reader, BERTHIE HELEN.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are a little boy and girl who live in the country nearly all the year round. We want to tell you about our pets: we have two lambs, a flock of fantail pigeons, two dogs, and a pony. The lambs' names are Gambol and Buttercup, and the pony's is Merrylegs, and the dogs' names are Duke and Trix. We hope this will be printed, as we have a little sister, and our mother, who will be very glad to see it. We have just received the January number.

MAYFLOWER and QUINCE.

ENGLAND.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been longing for ages to write a letter to you; and now that I have the opportunity, I will tell you how much pleasure you give, not only me, but also some dear little children far away in New Zealand, where they have such few books, to whom I forward your delightful magazine, when I have simply devoured its pages. I have taken other very interesting papers, but there are none that, in my estimation, come near to your charming ST. NICHOLAS. I did enjoy Miss Alcott's "Spinning-wheel Stories" so very much, but am now deep in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "From Bach to Wagner," which latter is both the instructive and amusing combined. So, with three hearty cheers for ST. NICK, and a very long life to it, I shall now sign myself,

Your very devoted reader, "LOUISE —"

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps it may amuse the readers of your magazine to know what two little Quebec girls once did.

The girls were cousins, and they were always anxious to do something toward making little beggar children, or any poor children, happy. So one winter a very rich uncle of theirs came to their home to spend Christmas. "Well, Dora and Jessie, what would you like for Christmas?" said he a week or so before that happy festival. But neither girl could decide, until the next day, and they told their uncle that no present would make them as happy as if he gave them money enough to give a dinner to the poor children of

the neighborhood. Of course Uncle Richard let them have their way, and they had the satisfaction of seeing ten poor little waifs seated around a bountifully spread table on Christmas Day. Now I will say good-bye. My cousin "D." sends her love; for she takes you.

Yours sincerely, J. E. M.

JEFFERSON, WISCONSIN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think horses and colts are very interesting animals.

We have a colt by the name of Billy. He rings a bell for his supper and shakes hands. If we drop a handkerchief, he will pick it up and bring it to us; or, if we hide it he will find it. To pay him, we give him some corn or oats.

One evening Uncle gave him some oats for supper that he did not like. He began looking around as if in quest of something. At last he found a piece of white cloth, which, I suppose, he took for a handkerchief. He brought it to Uncle, and looked up into his face with an expression that seemed to say: "Here is your handkerchief: now give me some good oats." Your interested reader,

M. I. C.

CLEVELAND, O.

DEAR COMPANION ST. NICK: I am a little boy, six years old. When I am at home I live in Camptown, a very small settlement in Idaho. We moved there from Pittsburgh. My Mammy re-wrote this after I composed it. Please print this letter. My sister Anna said you would n't publish a letter from a little boy, and I want to show her that you will. Your loving little reader,

WINNIE DE —

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a brother who is thirteen, and two sisters, one eleven, one four, and I am nine. We take you, and all enjoy you very much. Your new continued story, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," is very nice, and I always read it first. "Christmas Every Day" was very funny, but I am sure I would not like to be the little girl; for she must have got sick of the presents. I read a great many of the letters, and like them very much. In one of them a little girl said that she gathered some roses on the 17th Dec. That seems so queer! Your constant little reader,

C. B. O.

TORONTO, ONT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just finished reading the January number, and think it very interesting. I want to tell you about our club: perhaps some other little girls would like to have one like it. We got the idea from Miss Alcott's "Little Women." Each member contributes so much a month to buy necessities. Our meetings are weekly, and we write a paper to read at them. We do not have

time to compose our stories, so we copy a great many of them from ST. NICHOLAS. I like "Little Lord Fauntleroy" very much, and am anxious to hear more about him.

Your constant reader, L. W.

MACON, GA.

ST. NICHOLAS: I am a constant reader of your paper, and in looking over some old numbers of it, I found, in an August number, an article on "Coasting in August." The writer seemed quite surprised when she first saw such coasting. But the summer is the only time we can coast here.

In and around Macon there are long hills, and some of them are covered with pine-straw, which is so smooth and slippery that no tallow is needed. And then another good thing about it is that it stands a large amount of sliding before wearing out, and when it is all worn, a few days will suffice to repair the place if left alone.

Yours, etc., W. B. F.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy about ten years old. I used to have a great many pets. I have not any now. I had two cats, called Victoria and Bismarck. I also had a dog called Gip. They were very friendly, indeed; once in a while they would

Hotel, Golden Gate Park, the numerous cable cars, the private residences, and the schools will each and all testify that California is the pride of the West.

The eternal snows of the Sierra Nevadas, the orange groves of Los Angeles, the uniform temperature of San Francisco, the many and varied pleasure resorts, combined, bring invalids, tourists rich and poor, by the thousands to this coast. And the ST. NICHOLAS helps many children and adults to enjoy themselves.

Without doubt, many of your readers are enjoying themselves by playing in the snow. Where I am, the hills are green with grass that has been growing since October, and the sun is rapidly drying the streets. It has snowed here three times in twenty years. Out in the garden are blooming violets, nasturtiums, roses, anemones, geraniums, marguerites, lilies, jasmine, heliotrope, California wild currants, marigolds, fuchsias, bridal-wreath, mint, and camellia japonicas. This may seem strange to you, but it is common in California, geraniums being used as evergreens in making hedges.

I remain,

Your Californian friend,

EDITH N. A.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mabel thinks "Davy and the Goblin" is a splendid story; and I like "Little Lord Fauntleroy" very much. I hope the end will not come for a long time.

From your little friend,

ETHEL S. L.



BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

have a fight; it always wound up with Gip running away; the two cats would always follow him. The cats could never get along without me; even the dog would go whining around to find me. The minute I appeared they would come running up as fast as they could go. I must say that I think ST. NICHOLAS always has nice stories in it. I wish you would please print my letter, for I shall look for it. Your constant reader,

JACK BUTLER.

NAPA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On Christmas-day, 1876, a friend gave me a volume of ST. NICHOLAS, and since that time I have been your constant reader, though school duties prevent my reading everything found within your covers.

I live in California, forty miles north of San Francisco. It is admitted by all who have visited that city of seven hills, that the children are the healthiest and best looking to be found in the country.

Many persons in the Atlantic and Southern States think that Californians are ignorant, uncivilized, and heathen, and that gold-dust is as common as flour. It is true that gold-dust in the form of coins takes the place of paper currency; but if any one doubts our education and civilization, let him come to San Francisco.

The bay is full of vessels from all countries, while ferry and river boats are crossing it continually. The tall brick buildings, the Palace

NEW YORK CITY.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for two years. I have two little baby brothers; one of them gets mixed up when he is talking. Once he was trying to say pin-cushion, and he said kun-pincheon! It was too funny for anything!

Your friend and constant reader, HERMAN NELSON STEELE.

CURVED PITCHING ONCE MORE.

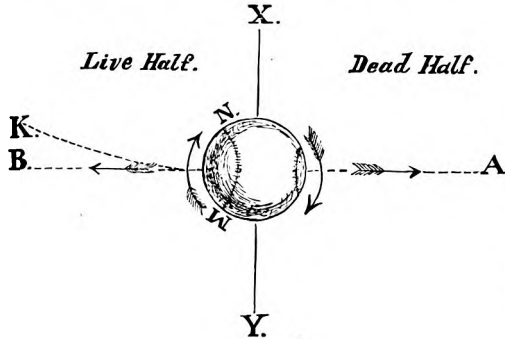
FRANKLIN, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your Christmas number, I noticed a letter written by Arthur Dart, who is inclined to be skeptical when told that a base-ball can be made to "curve" when thrown in a certain way, and seems to think that the author drew on his imagination in that clever story, "How Science Won the Game," when he brought out the hero as a "curve-pitcher." Several years ago, I thought, as Arthur does to-day, that it was impossible to make a ball curve, and when one of my "chums" said he had seen it done, I laughed at him; but he insisted so strongly that when I went home I asked my father. He was an old-time player, and when he said it was impossible to make a ball "curve," that settled it with me.



Then I was certain my friend had been deluded. Not long afterward, however, I saw a game between two professional clubs, and as I sat directly back of the catcher, and could see the ball from the time it left the pitcher's hand, there was no longer any doubt in my mind about a ball being made to "curve." Moreover, I learned myself, after weeks of hard practice, to throw a curve ball, and many times since then have had the satisfaction of "striking out" hard hitters, who were unused to "curves." "What causes a ball to curve?" is a question asked by many, and I would offer the following original explanation:

When a ball is thrown through the air, the resistance of the air is only on one-half of the surface, that is the half facing the direction the ball is thrown. The other part of the ball may be considered as the "dead half."



Suppose the ball is thrown from A to B, and given a rapid rotating movement on its axis, as indicated by the arrows (accomplished by "holding" and "delivering" the ball a certain way), the resistance then is only on the "live half," which is rotating from M to N: hence it is seen that the ball will be influenced by this, and will be constantly moving from a true line curving toward K, and will describe a portion of a circle.

This was the explanation I offered to my father, who still insisted that it was merely a theory, and could not be demonstrated. So one summer afternoon a number of us boys prevailed upon him to join

us in a game of base-ball. Now, a great many years before this, Father had been a member of a local club, which "had downed every club it ever played," as he said, and so he had made up his mind to show us youngsters a "thing or two." When he stepped up to the "home" plate ready to strike, it was with determination to show us that our so-called curves were simply optical illusions which he would soon dispel. I was the pitcher, and the first ball I threw was a slow "out-curve" (that is, it curved away from the striker:—curves are designated as "outs," "in-shoots," "drops," and "raise"). Father drew back the bat and struck at the ball as though he would knock the cover off, but he missed it. He tried again and again, but could not even make a "foul tip"; so finally he gave up and consented to watch for a short time from behind the catcher, and was soon convinced that a curve ball was not an optical illusion, but an accomplished fact. After a short time he started slowly home, but, as he left us, he said: "Well, boys, you are right; the game is getting too scientific for me, and I guess my base-ball days are over."

And, in truth, so they were. Yours truly,

J. EDWIN TAYLOR.

THE young friends whose names are given below, will please accept our sincere thanks for the pleasant letters which we have received from them:

Lida B. Graham, Bessie W. Pratt, Lin Peterson, W. H. Maclay, Mattie Greene, Edith E. Andrews, Ellen B. Wickersham, Charles Weber, Grace Bidwell, Sue Elise Stuart, E. P., N. M. P., Bancroft Gherardi, Louisa Guernsey, Perry C. Hill, Elsie D., Fannie Ludlow, Ethel B. B., J. A. C. K., Marion and Frank Mellen, Amos F. Barnes, R. Winchester, H. A. K., Helen S. and Helen G., Rita E. Lord, Charles Wright, Roy Parkhurst, Edward Balkan, Bessie B. A., Mattie Clark, Mabelle, Lloyd and Howard F., B. F. T., Olive and Eva P., Flora A. Skinner, Grace Fleming, Wallace Durant, C. G., Helen L. Soule, Maud G. and Leslie E., Audry Raymond, Ida E. and Hattie W., Minnie E. Waite, Hattie and Mattie, Maytie Crane, Grace Cameron, Sam C. Moffat, Agnes B. James, "Florence," Winnie Sheldon, Robert Richardson, M. S. Lukens, Francis Mackenzie, Annie M. Graves, Minnie Spencer, Rubie Foley, Lucie Ward, Nora Ashmead, Emma Weeks, "Pussie," Jessie Katherine Mac, Jack H., Eugene M. Mitchell, Eleanor Seney Lutes, M. J. R., Nettie Johnson, Edith H. J., Julian W. Farnsworth, Leigh Bierce, Helen D. Kelly, Hattie F. and Mary C. Evans.



Among the important events to be noted in this report is the publication, by the Fitchburg, Mass., Chapters, of a handsome pamphlet containing a "Catalogue of the Phanerogamous and Vascular Cryptogamous Plants of Fitchburg and vicinity." The work of making this catalogue has not been done exclusively by members of the A. A., but by the students of the Fitchburg High School, assisted by Professor E. A. Hartwell, their science teacher. The number of specimens named is eight hundred and sixteen. We regard the publication of this pamphlet as an "important event" in the records of our Association, for it is a substantial contribution to science, and proves that boys and girls can do good, thorough work.

#### STATE ASSEMBLIES.

THE union of the Chapters of cities, counties, or States into assemblies, having their own officers and by-laws, will, it seems to me, be the next great step in our growth as a society. The remarkable success of the Philadelphia and Iowa assemblies, for example, proves that great good and strength come from such union. The organization of the entire Association is necessarily elastic and generous in the extreme, and our constitution is so broad and simple as to include almost every student of anything directly or remotely connected with nature, from entomology to astronomy. The smaller organiza-

tions of city or State assemblies can profitably work under stricter rules, be more variously officered, and have more frequent conventions.

The purpose which such assemblies will serve is to band together, look after, stimulate, and perpetuate the Chapters which, though near in space, might otherwise remain comparatively isolated. These two assemblies may prove of great importance as attractive centers for the biennial conventions of the whole Association. Here again I must repeat the caution, that there is only *one* Agassiz Association, and it is quite out of order for any single "Chapter" to speak of itself as "The Blanktown Agassiz Association," or to foster the notion that there are nearly a thousand of these "Associations" scattered throughout the world. We use the word "Association" in the sense of "an affiliation of local societies or clubs."

These local societies are branches or "Chapters" of "The A. A.," and should always be so designated, especially in any printed account of their proceedings.

#### THE RAINBAND.

DR. H. P. NOTTAGE, President of Chelsea, Mass., Chapter, desires the addresses of any who are interested in the spectroscopic observation of the "rainband," or in the *spectroscope generally*.

#### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

I. BOTANICAL. 1. No. 2. *No answer*. 3. The rings of a beet indicate the number of leaves borne by the plant. 4. The heart of an old exogen is never alive, but that of an old endogen is. 5. A head of scarlet berries on the spadix. 6. In selecting edible mushrooms, avoid—*a*, bright colors; *b*, those that change color when broken; *c*, those that have a milky juice; *d*, those that deliquesce; *e*, those that have a repulsive odor or an acrid taste; *f*, those that have a ring around the bottom of the stem; *g*, those that have warts on the upper surface of the pileus. Above all, do not risk your life until you have learned all the distinctions from a living teacher. 7. Thirty-three. 8. A red berry, five-lobed, many-seeded, depressed.

II. ENTOMOLOGY.—1. An animal;—Branch, *Arthropoda*; class, *Insecta*. The body has three divisions;—*a*, Head, *b*, Thorax, *c*, Abdomen. It has six legs, and passes through a metamorphosis. It is called "insect," because the parts are so segmented. 2. By means of spiracles on each side of abdomen, which lead to tracheae, which ramify to all parts of the body. 3. Not insects—the body is divided into only two segments, and has eight legs. They are *Arachnids*. 4. Fly, 2. Bee, 4. 5. A glutinous fluid exudes from a small ball between its claws. 6. They do not turn over; they leave the line of upward flight, and when the ceiling is reached turn half around. 7. Mosquitoes, butterflies, and other insects. 8. *Not answered*.

III. MINERALOGY.—1. Minerals are the individual constituents of rocks. 2. Quartz. 3. Gold, iron or aluminium. 4. By *Aqua regia*. 5. Decomposed feldspar, called kaolin. 6. A preventive of intoxication. 7. The color shown when the mineral is scratched, or the color of its powder.

IV. ORNITHOLOGY.—1. The largest woodpecker is the *Campylorhynchus*, or the majestic ivory-billed woodpecker. It is nearly the same size as the common crow (*Corvus frugivorus*), measuring on an average about twenty inches from the tip of the bill to the end of the tail. It is so called because of the long white bill, the nostrils of which are concealed by large nasal tufts. The male is larger than the female; his crest is of a beautiful scarlet color faced with black; in the female the crest is wholly black. He is easily found in the Louisiana swamps. The colored folk and the "Cadians" call them by the peculiar name of "woodcock." 2. If we except (as we have to) the Texas beardless fly-catcher (*Ornithium imberbe*), and the little buff-breasted fly-catcher (*Mitrophanes fulvifrons*), the eggs of which are unknown, the smallest fly-catcher is *Empidonax minimus*, or the "Least fly-catcher," whose eggs measure 0.60 in. to 0.69 in. long, and average 0.65 in. by 0.51 in.; there are 3 to 4, white, normally unmarked, rarely speckled. 3. The nest of the "phoebe" is composed of mud, grass, moss, etc., lined with hay and feathers,—a nest which the majority would call pretty. "The typical nest is affixed to the side of a vertical rock over water, often itself moist or dripping." It builds anywhere about houses and barns now. 4. The genus *Lanius* is remarkable for its cruelty, rapacity, and its singular habits. It decoys birds by imitating the notes of suffering birds, and then when they are near him, it swoops down upon its prey. I have often read, and have also heard it stated, that the shrike after eating his meal, if he has a surplus, generally impales the victim upon a thorn or other sharp point, much the same as the "jay-bird" stores its food in a hole. Although they belong to the *passeres*, they have a beak adapted to tearing flesh, as in the raptorial birds. 5. The catbird (*Mimus carolinensis*), like his first cousin, the mocking-bird (*Mimus polyglottus*), is a great mimic, and stands next the mocking-bird in his ability to imitate. The different notes and songs of this bird are impossible to describe, but its own individual note is a harsh cry somewhat resembling the mew of a cat; hence its name.

The best set of answers in Ornithology is given above, and comes from Percy S. Benedict (aged 14), Sec. of Ch. 331, New Orleans. The best papers on other topics were received from Ch. 448, Wash-

ington (G), among which one by G. Du Barry deserves mention. Miss Julia C. Loos, Fred Crane, of Ch. 891, Schenectady, N. Y., Geo. A. Briggs, Howard L. Morehouse, Miss Jennie Judge, Miss Mamie Mockler, and Charles Upson Clark.

#### REPORTS OF CHAPTERS 1-100.

WE shall now listen to the reports from our first century, only premising that while from the nature of the case more have fallen out from the ranks in this than in later centuries, yet those that remain rank among the strongest and best branches. We shall take little time for our *Lenox Chapter, No. 1*.—We are active, and pleasantly engaged in studying minerals. The Central Collection is large, valuable, and growing. We are limited by vote to six active members, but have, of course, a wide and delightful circle of corresponding members. Most of our energies are devoted to the general work of the Association, sometimes to the neglect, it is to be feared, of our local interests.

8, *Philadelphia (A)*.—Since our coming together last fall, we have prospered; all the meetings have been fully attended, and the Chapter is on a much stronger footing than last year. We have now taken up mineralogy and astronomy, which we find very interesting. One of our members has given us a fine cabinet.—Howard Crawley, Sec.

11, *Berwyn, Pa.*—Sickness, death, and removals have interfered sadly with our plans, and we are reduced to our original membership within our own family. It we meet with no further success, I can say that it has proved of inestimable value to our children, who one and all have learned to love and study Nature mainly through the organization of the A. A.—John F. Glosser.

[But this Chapter, which the A. A. can not afford to lose, will meet with further success, as this extract from a later report shows:—"Report Berwyn Chapter as still active!"]

18, *Kenosha, Wisconsin*.—Limited means, facilities and especially time, have opposed us, but we have no thought of giving up. We are taking ST. NICHOLAS now, for the first time, and do not feel so isolated. We are engaged upon the frozen forms of water, making drawings of snow and ice crystals, studying the pictures of frost, and the philosophy of frozen water.—Myron E. Baker, Sec.

[No better suggestion could be offered to any Chapter that feels "isolated!"]

20, *Fairfield, Iowa*.—One of the members of this Chapter observed a bee caught in a spider's web. A "yellow-jacket came up, and gnawed its head, abdomen, wings, and legs off from the thorax, with which it flew away. I have never before known of these insects, feeding their young on anything but spiders. Has any one?"—C. C. Trine, Curator.

23 (A), *Castle Bank, Stroud, Gloucestershire, England*.—During the year 1885 our Chapter has shown more interest than ever in the study of Natural Science. The meetings have been well attended and held regularly. We have come to the conclusion that it is better to take one branch of Natural Science and study it all together, than for each member to have a separate study. We have been trying to learn something about Botany during the spring and summer months, and have also begun to make a list of the flowers growing in our neighborhood. We have entered nearly three hundred names of flowers we are quite sure have been found, in a book kept for the purpose. This book contains the names of all the natural orders and families, with a space to enter all species of flowering plants growing in Great Britain. During the winter we are going to study Entomology. Eight members have undertaken to give an account of the eight principal orders, each taking one, and giving an outline of the peculiarities of the order, the different families, and some species belonging to each. We have been advised to study Botany without the help of any books. I think we have made a mistake in depending too much on the help we get from them, and neglecting to use our eyes. In the early part of the New Year we are going to have an entertainment, when all the specimens we have ourselves and all we can borrow from friends will be exhibited; there will be some music, and two or three papers will be read. Our "Question and Answer Book" has been kept up well throughout the year, and has proved very useful.

Our Chapter wishes you the compliments of the season and would like to take this opportunity of saying how useful the reports in ST. NICHOLAS have been, and of thanking you for the trouble you have taken to help us through the past year.—G. Ruegg, Cor. Sec.

24, *Mattapan, Mass.*—We are now succeeding in interesting the members in our work. We desire correspondents. Any one who can describe to us the Fauna or the Flora of the place where he or she lives, is invited to address us.—Mary C. Lovering, Sec.

27, *Pittsburgh (A)*.—I can assure you that we keep the lamp burning, no matter how faint the glimmer may sometimes appear. I begin to realize the importance of talking more and more about our A. A. to outsiders, if for no other reason, in order to keep their minds the memory of the great Christian scientist. In our new library we have a large window, partly of stained glass. In the middle we have a head of Agassiz, and on either side symbols of the Arts and Sciences.—R. H. Mellon, Sec.

29, *Philadelphia (B)*.—In its earlier history, our Chapter was earnestly industrious, and two or three of us can still be depended

on for its reorganization. We, whose privilege it was to undertake the arrangements for the first convention will, of course, be ready to aid the Iowa State Assembly in all ways in our power.—Edwin A. Kelley, Sec. Philadelphia Assembly.

48, *Fitchburg, Mass.* One member has now formed an herbarium of about 650 species. We have discovered several new varieties of plants and one new kind of violet, which we call the *V. parva*. It is described as follows: Leaves, serrulate, or large crenate, elliptical acute, tapering at base into a wingless petiole longer than the blade. Plant 1-2 slightly pubescent. Petals, beardless, obtuse, lower one deep purple, but white at apex; one or more stained light-blue by this purple one, which is opposite to them, the rest white with purple veins. Corolla, very small 1-4'. Muddy shores of Robbin's Pond, Rindge, N. H. This resembles the *V. lanceolata* more than any other species, but can easily be seen to be much different. I should be glad to hear whether any one else has found it.—Arthur B. Simonds.

58, *Philadelphia (D).* We are making wonderful progress. We have fourteen members, and our meetings seem to be very attractive, for we always have several visitors. We have purchased a black-board, and we have also the nucleus of a library, in which, besides books, the greatest care is taken of papers read by our members. Under the head of "miscellaneous," we have lectures by the various members. The Chapter is divided into sections on Geology, Entomology, Botany, Mineralogy.—Jos. McFarland, Sec.

64, *Cedar Rapids (A)* grants you a glance at its year-book,—a retrospect of plans formed and carried out, of progress in its various studies, and decided advancement in its work.

We devoted the first seven months to "The Microscope and its revelations," studying from nature as far as possible. In August we took up entomology, ornithology, and botany, and will continue our research in these three branches for some months to come.

Several of our members formed themselves into a "Linn County Investigation Committee," and explored a large part of our county, reporting the fruits of their expeditions to the society.

We have spent over a hundred dollars in the purchase of instruments and in increasing our facilities for scientific research; have entertained the Second Annual Meeting of the Iowa Assembly of the Agassiz Association, and have increased our library by the addition of several volumes, and our collection by several hundred specimens.

We now possess a collection numbering several thousand specimens, illustrating nearly every branch of Natural Science; which, with our library, microscope, and accessories, enables us to study to considerable advantage.

The enthusiasm imparted by the meeting of the Iowa Assembly of the Agassiz Association, held here last August, has done much for us, and we are looking forward with pleasant anticipations to the next, to be held next August, at Davenport, the same week as the National Convention.

In behalf of the Iowa Assembly, I extend to the members of the A. A. an earnest invitation to be present next August, and help make the Second National Convention a grand success.

Yours in the A. A.,

E. P. Boynton, Cor. Sec. Chap. 64,

Pres. Iowa Assembly of the A. A.

65, *Wiesbaden, Germany.* Our traveling Chapter is split up. In France a want of butterflies and here a want of time have prevented much collecting, and more than half the specimens we did secure were tipped over by the servant and destroyed. If we follow a rare specimen into a field we are liable to arrest.—Kenneth Brown, Sec.

87, *New York (B).* This has been the most prosperous year of our existence. Our Annual Exhibition proved very successful. The first evening was entirely devoted to receiving the members of our neighboring Chapters of the A. A. The exhibition caused some of our members to decide to study special branches of Natural History. We have had twenty-three lectures and discussions. Enjoyable excursions have been made to Croton Lake, and elsewhere; moth-hunts have been made in East New York, and more actual work has been done than ever before. Many kind gifts have been received, of which 600 botanical specimens from Dr. Miller, and 183 specimens of shells from Mr. Lindsay, deserve special mention. The library has increased surprisingly. But the hiring of our present hall is the realization of the object for which we have been most longing. Here we can spend the cold winter evenings in a warm and pleasant room, having the easiest access to our library, and can quietly work at our specimens. Hoping that 1886 may be marked by still harder work, I respectfully submit this report.—J. F. Groth, Sec.

91, *Buffalo, N. Y. (A).* The fourth annual report which Chapter 91 has had the privilege of sending to Lenox, is forwarded at the beginning of this New Year, from a hopeful band of workers, who look back upon the past twelve months' study with interest and profit, and forward to the next year's efforts with pleasure.

Our members at present number thirty-four, sixteen of whom are active, fourteen passive, and four honorary. The meetings during the year have been held regularly, with but few exceptions, on Friday evenings, and the order of exercises has consisted of scientific committee reports; an essay, discussion, debate or microscopic exhibition, observations, questions, miscellaneous science, and necessary business. In addition to the regular weekly meetings, we have celebrated during the year our fourth birthday as a Chapter of the A. A., have given a microscopic reception to our friends and the

other members of the Buffalo Association; have held a pleasant meeting in memory of Agassiz on May 28th; and have enlivened the monotony of the regular work by occasional socials. Besides this, an essay is prepared each time for the union meetings of Chapters A, B, C, F, I, H, and K, which are held on the second Monday in every month.

Our treasurer reports six dollars always kept on hand in the treasury for contingent expenses, and a snug fund laid aside in the savings-bank for microscopic work.

Our collection, in charge of a curator, consists of a cabinet of insects, a herbarium which is continually increasing, and which now consists of over two hundred plants, and a cabinet of miscellaneous specimens, several of them of value. A catalogue of all objects is kept.

The Librarian reports, as a nucleus for a future society library, nine volumes of the Humboldt Library collection, files of the *Scientific American* for 1884 and 1885, and the *Supplement* for 1884, several works on local botany and geology, and various pamphlets.

With a good, binocular instrument, the property of the society, the microscopic work of Chapter A is perhaps the most thorough and effective that we do. A microscopist is elected each term, who appoints monthly two assistants, and holds with them weekly or semi-weekly meetings, at which the principles of microscopy are studied, and specimens mounted. Thus, in a year, each active member has been assistant at least once. Of the one hundred and forty-five specimens which have been mounted, I send you a list of some of the newer ones to show what kind of work we are doing.

With cordial assurances of the continued and hearty interest of Chapter 91, in the A. A. and its work, I am, yours respectfully,—Cora Freeman, Cor. Sec.

100, *Hartford (B).* Our Chapter has just now seven members in actual attendance, and three others who will come to the meetings a little later in the season. The older boys and girls have outgrown our simple talks on birds, flowers, and insects, although none of them have lost their interest in out-of-door sights and sounds. I am sure that the A. A. has made all of them more observing than they would have been without it. The children in the Chapter just now are from eight to thirteen years old. We are studying butterflies this winter, and I inclose the result of two mornings' careful inspection of the *Atalanta*, taken down from their own lips. We have no officers just at present, but shall choose them in the spring.

Robert Leverett Brainard, who had been a faithful member of our Chapter for three years, was drowned at Fenwick on the third of last August. He was eleven years and four months old, a sturdy, cheery little fellow, with the promise of a character combining manliness and gentleness. Yours sincerely,—C. M. Hewins, Secretary *pro tem*.

#### EXCHANGES.

Fossil teeth of sharks, fern impressions, and insects.—Edward D. Keith, Providence, R. I., Moore street.

Quartz crystals, shell petrifications, shark's teeth, four inches across.—Miss Lizzie Apple, Sec. 602, Saegerstown, Pa.

Correspondence desired from Gulf States and territories.—A. W. Hodgman, Los Angeles, Cal., Box 797.

A letter seal—with monogram for A. A. Chapters, with number if desired, for minerals or natural curiosities.—C. F. Hotchkiss, 101 Main street, Binghamton, N. Y.

#### NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
922	London, England (F).....	6..H. L. Bergel, 17 Penbridge Crest, Bayswater, Lon., W.	
923	Columbus, O. ....	16..Russell Kilbourne, 550 E. Iowa Street.	
924	Lancaster, Pa. (B).....	10..Geo. F. Alrer, East King St.	
925	East Liverpool, O. (A).....	6..W. M. Hill, Box 325.	
926	New York, N. Y. (Y).....	5..Wm. Conan, New York, N. Y.	
927	Philadelphia, (I).....	5..F. M. Vogel, 2454 Nicholas St.	
928	East Sound, Washington Territory (A).....	20..Clarence Van Sant, San Juan Co.	
929	Doylestown, Pa., (A).....	12..Miss Katherine Grimes.	

#### DISSOLVED.

93 Taunton, Mass. .... H. G. White.

95 Rozetta, Ill. .... Miss N. M. Crouch.

Secretaries will please confine their reports within the limits of three pages, commercial note, and invariably set at head of first page—both number and name of Chapter, as they appear in our printed reports. Reports from Chapters 201-300, inclusive, should be sent in as near March 1st as possible. All are invited to join the A. A.

Address the President:

MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD,  
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.











# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## CASPERL.

BY H. C. BUNNER.

CASPERL was a wood-chopper, and the son of a wood-chopper, and although he was only eighteen when his father died, he was so strong and active, that he went on chopping and hauling wood for the whole neighborhood, and people said he did it quite as well as his father, while he was certainly a great deal more pleasant in his manner and much more willing to oblige others.

It was a poor country, however, for it was right in the heart of the Black Forest, and there were more witches and fairies and goblins there than healthy human beings. So Casperl scarcely made a living, for all he worked hard and rose up early in the morning, summer and winter. His friends often advised him to go to some better place, where he could earn more money; but he only shook his head and said that the place was good enough for him.

He never told any one, though, why he loved his poor hut in the depths of the dark forest, because it was a secret which he did not wish to share with strangers. For he had discovered, a mile or two from his home, in the very blackest part of the woods, an enchanted mountain. It was a high mountain, covered with trees and rocks and thick, tangled undergrowth, except at the very top, where there stood a castle surrounded by smooth, green lawns and beautiful gardens, which were always kept in the neatest possible order, although no gardener was ever seen.

This enchanted mountain had been under a spell for nearly two hundred years. The lovely

Princess who lived there had once ruled the whole country. But a powerful and wicked magician disguised himself as a prince, and made love to her. At first the Princess loved her false suitor; but one day she found out that he was not what he pretended to be, and she told him to leave her and never to come near her again.

"For you are not a prince," she said. "You are an impostor, and I will never wed any but a true prince."

"Very well," said the magician, in a rage. "You shall wait for your true prince, if there is such a thing as a true prince; and you shall marry no one till he comes."

And then the magician cast a spell upon the beautiful castle on the top of the mountain, and the terrible forest sprang up about it. Rocks rose up out of the earth and piled themselves in great heaps among the tree-trunks. Saplings and brush and twisted, poisonous vines came to fill up every crack and crevice, so that no mortal man could possibly go to the summit, except by one path, which was purposely left clear. And in that path there was a gate that the strongest man could not open, it was so heavy. Farther up the mountain-slope, the trunk of a tree lay right across the way,—a magic tree, that no one could climb over or crawl under or cut through. And beyond the gate and the tree was a dragon with green eyes that frightened away every man that looked at it.

And there the beautiful Princess was doomed to

live until the true prince should arrive and overcome these three obstacles.

Now, although none of the people in the forest, except Casperl, knew of the mountain or the Princess, the story had been told in many distant countries, and year after year young princes came from all parts of the earth to try to rescue the lovely captive and win her for a bride. But, one after the other, they all tried and failed,—the best of them could not so much as open the gate.

And so there the Princess remained, as the years went on. But she did not grow any older, or any less beautiful, for she was still waiting for the True Prince, and she believed that some day he would come.

This was what kept Casperl from leaving the Black Forest. He was sorry for the Princess, and he hoped some day to see her rescued and wedded to the True Prince.

Every evening, when his work was done, he would walk to the foot of the mountain, and sit down on a great stone, and look up to the top, where the Princess was walking in her garden. And as it was an enchanted mountain, he could see her clearly, although she was so far away. Yes, he could see her face as well as though she were close by him, and he thought it was truly the loveliest face in the world.

There he would sit and sadly watch the princes who tried to climb the hill. There was scarcely a day that some prince from a far country did not come to make the attempt. One after another, they would arrive with gorgeous trains of followers, mounted on fine horses, and dressed in costumes so magnificent that a plain cloth-of-gold suit looked shabby among them. They would look up to the mountain-top and see the Princess walking there, and they would praise her beauty so warmly that Casperl, when he heard them, felt sure he was quite right in thinking her the loveliest woman in the world.

But every prince had to make the trial by himself. That was one of the conditions which the magician made when he laid the spell upon the castle; although Casperl did not know it.

And each prince would throw off his cloak, and shoulder a silver or gold-handled ax, and fasten his sword by his side, and set out to climb the hill, and open the gate, and cut through the fallen tree, and slay the dragon, and wed the Princess.

Up he would go, bright and hopeful, and tug away at the gate until he found that he could do nothing with it, and then he would plunge into the tangled thickets of underbrush, and try his best to fight his way through to the summit.

But every one of them came back, after a while, with his fine clothes torn and his soft skin

scratched, all tired and disheartened and worn out. And then he would look spitefully up at the mountain, and say he did n't care so much about wedding the Princess, after all; that she was only a common enchanted princess, just like any other enchanted princess, and really not worth so much trouble.

This would grieve Casperl, for he could n't help thinking that it was impossible that any other woman could be as lovely as *his* Princess. You see, he called her *his* Princess, because he took such an interest in her, and he did n't think there could be any harm in speaking of her in that way, just to himself. For he never supposed she could even know that there was such a humble creature as poor young Casperl, the wood-chopper, who sat at the foot of the hill and looked up at her.

And so the days went on, and the unlucky princes came and went, and Casperl watched them all. Sometimes he saw his Princess look down from over the castle parapets, and eagerly follow with her lovely eyes the struggles of some brave suitor through the thickets, until the poor Prince gave up the job in despair. Then she would look sad and turn away. But generally she paid no attention to the attempts that were made to reach her. That kind of thing had been going on so long that she was quite used to it.

By and by, one summer evening, as Casperl sat watching, there came a little prince with a small train of attendants. He was rather undersized for a prince; he did n't look strong, and he did look as though he slept too much in the morning and too little at night. He slipped off his coat, however, and climbed up the road, and began to push and pull at the gate.

Casperl watched him carelessly for a while, and then, happening to look up, he saw that the Princess was gazing sadly down on the poor little Prince as he tugged and toiled.

And then a bold idea came to Casperl. Why should n't he help the Prince? He was young and strong; he had often thought that, if he were a prince, a gate like that should not keep him away from the Princess. Why, indeed, should he not give his strength to help to free the Princess? And he felt a great pity for the poor little Prince, too.

So he walked modestly up the hill and offered his services to the Prince.

"Your Royal Highness," he said, "I am only a wood-chopper; but, if you please, I am a strong wood-chopper, and perhaps I can be of use to you."

"But why should you take the trouble to help me?" inquired the Prince. "What good will it do you?"

"Oh, well!" said Casperl, "it's helping the Princess, too, don't you know?"

"No, I don't know," said the Prince. "However, you may try what you can do. Here, put your shoulder to this end of the gate, and I will stand right behind you."

Now, Casperl did not know that it was forbid-

and pushed with all his might. It was very heavy, but after a while it began to move a little.

"Courage, your Royal Highness!" said Casperl. "We'll move it, after all." But if he had looked over his shoulder, he would have seen that the little Prince was not pushing at all, but that he had put on his cloak, and was standing idly by, laugh-

ing to himself at the way he was making a wood-chopper do his work for him.

After a long struggle, the gate gave way, and swung open just wide enough to let them through. It was a close squeeze for the Prince; but Casperl held the gate open until he slipped through.

"Dear me," said the Prince, "you're quite a strong fellow. You really were of some assistance to me. Let me see, I think the stories say something about a tree, or some such thing, farther up the road. As you are a wood-chopper, and as you have your ax with you, perhaps you might walk up a bit and see if you can't make yourself useful."

Casperl was quite willing, for he began to feel that he was doing something for the Princess, and it pleased him to think that even a wood-chopper could do her a service.

So they walked up until they came to the tree.

And then the Prince

den to any suitor to have help in his attempt to climb the hill. The Prince knew it, though, but he said to himself, "When I am through with this wood-chopper I will dismiss him, and no one will know anything about it. I can never lift this gate by myself. I will let him do it for me, and thus I shall get the Princess, and he will be just as well satisfied, for he is only a wood-chopper."

So Casperl put his broad shoulder to the gate

drew out his silver ax, and sharpened it carefully on the sole of his shoe, while Casperl picked up a stone and whetted his old iron ax, which was all he had.

"Now," said the Prince, "let's see what we can do."

But he really did n't do anything. It was Casperl who swung his ax and chopped hard at the magic tree. Every blow made the chips fly; but the wood grew instantly over every cut, just as though he had been cutting into water.



"COURAGE, YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS!" SAID CASPERL. "WE'LL MOVE IT AFTER ALL."

For a little while the Prince amused himself by trying first to climb over the tree, and then to crawl under it. But he soon found that whichever way he went, the tree grew up or down so fast that he was shut off. Finally he gave it up, and went and lay down on his back on the grass, and watched Casperl working.

And Casperl worked hard. The tree grew fast; but he chopped faster. His forehead was wet and his arms were tired, but he worked away and made the chips fly in a cloud. He was too busy to take the time to look over his shoulder, so he did not see the Prince lying on the grass. But every now and then he spoke cheerily, saying, "We 'll do it, your Royal Highness!"

And he did it, in the end. After a long, long while, he got the better of the magic tree, for he chopped quicker than it could grow, and at last he had cut a gap right across the trunk.

The Prince jumped up from the grass and leaped nimbly through, and Casperl followed him slowly and sadly, for he was tired, and it began to occur to him that the Prince had n't said anything about the Princess, which made him wonder if he were the True Prince, after all. "I'm afraid," he thought, "the Princess won't thank me if I bring her a prince who does n't love her. And it really is very strange that this Prince has n't said a word about her."

So he ventured to remark, very meekly:

"Your Royal Highness will be glad to see the Princess."

"Oh, no doubt," said the Prince.

"And the Princess will be very glad to see your Royal Highness," went on Casperl.

"Oh, of course!" said the Prince.

"And your Royal Highness will be very good to the Princess," said Casperl further, by way of a hint.

"I think," said the Prince, "that you are talking altogether too much about the Princess. I don't believe I need you any more. Perhaps you would better go home. I'm much obliged to you for your assistance. I can't reward you just now, but if you will come to see me after I have married the Princess, I may be able to do something for you."

Casperl turned away, somewhat disappointed, and was going down the hill, when the Prince called him back.

"Oh, by the way!" he said; "there's a dragon, I understand, a little farther on. Perhaps you'd like to come along and see me kill him?"

Casperl thought he would like to see the Prince

do something for the Princess, so he followed meekly on. Very soon they came to the top of the mountain, and saw the green lawns and beautiful gardens of the enchanted castle,—and there was the dragon waiting for them.

The dragon reared itself on its dreadful tail, and flapped its black wings; and its great green, shining, scaly body swelled and twisted, and it roared in a terrible way.

The little Prince drew his jeweled sword and walked slowly up to the monster. And then the great beast opened its red mouth and blew out one awful breath, that caught the Prince up as if he were a feather, and whisked him clear off the mountain and over the tops of the trees in the valley, and that was the last any one ever saw of him.

Then Casperl grasped his old ax and leaped forward to meet the dragon, never stopping to think how poor his weapon was. But all of a sudden the dragon vanished and disappeared and was gone, and there was no trace of it anywhere; but the beautiful Princess stood in its place and smiled and held out her white hand to Casperl.

"My Prince!" she said, "so you have come at last!"

"I beg your gracious Highness's pardon," said Casperl; "but I am no Prince."

"Oh, yes, you are!" said the Princess; "how did you come here, if you are not my True Prince? Did n't you come through the gate and across the tree, and have n't you driven the dragon away?"

"I only helped——" began Casperl.

"You did it all," said the Princess, "for I saw you. Please don't contradict a lady."

"But I don't see how I could——" Casperl began again.

"People who are helping others," said the Princess, "often have a strength beyond their own. But perhaps you did n't come here to help me, after all?"

"Oh, your gracious Highness," cried Casperl, "there's nothing I would n't do to help you. But I'm sure I'm not a Prince."

"And I am sure you are," said the Princess, and she led him to a fountain near by, and when he looked at his reflection in the water, he saw that he was dressed more magnificently than any prince who ever yet had come to the enchanted mountain.

And just then the wedding-bells began to ring, and that is all I know of the fairy story, for Casperl and the Princess lived so happily ever after in the castle on top of the mountain, that they never came down to tell the rest of it.



O moon, slender moon,  
 I see your silver light  
 Sailing up high  
 A hilt in the sky  
 Over my shoulder right.  
 And purse, silken purse,  
 You held in your meshes a penny  
 So I'll be as gay  
 As a crocus in May  
 And of sorrows never have any.

## AN APRIL DAY.

BY SARA M. CHATFIELD.

OH, we went picking daffodils,  
 My little love and I!  
 A blue-bird sang upon the fence;  
 White clouds were riding high,  
 On a sunny April morning,  
 With soft winds blowing by.

Oh, we went out to count the stars,  
 My little love and I!  
 "O Mamma, see, the daffodils  
 Are blowing in the sky!"  
 On a cool, sweet April evening,  
 When shadows hovered nigh.

## LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.



## CHAPTER VI.



WHEN Lord Fauntleroy wakened in the morning,—he had not wakened at all when he had been carried to bed the night before,—the first sounds he was conscious of were the crackling of a wood fire and the murmur of voices.

"You will be careful, Dawson, not to say anything about it," he heard some one say. "He does not know why she is not to be with him, and the reason is to be kept from him."

"If them 's his lordship's orders, mem," another voice answered, "they 'll have to be kep', I suppose. But, if you 'll excuse the liberty, mem, as

it 's between ourselves, servant or no servant, all I have to say is, it's a cruel thing,—parting that poor, pretty, young widdered cre'tur' from her own flesh and blood, and him such a little beauty and a nobleman born. James and Thomas, mem, last night in the servants' hall, they both of 'em say as they never see anythink in their two lives—nor yet noother gentleman in livery—like that little fellow's ways, as innercent an' polite an' interested as if he 'd been sitting there dining with his best friend,—and the temper of a' angel, instead of one (if you 'll excuse me, mem), as it 's well known, is enough to curdle your blood in your veins at times. And as to looks, mem, when we was rung for, James and me, to go into the library and bring him upstairs, and James lifted him up in his arms, what with his little innercent face all red and rosy, and his little head on James's shoulder and his hair hanging down, all curly an' shinin', a prettier, takiner sight you 'd never wish to see. An' it 's my opinion, my lord was n't blind to it neither, for he looked at him, and he says to James, 'See you don't wake him!' he says."

Cedric moved on his pillow, and turned over, opening his eyes.

There were two women in the room. Everything was bright and cheerful with gay-flowered chintz. There was a fire on the hearth, and the sunshine was streaming in through the ivy-entwined windows. Both women came toward him, and he saw that one of them was Mrs. Mellon, the housekeeper, and the other a comfortable, middle-aged woman, with a face as kind and good-humored as a face could be.

"Good-morning, my lord," said Mrs. Mellon.

"Did you sleep well?"

His lordship rubbed his eyes and smiled.

"Good-morning," he said. "I did n't know I was here."

"You were carried upstairs when you were asleep," said the housekeeper. "This is your bedroom, and this is Dawson, who is to take care of you."

Fauntleroy sat up in bed and held out his hand to Dawson, as he had held it out to the Earl.

"How do you do, ma'am?" he said. "I 'm much obliged to you for coming to take care of me."

"You can call her Dawson, my lord," said the housekeeper with a smile. "She is used to being called Dawson."

"Miss Dawson, or Mrs. Dawson?" inquired his lordship.

"Just Dawson, my lord," said Dawson herself, beaming all over. "Neither Miss nor Missis, bless your little heart! Will you get up now, and let Dawson dress you, and then have your breakfast in the nursery?"

"I learned to dress myself many years ago, thank you," answered Fauntleroy. "Dearest taught me. 'Dearest' is my mamma. We had only Mary to do all the work,—washing and all,—and so of course it would n't do to give her so much trouble. I can take my bath, too, pretty well if you'll just be kind enough to 'zamine the corners after I'm done."

Dawson and the housekeeper exchanged glances.

"Dawson will do anything you ask her to," said Mrs. Mellon.

"That I will, bless him," said Dawson, in her comforting, good-humored voice. "He shall dress himself if he likes, and I'll stand by, ready to help him if he wants me."

"Thank you," responded Lord Fauntleroy; "it's a little hard sometimes about the buttons, you know, and then I have to ask somebody."

He thought Dawson a very kind woman, and before the bath and the dressing were finished they were excellent friends, and he had found out a great deal about her. He had discovered that her husband had been a soldier and had been killed in a real battle, and that her son was a sailor, and was away on a long cruise, and that he had seen pirates and cannibals and Chinese people and Turks, and that he brought home strange shells and pieces of coral which Dawson was ready to show at any moment, some of them being in her trunk. All this was very interesting. He also found out that she had taken care of little children all her life, and that she had just come from a great house in another part of England, where she had been taking care of a beautiful little girl whose name was Lady Gwyneth Vaughn.

"And she is a sort of relation of your lordship's," said Dawson. "And perhaps some time you may see her."

"Do you think I shall?" said Fauntleroy. "I should like that. I never knew any little girls, but I always like to look at them."

When he went into the adjoining room to take his breakfast, and saw what a great room it was, and found there was another adjoining it which Dawson told him was his also, the feeling that he was very small indeed came over him again so strongly that he confided it to Dawson, as he sat down to the table on which the pretty breakfast service was arranged.

"I am a very little boy," he said rather wistfully, "to live in such a large castle, and have so many big rooms,—Don't you think so?"

"Oh! come!" said Dawson, "you feel just a little strange at first, that's all; but you'll get over that very soon, and then you'll like it here. It's such a beautiful place, you know."

"It's a very beautiful place, of course," said Fauntleroy, with a little sigh; "but I should like it better if I did n't miss Dearest so. I always had my breakfast with her in the morning, and put the sugar and cream in her tea for her, and handed her the toast. That made it very sociable, of course."

"Oh, well!" answered Dawson, comfortably, "you know you can see her every day, and there's no knowing how much you'll have to tell her. Bless you! wait till you've walked about a bit and seen things,—the dogs, and the stables with all the horses in them. There's one of them I know you'll like to see——"

"Is there?" exclaimed Fauntleroy; "I'm very fond of horses. I was very fond of Jim. He was the horse that belonged to Mr. Hobbs' grocery wagon. He was a beautiful horse when he was n't balky."

"Well," said Dawson, "you just wait till you've seen what's in the stables. And, deary me, you have n't looked even into the very next room yet!"

"What is there?" asked Fauntleroy.

"Wait until you've had your breakfast, and then you shall see," said Dawson.

At this he naturally began to grow curious, and he applied himself assiduously to his breakfast. It seemed to him that there must be something worth looking at, in the next room; Dawson had such a consequential, mysterious air.

"Now then," he said, slipping off his seat a few minutes later; "I've had enough. Can I go and look at it?"

Dawson nodded and led the way, looking more mysterious and important than ever. He began to be very much interested indeed.

When she opened the door of the room, he stood upon the threshold and looked about him in amazement. He did not speak; he only put his hands in his pockets and stood there flushing up to his forehead and looking in.

He flushed up because he was so surprised and, for the moment, excited. To see such a place was enough to surprise any ordinary boy.

The room was a large one, too, as all the rooms seemed to be, and it appeared to him more beautiful than the rest, only in a different way. The furniture was not so massive and antique as was that in the rooms he had seen downstairs; the draperies and rugs and walls were brighter; there were shelves full of books, and on the tables were numbers of toys,—beautiful, ingenious things,—such as he



had looked at with wonder and delight through the shop windows in New York.

"It looks like a boy's room," he said at last, catching his breath a little. "Whom do they belong to?"

"Go and look at them," said Dawson. "They belong to you!"

"To me!" he cried; "to me? Why do they belong to me? Who gave them to me?" And he sprang forward with a gay little shout. It seemed almost too much to be believed. "It was Grandpapa!" he said, with his eyes as bright as stars. "I know it was Grandpapa!"

"Yes, it was his lordship," said Dawson; "and if you will be a nice little gentleman, and not fret about things, and will enjoy yourself, and be happy all the day, he will give you anything you ask for."

It was a tremendously exciting morning. There were so many things to be examined, so many experiments to be tried; each novelty was so absorbing that he could scarcely turn from it to look at the next. And it was so curious to know that all this had been prepared for himself alone; that, even before he had left New York, people had come down from London to arrange the rooms he was to occupy, and had provided the books and playthings most likely to interest him.

"Did you ever know any one," he said to Dawson, "who had such a kind grandfather!"

Dawson's face wore an uncertain expression for a moment. She had not a very high opinion of his lordship the Earl. She had not been in the house many days, but she had been there long enough to hear the old nobleman's peculiarities discussed very freely in the servants' hall.

"An' of all the wicious, savage, hill-tempered hold fellows it was ever my hill-luck to wear livery hunder," the tallest footman had said, "he 's the violentest and wust by a long shot."

And this particular footman, whose name was Thomas, had also repeated to his companions below stairs some of the Earl's remarks to Mr. Havisham, when they had been discussing these very preparations.

"Give him his own way, and fill his rooms with toys," mylord had said. "Give him what will amuse him, and he 'll forget about his mother quickly enough. Amuse him, and fill his mind with other things, and we shall have no trouble. That 's boy nature."

So, perhaps, having had this truly amiable object in view, it did not please him so very much to find it did not seem to be exactly this particular boy's nature. The Earl had passed a bad night and had spent the morning in his room; but at noon, after he had lunched, he sent for his grandson.

Fauntleroy answered the summons at once. He came down the broad staircase with a bounding step; the Earl heard him run across the hall, and then the door opened and he came in with red cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"I was waiting for you to send for me," he said. "I was ready a long time ago. I 'm *ever* so much obliged to you for all those things! I 'm *ever* so much obliged to you! I have been playing with them all the morning."

"Oh!" said the Earl, "you like them, do you?"

"I like them so much—well, I could n't tell you how much!" said Fauntleroy, his face glowing with delight. "There 's one that 's like base-ball, only you play it on a board with black and white pegs, and you keep your score with some counters on a wire. I tried to teach Dawson, but she could n't quite understand it just at first—you see, she never played base-ball, being a lady; and I 'm afraid I was n't very good at explaining it to her. But you know all about it, don't you?"

"I 'm afraid I don't," replied the Earl. "It 's an American game, is n't it? Is it something like cricket?"

"I never saw cricket," said Fauntleroy; "but Mr. Hobbs took me several times to see base-ball. It 's a splendid game. You get so excited! Would you like me to go and get my game and show it to you? Perhaps it would amuse you and make you forget about your foot. Does your foot hurt you very much this morning?"

"More than I enjoy," was the answer.

"Then perhaps you could n't forget it," said the little fellow, anxiously. "Perhaps it would bother you to be told about the game. Do you think it would amuse you, or do you think it would bother you?"

"Go and get it," said the Earl.

It certainly was a novel entertainment this,—making a companion of a child who offered to teach him to play games,—but the very novelty of it amused him. There was a smile lurking about the Earl's mouth when Cedric came back with the box containing the game, in his arms, and an expression of the most eager interest on his face.

"May I pull that little table over here to your chair?" he asked.

"Ring for Thomas," said the Earl. "He will place it for you."

"Oh, I can do it myself," answered Fauntleroy. "It 's not very heavy."

"Very well," replied his grandfather. The lurking smile deepened on the old man's face as he watched the little fellow's preparations; there was such an absorbed interest in them. The small table was dragged forward and placed by his

chair, and the game taken from its box and arranged upon it.

"It's very interesting when you once begin," said Fauntleroy. "You see, the black pegs can be your side and the white ones mine. They're men, you know, and once 'round the field is a home run and counts one—and these are the outs—and here is the first base and that's the second and that's the third and that's the home-base."

He entered into the details of explanation with the greatest animation. He showed all the attitudes of pitcher and catcher and batter in the real game, and gave a dramatic description of a wonderful "hot ball" he had seen caught on the glorious occasion on which he had witnessed a match in company with Mr. Hobbs. His vigorous, graceful little body, his eager gestures, his simple enjoyment of it all, were pleasant to behold.

When at last the explanations and illustrations were at an end and the game began in good earnest, the Earl still found himself entertained. His young companion was wholly absorbed; he played with all his childish heart; his gay little laughs when he made a good throw, his enthusiasm over a "home run," his impartial delight over his own good luck or his opponent's, would have given a flavor to any game.

If, a week before, any one had told the Earl of Dorincourt that on that particular morning he would be forgetting his gout and his bad temper in a child's game, played with black and white wooden pegs, on a gayly painted board, with a curly-headed small boy for a companion, he would without doubt have made himself very unpleasant; and yet he certainly had forgotten himself when the door opened and Thomas announced a visitor.

The visitor in question, who was an elderly gentleman in black, and no less a person than the clergyman of the parish, was so startled by the amazing scene which met his eye, that he almost fell back a pace, and ran some risk of colliding with Thomas.

There was, in fact, no part of his duty that the Reverend Mr. Mordaunt found so decidedly unpleasant as that part which compelled him to call upon his noble patron at the Castle. His noble patron, indeed, usually made these visits as disagreeable as it lay in his lordly power to make them. He abhorred churches and charities, and flew into violent rages when any of his tenantry took the liberty of being poor and ill and needing assistance. When his gout was at its worst, he did not hesitate to announce that he would not be bored and irritated by being told stories of their miserable misfortunes; when his gout troubled him less and he was in a somewhat more humane frame of mind,

he would perhaps give the rector some money, after having bullied him in the most painful manner, and berated the whole parish for its shiftlessness and imbecility. But, whatsoever his mood, he never failed to make as many sarcastic and embarrassing speeches as possible, and to cause the Reverend Mr. Mordaunt to wish it were proper and Christian-like to throw something heavy at him. During all the years in which Mr. Mordaunt had been in charge of Dorincourt parish, the rector certainly did not remember having seen his lordship, of his own free will, do any one a kindness, or, under any circumstances whatever, show that he thought of any one but himself.

He had called to-day to speak to him of a specially pressing case, and as he had walked up the avenue, he had, for two reasons, dreaded his visit more than usual. In the first place, he knew that his lordship had for several days been suffering from the gout, and had been in so villainous a humor that rumors of it had even reached the village—carried there by one of the young women servants, to her sister, who kept a little shop and retailed darning-needles and cotton and peppermints and gossip, as a means of earning an honest living. What Mrs. Dibble did not know about the Castle and its inmates, and the farmhouses and their inmates, and the village and its population, was really not worth being talked about. And of course she knew everything about the Castle, because her sister Jane Shorts was one of the upper housemaids, and was very friendly and intimate with Thomas.

"And the way his lordship do go on!" said Mrs. Dibble, over the counter, "and the way he do use language, Mr. Thomas told Jane herself, no flesh and blood as is in livery could stand—for throw a plate of toast at Mr. Thomas, hisself, he did, not more than two days since, and if it were n't for other things being agreeable and the society below stairs most genteel, warning would have been gave within a' hour!"

And the rector had heard all this, for somehow the Earl was a favorite black sheep in the cottages and farmhouses, and his bad behavior gave many a good woman something to talk about when she had company to tea.

And the second reason was even worse, because it was a new one and had been talked about with the most excited interest.

Who did not know of the old nobleman's fury when his handsome son the Captain had married the American lady? Who did not know how cruelly he had treated the Captain, and how the big, gay, sweet-smiling young man, who was the only member of the grand family any one liked, had died in a foreign land, poor and unforgiven? Who did not

know how fiercely his lordship had hated the poor young creature who had been this son's wife, and how he had hated the thought of her child and never meant to see the boy—until his two sons died and left him without an heir? And then, who did not know that he had looked forward without any affection or pleasure to his grandson's coming, and that he had made up his mind that he should find the boy a vulgar, awkward, pert American lad, more likely to disgrace his noble name than to honor it?

The proud, angry old man thought he had kept all his thoughts secret. He did not suppose any one had dared to guess at, even less talk over what he felt, and dreaded; but his servants watched him, and read his face and his ill-humors and fits of gloom, and discussed them in the servants' hall. And while he thought himself quite secure from the common herd, Thomas was telling Jane and the cook, and the butler, and the housemaids and the other footmen that it was his opinion that "the hold man was wuss than usual a-thinkin' hover the Capting's boy, an hanticipatin' as he wont be no credit to the fambly. An' serve him right," added Thomas; "hit's 'is hown fault. Wot can he iggspect from a child brought up in pore circumstances in that there low Hamerica?"

And as the Reverend Mr. Mordaunt walked under the great trees, he remembered that this questionable little boy had arrived at the Castle only the evening before, and that there were nine chances to one that his lordship's worst fears were realized, and twenty-two chances to one that if the poor little fellow had disappointed him, the Earl was even now in a tearing rage, and ready to vent all his rancor on the first person who called—which it appeared probable would be his reverend self.

Judge then of his amazement when, as Thomas opened the library door, his ears were greeted by a delighted ring of childish laughter.

"That 's two out," almost shouted an excited, clear little voice. "You see it's two out!"

And there was the Earl's chair, and the gout-stool, and his foot on it; and by him a small table and a game on it; and quite close to him, actually leaning against his arm and his ungouty knee, was a little boy with face glowing, and eyes dancing with excitement. "It's two out!" the little stranger cried. "You had n't any luck that time, had you?"—And then they both recognized at once that some one had come in.

The Earl glanced around, knitting his shaggy eyebrows as he had a trick of doing, and when he saw who it was, Mr. Mordaunt was still more surprised to see that he looked even less disagreeable than usual instead of more so. In fact, he looked almost as if he had forgotten for the moment how

disagreeable he was, and how unpleasant he really could make himself when he tried.

"Ah!" he said, in his harsh voice, but giving his hand rather graciously. "Good morning, Mordaunt. I've found a new employment, you see."

He put his other hand on Cedric's shoulder,—perhaps deep down in his heart there was a stir of gratified pride that it was such an heir he had to present; there was a spark of something like pleasure in his eyes as he moved the boy slightly forward.

"This is the new Lord Fauntleroy," he said. "Fauntleroy, this is Mr. Mordaunt, the rector of the parish."

Fauntleroy looked up at the gentleman in the clerical garments, and gave him his hand.

"I am very glad to make your acquaintance, sir," he said, remembering the words he had heard Mr. Hobbs use on one or two occasions when he had been greeting a new customer with ceremony. Cedric felt quite sure that one ought to be more than usually polite to a minister.

Mr. Mordaunt held the small hand in his a moment as he looked down at the child's face, smiling involuntarily. He liked the little fellow from that instant—as in fact people always did like him. And it was not the boy's beauty and grace which most appealed to him; it was the simple, natural kindness in the little lad which made any words he uttered, however quaint and unexpected, sound pleasant and sincere. As the rector looked at Cedric, he forgot to think of the Earl at all. Nothing in the world is so strong as a kind heart, and somehow this kind little heart, though it was only the heart of a child, seemed to clear all the atmosphere of the big gloomy room and make it brighter.

"I am delighted to make your acquaintance, Lord Fauntleroy," said the rector. "You made a long journey to come to us. A great many people will be glad to know you made it safely."

"It *was* a long way," answered Fauntleroy, "but Dearest, my mother, was with me and I was n't lonely. Of course you are never lonely if your mother is with you; and the ship was beautiful."

"Take a chair, Mordaunt," said the Earl. Mr. Mordaunt sat down. He glanced from Fauntleroy to the Earl.

"Your lordship is greatly to be congratulated," he said warmly.

But the Earl plainly had no intention of showing his feelings on the subject.

"He is like his father," he said rather gruffly. "Let us hope he 'll conduct himself more creditably." And then he added! "Well, what is it this morning, Mordaunt? Who is in trouble now?"

This was not as bad as Mr. Mordaunt had expected, but he hesitated a second before he began.

"It is Higgins," he said; "Higgins of Edge Farm. He has been very unfortunate. He was ill himself last autumn, and his children had scarlet fever. I can't say that he is a very good manager, but he has had ill-luck, and of course he is behindhand in many ways. He is in trouble about his rent now. Newick tells him if he does n't pay it, he must leave the place; and of course that would be a very serious matter. His wife is ill, and he came to me yesterday to beg me to see you about it,

"He is very fond of his wife and children, and if the farm is taken from him they may literally starve. He can not give them the nourishing things they need. Two of the children were left very low after the fever, and the doctor orders for them wine and luxuries that Higgins can not afford."

At this Fauntleroy moved a step nearer.

"That was the way with Michael," he said.

The Earl slightly started.

"I forgot you!" he said.

"I forgot we had a philanthropist in the room. Who was Michael?" And the gleam of queer

and ask you for time. He thinks if you would give him time he could catch up again."

"They all think that," said the Earl, looking rather black.

Fauntleroy made a movement forward. He had been standing between his grandfather and the visitor, listening with all his might. He had begun to be interested in Higgins at once. He wondered how many children there were, and if the scarlet fever had hurt them very much. His eyes were wide open and were fixed upon Mr. Mordaunt with intent interest as that gentleman went on with the conversation.

"Higgins is a well-meaning man," said the rector, making an effort to strengthen his plea.

"He is a bad enough tenant," replied his lordship. "And he is always behindhand, Newick tells me."

"He is in great trouble now," said the rector.



LORD FAUNTLEROY WRITES AN ORDER. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

amusement came back into the old man's deep-set eyes.

"He was Bridget's husband, who had the fever," answered Fauntleroy; "and he could n't pay the rent or buy wine and things. And you gave me that money to help him."

The Earl drew his brows together into a curious

frown, which somehow was scarcely grim at all. He glanced across at Mr. Mordaunt.

"I don't know what sort of a landed proprietor he will make," he said. "I told Havisham the boy was to have what he wanted—anything he wanted—and what he wanted, it seems, was money to give to beggars."

"Oh! but they were n't beggars," said Fauntleroy eagerly. "Michael was a splendid bricklayer! They all worked."

"Oh!" said the Earl, "they were not beggars. They were splendid bricklayers, and bootblacks, and apple-women."

He bent his gaze on the boy for a few seconds in silence. The fact was that a new thought was coming to him, and though, perhaps, it was not prompted by the noblest emotions, it was not a bad thought. "Come here," he said, at last.

Fauntleroy went and stood as near to him as possible without encroaching on the gouty foot.

"What would *you* do in this case?" his lordship asked.

It must be confessed that Mr. Mordaunt experienced for the moment a curious sensation. Being a man of great thoughtfulness, and having spent so many years on the estate of Dorincourt, knowing the tenantry, rich and poor, the people of the village, honest and industrious, dishonest and lazy, he realized very strongly what power for good or evil would be given in the future to this one small boy standing there, his brown eyes wide open, his hands deep in his pockets; and the thought came to him also that a great deal of power might, perhaps, through the caprice of a proud, self-indulgent old man be given to him now, and that if his young nature were not a simple and generous one, it might be the worst thing that could happen, not only for others, but for himself.

"And what would *you* do in such a case?" demanded the Earl.

Fauntleroy drew a little nearer, and laid one hand on his knee, with the most confiding air of good comradeship.

"If I were very rich," he said, "and not only just a little boy, I should let him stay, and give him the things for his children; but then, I am only a boy." Then, after a second's pause, in which his face brightened visibly, "*You* can do anything, can't you?" he said.

"Humph!" said my lord, staring at him. "That's your opinion, is it?" And he was not displeased, either.

"I mean you can give any one anything," said Fauntleroy. "Who's Newick?"

"He is my agent," answered the Earl, "and some of my tenants are not over-fond of him."

"Are you going to write him a letter now?"

inquired Fauntleroy. "Shall I bring you the pen and ink? I can take the game off this table."

It plainly had not for an instant occurred to him that Newick would be allowed to do his worst.

The Earl paused a moment, still looking at him. "Can you write?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Cedric, "but not very well."

"Move the things from the table," commanded my lord, "and bring the pen and ink, and a sheet of paper from my desk."

Mr. Mordaunt's interest began to increase. Fauntleroy did as he was told very deftly. In a few moments, the sheet of paper, the big inkstand, and the pen were ready.

"There!" he said gayly, "now you can write it."

"You are to write it," said the Earl.

"I!" exclaimed Fauntleroy, and a flush overspread his forehead. "Will it do if I write it? I don't always spell quite right when I have n't a dictionary, and nobody tells me."

"It will do," answered the Earl. "Higgins will not complain of the spelling. I'm not the philanthropist; you are. Dip your pen in the ink."

Fauntleroy took up the pen and dipped it in the ink-bottle, then he arranged himself in position, leaning on the table.

"Now," he inquired, "what must I say?"

"You may say, 'Higgins is not to be interfered with, for the present,' and sign it, 'Fauntleroy,'" said the Earl.

Fauntleroy dipped his pen in the ink again, and resting his arm, began to write. It was rather a slow and serious process, but he gave his whole soul to it. After a while, however, the manuscript was complete, and he handed it to his grandfather with a smile slightly tinged with anxiety.

"Do you think it will do?" he asked.

The Earl looked at it, and the corners of his mouth twitched a little.

"Yes," he answered; "Higgins will find it entirely satisfactory." And he handed it to Mr. Mordaunt.

What Mr. Mordaunt found written was this:—

"Dear mr. Newick if you pleas mr. higins is not to be inturfearced with for the present and oblige

"Yours respecferly

"FAUNTLEROY."

"Mr. Hobbs always signed his letters that way," said Fauntleroy; "and I thought I'd better say 'please.' Is that exactly the right way to spell 'interfered'?"

"It's not exactly the way it is spelled in the dictionary," answered the Earl.

"I was afraid of that," said Fauntleroy. "I ought to have asked. You see, that's the way with words of more than one syllable; you have to look in the dictionary. It's always safest. I'll write it over again."

And write it over again he did, making quite an imposing copy, and taking precautions in the matter of spelling by consulting the Earl himself.

"Spelling is a curious thing," he said. "It's so often different from what you expect it to be. I used to think 'please' was spelled p-l-e-e-s, but it is n't, you know; and you 'd think 'dear' was spelled d-e-r-e, if you did n't inquire. Sometimes it almost discourages you."

When Mr. Mordaunt went away, he took the letter with him, and he took something else with him also—namely, a pleasanter feeling and a more hopeful one than he had ever carried home with him down that avenue on any previous visit he had made at Dorincourt Castle.

When he was gone, Fauntleroy, who had accompanied him to the door, went back to his grandfather.

"May I go to Dearest now?" he asked. "I think she will be waiting for me."

The Earl was silent a moment.

"There is something in the stable for you to see first," he said. "Ring the bell."

"If you please," said Fauntleroy, with his quick little flush. "I'm very much obliged; but I think I'd better see it to-morrow. She will be expecting me all the time."

"Very well," answered the Earl. "We will order the carriage." Then he added dryly, "It's a pony."

Fauntleroy drew a long breath.

"A pony!" he exclaimed. "Whose pony is it?"

"Yours," replied the Earl.

"Mine?" cried the little fellow. "Mine—like the things upstairs?"

"Yes," said his grandfather. "Would you like to see it? Shall I order it to be brought around?"

Fauntleroy's cheeks grew redder and redder.

"I never thought I should have a pony!" he said. "I never thought that! How glad Dearest will be. You give me *everything*, don't you?"

"Do you wish to see it?" inquired the Earl.

Fauntleroy drew a long breath. "I *want* to see it," he said. "I want to see it so much I can hardly wait. But I'm afraid there is n't time."

"You *must* go and see your mother this afternoon?" asked the Earl. "You think you can't put it off?"

"Why," said Fauntleroy, "she has been thinking about me all the morning, and I have been thinking about her!"

"Oh!" said the Earl. "You have, have you? Ring the bell."

As they drove down the avenue, under the arching trees, he was rather silent. But Fauntleroy was not. He talked about the pony. What color was it? How big was it? What was its name?

What did it like to eat best? How old was it? How early in the morning might he get up and see it?

"Dearest will be so glad!" he kept saying. "She will be so much obliged to you for being so kind to me! She knows I always liked ponies so much, but we never thought I should have one. There was a little boy on Fifth Avenue who had one, and he used to ride out every morning and we used to take a walk past his house to see him."

He leaned back against the cushions and regarded the Earl with rapt interest for a few minutes and in entire silence.

"I think you must be the best person in the world," he burst forth at last. "You are always doing good, are n't you?—and thinking about other people. Dearest says that is the best kind of goodness; not to think about yourself, but to think about other people. That is just the way you are, is n't it?"

His lordship was so dumfounded to find himself presented in such agreeable colors, that he did not know exactly what to say. He felt that he needed time for reflection. To see each of his ugly, selfish motives changed into a good and generous one by the simplicity of a child was a singular experience.

Fauntleroy went on, still regarding him with admiring eyes—those great, clear, innocent eyes!

"You make so many people happy," he said. "There's Michael and Bridget and their ten children, and the apple-woman, and Dick, and Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. Higgins and Mrs. Higgins and their children, and Mr. Mordaunt,—because of course he was glad,—and Dearest and me, about the pony and all the other things. Do you know, I've counted it up on my fingers and in my mind, and its twenty-seven people you've been kind to. That's a good many—twenty-seven!"

"And I was the person who was kind to them—was I?" said the Earl.

"Why, yes, you know," answered Fauntleroy. "You made them all happy. Do you know," with some delicate hesitation, "that people are sometimes mistaken about earls when they don't know them. Mr. Hobbs was. I am going to write to him, and tell him about it."

"What was Mr. Hobbs's opinion of earls?" asked his lordship.

"Well, you see, the difficulty was," replied his young companion, "that he did n't know any, and he'd only read about them in books. He thought—you must n't mind it—that they were gory tyrants; and he said he would n't have them hanging around his store. But if he'd known *you*, I'm sure he would have felt quite different. I shall tell him about you."

"What shall you tell him?"

"I shall tell him," said Fauntleroy, glowing with enthusiasm, "that you are the kindest man I ever heard of. And you are always thinking of other people, and making them happy and—and I hope when I grow up, I shall be just like you."

"Just like me!" repeated his lordship, looking at the little kindling face. And a dull red crept up under his withered skin, and he suddenly turned his eyes away and looked out of the carriage window at the great beech-trees, with the sun shining on their glossy, red-brown leaves.

"Just like you," said Fauntleroy, "adding modestly, 'if I can.' Perhaps I'm not good enough, but I'm going to try."

The carriage rolled on down the stately avenue under the beautiful, broad-branched trees, through the spaces of green shade and lanes of golden sunlight. Fauntleroy saw again the lovely places where the ferns grew high and the bluebells swayed in the breeze; he saw the deer, standing or lying in the deep grass, turn their large, startled eyes as the carriage passed, and caught glimpses of the brown rabbits as they scurried away. He heard the whirr of the partridges and the calls and songs of the birds, and it all seemed even more beautiful to him than before. All his heart was filled with pleasure and happiness in the beauty that was on every side. But the old Earl saw and heard very different things, though he was apparently looking out too. He saw a long life, in which there had been neither generous deeds nor kind thoughts; he saw years in which a man who had been young and strong and rich and powerful had used his youth and strength and wealth and power only to please himself and kill time as the days and years succeeded each other; he saw this man, when the time had been killed and old age had come, solitary and without real friends in the midst of all his splendid wealth; he saw people who disliked or feared him, and people who would flatter and cringe to him, but no one who really cared whether he lived or died, unless they had something to gain or lose by it. He looked out on the broad acres which belonged to him, and he knew what Fauntleroy did not—how far they extended, what wealth they represented, and how many people had homes on their soil. And he knew, too,—another thing Fauntleroy did not—that in all those homes, humble or well-to-do, there was probably not one person, however much he envied the wealth and stately name and power, and however willing he would have been to possess them, who would for an instant have thought of calling the noble owner "good," or wishing, as this simple-souled little boy had, to be like him.

And it was not exactly pleasant to reflect upon, even for a cynical, worldly old man, who had been sufficient unto himself for seventy years and who had never deigned to care what opinion the world held of him so long as it did not interfere with his comfort or entertainment. And the fact was, indeed, that he had never before condescended to reflect upon it at all, and he only did so now because a child had believed him better than he was, and by wishing to follow in his illustrious footsteps and imitate his example, had suggested to him the curious question whether he was exactly the person to take as a model.

Fauntleroy thought the Earl's foot must be hurting him, his brows knitted themselves together so, as he looked out at the park; and thinking this, the considerate little fellow tried not to disturb him, and enjoyed the trees and the ferns and the deer in silence. But at last, the carriage, having passed the gates and bowled through the green lanes for a short distance, stopped. They had reached Court Lodge; and Fauntleroy was out upon the ground almost before the big footman had time to open the carriage door.

The Earl awakened from his reverie with a start.

"What!" he said. "Are we here?"

"Yes," said Fauntleroy. "Let me give you your stick. Just lean on me when you get out."

"I am not going to get out," replied his lordship brusquely.

"Not—not to see Dearest?" exclaimed Fauntleroy with astonished face.

"'Dearest' will excuse me," said the Earl dryly. "Go to her and tell her that not even a new pony would keep you away."

"She will be disappointed," said Fauntleroy. "She will want to see you very much."

"I am afraid not," was the answer. "The carriage will call for you as we come back.—Tell Jeffries to drive on, Thomas."

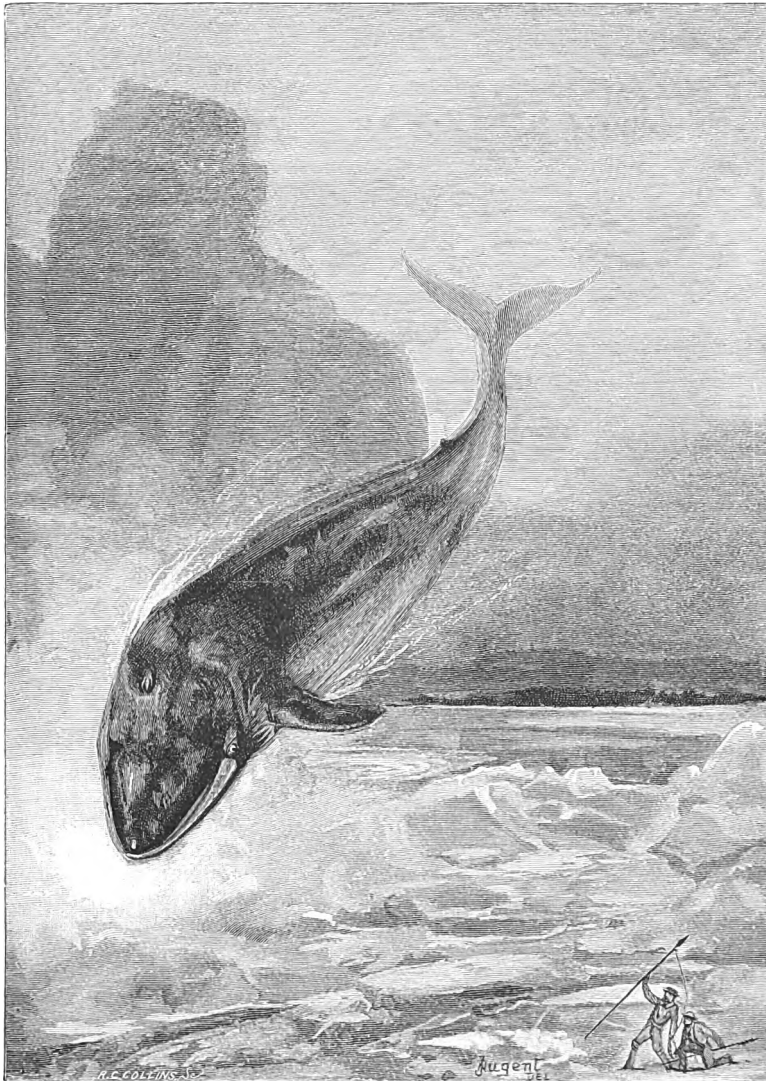
Thomas closed the carriage door; and, after a puzzled look, Fauntleroy ran up the drive. The Earl had the opportunity—as Mr. Havisham once had—of seeing a pair of handsome, strong little legs flash over the ground with astonishing rapidity. Evidently their owner had no intention of losing any time. The carriage rolled slowly away, but his lordship did not at once lean back; he still looked out. Through a space in the trees he could see the house door; it was wide open. The little figure dashed up the steps; another figure—a little figure, too, slender and young, in its black gown—ran to meet it. It seemed as if they flew together, as Fauntleroy leaped into his mother's arms, hanging about her neck and covering her sweet young face with kisses.

(To be continued.)



## AN IMPRISONED WHALE.

BY EDMUND COLLINS.



THE WHALE TRIES TO DIVE UNDER THE ICE. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

I HAD been spending several days in a fisherman's cot on the western part of the Newfoundland coast, waiting with a comrade for the blustery weather to pass, that I might get some sea-duck. At last the storm abated, and we started away before the dawn for the morning's shooting. There was only a light wind, but it was as keen as

the edge of a knife. As a rule, the sea thumps with the noise of thunder along the base of the cliffs about this coast, for some time after a storm has blown over; but, on that morning, to our surprise only the faintest surf-crying, plaintive, sweet, and almost as musical as the breathings of an Æolian harp, came up from the shore. It was perilous

traveling along those giddy steepes and down the sides of yawning gorges, when there was no light save from a few faint stars in the gloomy sky. But the instinct of my guides was unerring and their feet were sure.

In the chill gray of the dawn, we stood upon the top of a steep, under which we were to spend the morning in shooting. Here we had a view of the sea for many miles. And now we discovered why it was that there was no noise of breakers, only the faint surf-crying along the coast. As far as our eyes could see, there was only a body of ocean ice, a leaden-gray in the dim light. This was studded with ice-mountains, fantastic-shaped, and of a ghastly white upon the side turned toward the dawn. These giant bergs, with this mighty world of ice about their feet, had come many a league. They had been fashioned in all those wondrous shapes—like the castles of warriors and the lairs of goblins—in the frosty workshops of the north, not far from the Pole, and had been made the sport of great ocean currents that sometimes set stronger south than north, until now they found themselves near a land of towering, cheerless cliffs, treeless plains, and windy mountain-tops.

Impelled by a strong current and favoring gales, this tremendous body of ice had perhaps a month before begun its southern march, and it was now pressing in upon the land with the force of a thousand armadas. It drove before it in millions, the numerous species of sea-fowls that dive for shell-fish, huddling them in thousands, so our guide assured us, into every little lakelet that might remain unfilled by ice around the rocky and rugged shores.

As well as we were able to judge through the faint light, the ice seemed to be about half a mile off land, and as the in-breeze had freshened, we knew that it would soon be close to the shore. We then descended a very perilous cliff-path to a little "tilt," or hut that stood upon the rocks below, having been built for the sportsmen in the winter weather. To our astonishment, not a bird was to be seen in the clear water before the hut.

While we looked, wondering what could be the cause of this, an enormous beast, the largest living creature that I had ever seen, rose out of the sea, almost against the rock upon which we were posted. He remained above water only a moment, and then, spouting a column of spray about ten feet into the air, he plunged under again, raising his enormous tail high out of the water as he went down. The spray fell upon my dog that lay a little distance from me, and he shivered and whined. One of the guides grasped my arm.

"A whale!" he said; "by all that's lovely it's a whale. No ducks for us to-day, but we'll have

better sport,"—and while he was yet speaking, the monster rose again. I saw his round, dusk-green eyes, the barnacles on his side like those excrescences that are found growing on the bottom of a very old ship, and I observed the greasy, smut-gray of his skin. He again spouted spray and again launched himself under the cold waters. Our guide gazed at the spot where the creature had gone down, then upon the small space of clear water and then upon the advancing ice. His excitement was so great that he could not speak. But we then took in the situation. The whale was a prisoner. He had come from the blustery seas, where small fishes were hard to find, while the ice was yet a score of leagues from land, and had staid too long at his feasting.

Still the resistless floe pushed in; the little lake left to the hapless whale grew smaller and smaller. Now a whale is an animal with warm blood, though it lives in the sea, and it has to come to the surface every few minutes to breathe. For this poor beast to try to swim out of his prison by plunging under the floe would therefore be to meet his death, as the ice, being ocean-made, was very thick and deep and held together by tremendous pressure.

At regular intervals he continued to rise, but at each rising he saw that the space was growing smaller. Slowly still the great white mass of ice crept in with noiseless tread but as resistless as ten thousand armies. Terror had now fairly seized the huge prisoner, and instead of diving regularly he began to flounder about wildly and aimlessly. Then he beat the water with his tail and buried himself once again. When he sank, we could see a huge greenish mass descend into the deep water, and it moved several times sheer over against the rock on which we sat.

The struggle could not last much longer. There was soon left little more than space enough for him to rise and dive again. In a few seconds he rose and seemed to look at the towering cliffs above him; then, rearing himself high, he turned seaward and, with a tremendous lunge, disappeared under the ice. Each one of the spectators held his breath. About a stone's-throw out there was a perceptible movement of two or three of the ice-cakes; then a stillness; then another similar motion, and then—all was over. We sat, not one speaking, for several minutes, but there was the same solemn stillness out on the great ice-floe. Farther down the coast the sea-fowls whistled a sad dirge; the ice still pressed noiselessly up toward our feet;—the struggles of the brave monster were over!

All that day the wind blew in upon the land, but the next night there came a calm, and then

a gentle breeze blew off shore. With the early dawn a number of punts and skiffs, owned by the people in the Cove, were put out and rowed down the coast to where the whale had been drowned. The ice had moved off and, floating "long and large," they soon found the beast between the land and the rim of the ice.

There was great jubilation, of course, at the discovery, and the monster was towed down to

the Cove, where the inhabitants, armed with instruments like an Irish spade, but keen as a knife, jumped into the freezing surf, mounted the dead animal, and cut the blubber off as you have seen a gardener cut sods. The whale was one of the kind known to naturalists as *Balenoptera*, and its yield of oil and bone, I afterward was told, amounted to the value of about three thousand dollars.



Little Johnny Picklefritz • tore his dresses all to bits.  
 When his nurse began to scold • Johnny ran out in the cold.  
 When she caught and brought him in • Johnny stuck her with a pin  
 Then his mother came and she • laid the boy across her knee,  
 Took a little switch, and    ×    ×    ×    ×    ×  
 Though it hurts she thinks that it's • good for Johnny Picklefritz.

## A RAINY DAY.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

Now just take a peep at the window and see—

Oh, dear me!

How cloudy and dark, and how dreary and gray!

What a day!

The rain seems to frown

As it comes pouring down;

And the wet, muddy earth looks as cross as the sky.

So do I.

How could I expect to be happy and gay,

Such a day?

When things are as dull and as still as a mouse

In the house.

Oh, dear, if I knew

Of something to do!

The world looks as if it were having a cry.

So am I.

If only the sunshine would smile out again;

And the rain,

And the dark, gloomy clouds, and the mist,  
and the gray

Go away,—

Why, then you would see

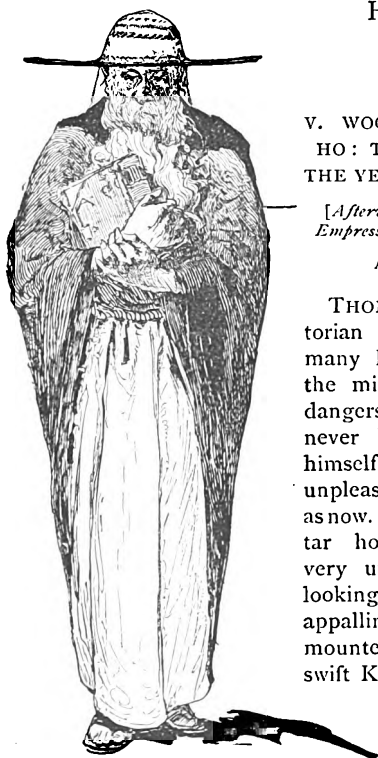
How merry I'd be!

If only the sun and the weather would try,

So would I.

## HISTORIC GIRLS.\*

BY E. S. BROOKS.



V. WOO OF HWANG-HO: THE GIRL OF THE YELLOW RIVER.

*[Afterward the Great Empress Woo of China.]*

A. D. 635.

THOMAS the Nestorian had been in many lands and in the midst of many dangers, but he had never before found himself in quite so unpleasant a position as now. Six ugly Tartar horsemen with very uncomfortable-looking spears and appalling shouts, and mounted on their swift Kirghiz ponies, were charging down upon him, while

neither the rushing Yellow River on the right hand, nor the steep dirt-cliffs on the left, could offer him shelter or means of escape. These dirt-cliffs, or "loess," to give them their scientific name, are

remarkable banks of brownish-yellow loam, found largely in northern and western China and rising sometimes to a height of a thousand feet. Their peculiar yellow tinge makes everything look "hwang" or yellow,—and hence yellow is a favorite color among the Chinese. So, for instance, the Emperor is "Hwang-ti"†—the "Lord of the Yellow Land"; the Imperial throne is the "Hwang-wei" or "yellow throne" of China; the great river, formerly spelled in your school geographies Hoang-ho, is "Hwang-ho," the "yellow river," etc. These "hwang" cliffs or dirt-cliffs are full of caves and crevices, but the good priest could see no convenient cave and he had therefore no alternative but to boldly face his fate, and like a brave man, calmly meet what he could not avoid.

But, just as he had singled out, as his probable captor, one peculiarly unattractive-looking horseman, whose crimson sheepskin coat and long horsetail plume were streaming in the wind, and just as he had braced himself to meet the onset against the great "loess," or dirt-cliff, he felt a twitch at his black upper robe, and a low voice—a girl's, he was confident,—said quickly:

"Look not before nor behind thee, good O-lo-pun, but trust to my word and give a backward leap."

Thomas, the Nestorian, had learned two valuable lessons in his much wandering about the

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earth,—never to appear surprised, and always to be ready to act quickly. So, knowing nothing of the possible results of his action, but feeling that it could scarcely be worse than death from Tartar spears, he leaped back, as bidden.

The next instant, he found himself flat upon his back in one of the low-ceiled cliff caves that abound in western China, while the screen of vines that had

At once he recognized the child. She was Woo (the "high-spirited" or "dauntless one"), the bright young girl whom he had often noticed in the throng at his mission-house in Tung Chow,—the little city by the Yellow River, where her father, the bannerman, held guard at the Dragon Gate.

He was about to call out to the girl to save herself, when, with a sudden swoop, the Tartar whom



"AGILE LITTLE WOO WAS QUICKER THAN THE TARTAR HORSEMAN."

concealed its entrance still quivered from his fall. Picking himself up and breathing a prayer of thanks for his deliverance, he peered through the leafy doorway and beheld in surprise six much astonished Tartar robbers regarding with looks of puzzled wonder a defiant little Chinese girl, who had evidently darted out of the cave as he had tumbled in. She was facing the enemy as boldly as had he, and her little almond eyes fairly danced with mischievous delight at their perplexity.

he had braced himself to resist, bent in his saddle and 'made a dash for the child. But agile little Woo was quicker than the Tartar horseman. With a nimble turn and a sudden spring, she dodged the Tartar's hand, darted under his pony's legs, and with a shrill laugh of derision, sprang up the sharp incline, and disappeared in one of the many cliff caves before the now doubly-baffled horsemen could see what had become of her.

With a grunt of discomfiture and disgust, the

Tartar raiders turned their ponies' heads and galloped off along the road that skirted the yellow waters of the swift-flowing Hwang-ho. Then a little yellow face peeped out of a cave farther up the cliff, a black-haired, tightly braided head bobbed and twitched with delight, and the next moment the good priest was heartily thanking his small ally for so skillfully saving him from threatened capture.

It was a cool September morning in the days of the great Emperor Tai, twelve hundred and fifty years ago. And a great emperor was Tai-tsung, though few, if any, of my young readers ever heard his name. His splendid palace stood in the midst of lovely gardens in the great city of Chang-an,—that old, old city that for over two thousand years was the capital of China, and which you can now find in your geographies under its modern name of Singan-foo. And in the year 635, when our story opens, the name of Tai-tsung was great and powerful throughout the length and breadth of Ch'ung Kwoh,—the "Middle Kingdom," as the Chinese for nearly thirty centuries have called their vast country,—while the stories of his fame and power had reached to the western courts of India and of Persia, of Constantinople, and even of distant Rome.

It was a time of darkness and strife in Europe. Already what historians have called the Dark Ages had settled upon the Christian world. And among all the races of men the only nation that was civilized, and learned, and cultivated, and refined in this seventh century of the Christian era, was this far eastern Empire of China, where schools and learning flourished, and arts and manufactures abounded, when America was as yet undiscovered and Europe was sunk in degradation.

And here, since the year 505, the Nestorians, a branch of the Christian Church, originating in Asia Minor in the Fifth Century, and often called "the Protestants of the East," had been spreading the story of the life and love of Christ. And here, in this year of grace 635, in the city of Chang-an, and in all the region about the Yellow River, the good priest Thomas the Nestorian, whom the Chinese called O-lo-pun—the nearest approach they could give to his strange Syriac name—had his Christian mission-house, and was zealously bringing to the knowledge of a great and enlightened people the still greater, and more helpful light of Christianity.

"My daughter," said the Nestorian after his words of thanks were uttered; "this is a gracious deed done to me, and one that I may not easily repay. Yet would I gladly do so, if I might. Tell me what wouldst thou like above all other things?"

The answer of the girl was as ready as it was unexpected.

"To be a boy, O master!" she replied. "Let the great Shang-ti,\* whose might thou teachest, make me a man that I may have revenge."

The good priest had found strange things in his mission work in this far Eastern land, but this wrathful demand of an excited little maid was full as strange as any. For China is and ever has been a land in which the chief things taught the children are, "subordination, passive submission to the law, to parents and to all superiors, and a peaceful demeanor."

"Revenge is not for men to trifle with, nor maids to talk of," he said. "Harbor no such desires, but rather come with me and I will show thee more attractive things. This very day doth the Great Emperor go forth from the City of Peace,† to the banks of the Yellow River. Come thou with me to witness the splendor of his train, and perchance even to see the great Emperor himself and the young Prince Kaou, his son."

"That will I not then," cried the girl more hotly than before. "I hate this great Emperor, as men do wrongly call him, and I hate the young Prince Kaou. May L'ung Wang, the god of the dragons, dash them both beneath the Yellow River ere yet they leave its banks this day."

At this terrible wish on the lips of a girl, the good master very nearly forgot even his most valuable precept—never to be surprised. He regarded his defiant young companion in sheer amazement.

"Have a care, have a care, my daughter!" he said at length. "The blessed Saint James telleth us that the tongue is a little member, but it can kindle a great fire. How mayst thou hope to say such direful words against the Son of Heaven‡ and live?"

"The Son of Heaven killed the Emperor, my father," said the child.

"The Emperor thy father!" Thomas the Nestorian almost gasped in this latest surprise. "Is the girl crazed or doth she sport with one who seeketh her good?" And amazement and perplexity settled upon his face.

"The Princess Woo is neither crazed nor doth she sport with the master," said the girl. "I do but speak the truth. Great is Tai-tsung. Whom he will he slayeth, and whom he will he keepeth alive." And then she told the astonished priest that the bannerman of the Dragon Gate was not her father at all. For, she said, as she had lain awake only the night before, she had heard enough in talk between the bannerman and his wife to learn her secret,—how that she was the only daughter of the rightful Emperor, the Prince K'ung-ti, whose guardian and chief adviser the present Em-

\* Almighty Being. † The meaning of Chang-an, the ancient capital of China, is "the City of Continuous Peace."

‡ The "Son of Heaven" is one of the chief titles of the Chinese Emperor

peror had been; how this trusted protector had made away with poor Kung-ti in order that he might usurp the throne; and how she, the Princess Woo, had been flung into the swift Hwang-ho, from the turbid waters of which she had been rescued by the bannerman of the Dragon Gate.

"This may or may not be so," Thomas the Nestorian said, uncertain whether or not to credit the girl's surprising story; "but even were it true, my daughter, how couldst thou right thyself? What can a girl hope to do?"

The young Princess drew up her small form proudly. "Do?" she cried in brave tones, "I can do much, wise O-lo-pun, girl though I am! Did not a girl save the divine books of Confucius, when the great Emperor Chi-Hwang-ti did command the burning of all the books in the empire? Did not a girl—though but a soothsayer's daughter—raise the outlaw Liü Pang straight to the Yellow Throne? And shall I, who am the daughter of Emperors, fail to be as able or as brave as they?"

The wise Nestorian was shrewd enough to see that here was a prize that might be worth the fostering. By the assumption of mystic knowledge, he learned from the bannerman of the Dragon Gate, the truth of the girl's story, and so worked upon the good bannerman's native superstition and awe of superior power as to secure the custody of the young Princess, and to place her in his mission-house at Tung-Chow for teaching and guidance. Among the early Christians, the Nestorians held peculiarly helpful and elevating ideas of the worth and proper condition of woman. Their precepts were full of mutual help, courtesy, and fraternal love. All these the Princess Woo learned under her preceptor's guidance. She grew to be even more assertive and self-reliant, and became, also, expert in many sports in which, in that woman-despising country, only boys could hope to excel.

One day, when she was about fourteen years old, the Princess Woo was missing from the Nestorian mission-house, by the Yellow River. Her troubled guardian, in much anxiety, set out to find the truant; and, finally, in the course of his search, climbed the high bluff from which he saw the massive walls, the many gateways, the gleaming roofs, and porcelain towers of the Imperial city of Chang-an—the City of Continuous Peace.

But even before he had entered its northern gate, a little maid in loose silken robe, peaked cap, and embroidered shoes, had passed through that very gateway, and slipping through the thronging streets of the great city, approached at last the group of picturesque and glittering buildings that composed the palace of the great Emperor Tai.

Just within the main gateway of the palace rose the walls of the Imperial Academy, where eight

thousand Chinese boys received instruction under the patronage of the Emperor, while, just beyond extended the long, low range of the archery school, in which even the Emperor himself sometimes came to witness, or take part in, the exciting contests.

Drawing about her shoulders the yellow sash that denoted alliance with royalty, the Princess Woo, without a moment's hesitation, walked straight through the palace gateway, past the wondering guards, and into the boundaries of the archery court.

Here the young Prince Kaou, an indolent and lazy lad of about her own age, was cruelly goading on his trained crickets to a ferocious fight within their gilded bamboo cage, while, just at hand, the slaves were preparing his bow and arrows for his daily archery practice.

Now, among the rulers of China there are three classes of privileged targets—the skin of the bear for the Emperor himself, the skin of the deer for the princes of the blood, and the skin of the tiger for the nobles of the court; and thus, side by side, in the Imperial Archery School at Chang-an, hung the three targets.

The girl with the royal sash and the determined face walked straight up to the Prince Kaou. The boy left off goading his fighting crickets, and looked in astonishment at this strange and highly audacious girl, who dared to enter a place from which all women were excluded. Before the guards could interfere, she spoke.

"Are the arrows of the great Prince Kaou so well fitted to the cord," she said, "that he dares to try his skill with one who, although a girl, hath yet the wit and right to test his skill?"

The guards laid hands upon the intruder to drag her away, but the Prince, nettled at her tone, yet glad to welcome anything that promised novelty or amusement, bade them hold off their hands.

"No girl speaketh thus to the Prince Kaou and liveth," he said insolently. "Give me instant test of thy boast or the wooden collar,\* in the palace torture-house, shall be thy fate."

"Give me the arrows, Prince," the girl said, bravely, "and I will make good my words."

At a sign, the slaves handed her a bow and arrows. But, as she tried the cord and glanced along the polished shaft, the Prince said:

"Yet, stay, girl; here is no target set for thee. Let the slaves set up the people's target. These are not for such as thou."

"Nay, Prince, fret not thyself," the girl coolly replied. "My target is here!" and while all looked on in wonder, the undaunted girl deliberately toed the practice line, twanged her bow, and with a sudden whiz, sent her well aimed shaft

\* The "wooden collar" was the "kia" or "cangue,"—a terrible instrument of torture used in China for the punishment of criminals.

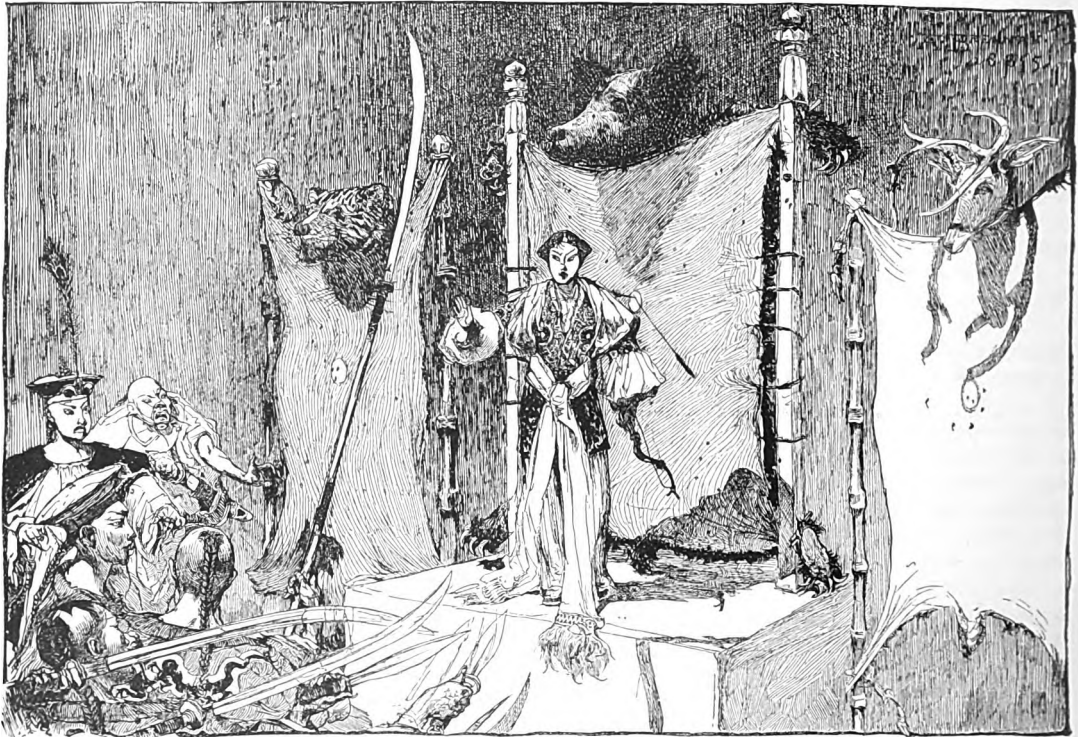


quivering straight into the small white center of the great bearskin — the Imperial target itself!

With a cry of horror and of rage at such sacrilege, the guards pounced upon the girl archer, and would have dragged her away. But with the same quick motion that had saved her from the Tartar robbers, she sprang from their grasp and, standing full before the royal target, she said commandingly:

Thomas, the Nestorian. He had traced his missing charge even to the Imperial Palace, and now found her in the very presence of those he deemed her mortal enemies. Prostrate at the Emperor's feet, he told the young girl's story, and then pleaded for her life, promising to keep her safe and secluded in his mission-home at Tung Chow.

The Emperor Tai laughed a mighty laugh, for



"STANDING FULL BEFORE THE ROYAL TARGET SHE SAID, 'I AM THE EMPRESS!'"

"Hands off, slaves; nor dare to question my right to the bearskin target. I am the Empress!"

It needed but this to cap the climax. Prince, guards, and slaves looked at this extraordinary girl in open-mouthed wonder. But ere their speechless amazement could change to instant seizure, a loud laugh rang from the Imperial doorway and a hearty voice exclaimed, "Braved, and by a girl! Who is thy Empress, Prince? Let me, too, salute the Tsih-tien!"\* Then a portly figure, clad in yellow robes, strode down to the targets, while all within the archery lists prostrated themselves in homage before one of China's greatest monarchs — the Emperor Tai-tsung, Wun-woo-ti.†

Before even the Emperor could reach the girl, the bamboo screen was swept hurriedly aside, and into the archery lists came the anxious priest,

the bold front of this only daughter of his former master and rival, suited his warlike humor. But he was a wise and clement monarch withal.

"Nay, wise O-lo-pun," he said. "Such rivals to our throne may not be at large, even though sheltered in the temples of the *hüing-mao*.‡ The royal blood of the house of Sui § flows safely only within palace walls. Let the proper decree be registered, and let the gifts be exchanged, for to-morrow thy ward, the Princess Woo, becometh one of our most noble queens."

And so at fourteen, even as the records show, this strong-willed young girl of the Yellow River became one of the wives of the great Emperor Tai. She proved a very gracious and acceptable step-mother to young Prince Kaou, who, as the records also tell us, grew so fond of the girl queen that,

\* "The Sovereign Divine" — an Imperial title.

† The "light-haired ones" — an old Chinese term for the western Christians.

‡ "Our Exalted Ancestor" — the Literary-Martial Emperor."

§ The name of the former Dynasty.

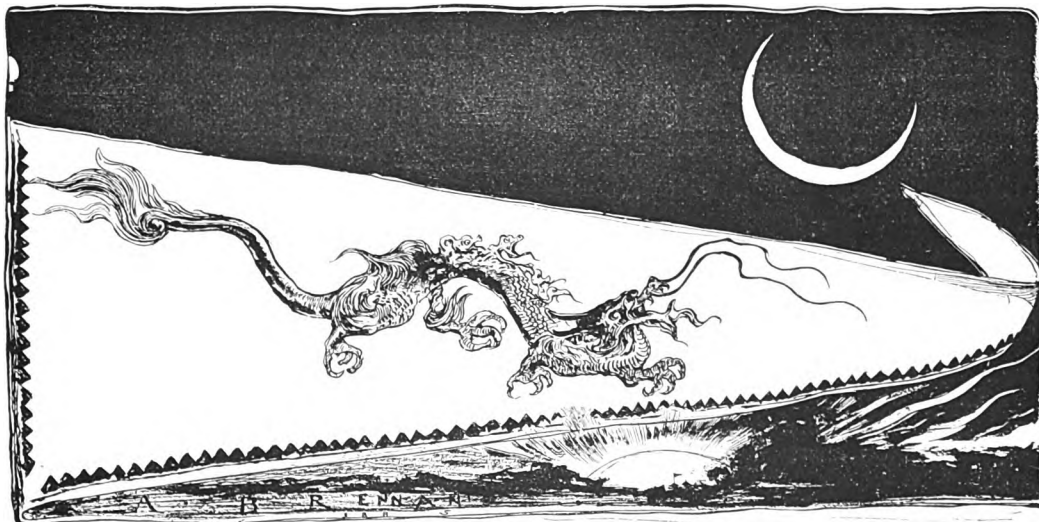
within a year from the death of his great father, and when he himself had succeeded to the Yellow Throne, as Emperor Supreme, he recalled the Queen Woo from her retirement in the mission-house at Tung Chow and made her one of his royal wives. Five years after, in the year 655, she was declared Empress, and during the reign of her lazy and indolent husband, she was "the power behind the throne." And when, in the year 683, Kaou-tsung died, she boldly assumed the direction of the government, and, ascending the throne, declared herself Woo How Tsih-tien—Woo, the Empress Supreme and Sovereign Divine!

History records that this Zenobia of China proved equal to the great task. She "governed the empire with discretion," extended its borders, and was acknowledged as Empress from the shores of the Pacific to the borders of Persia, of India, and of the Caspian Sea.

Her reign was one of the longest and most successful in that period known in history as the Golden Age of China. Because of the relentless native prejudice against a successful woman, in a country where girl babies are ruthlessly drowned, as the quickest way of ridding the world of useless incumbrances, Chinese historians have endeavored to blacken her character and undervalue her services. But later scholars now see that she was a powerful and successful queen, who did great good to her native land and strove to maintain its power and glory.

She never forgot her good friend and protector Thomas, the Nestorian. During her long reign of almost fifty years, Christianity strengthened in the kingdom and obtained a footing that only the great Mahometan conquests of five centuries later entirely destroyed; and the Empress Woo, so the chronicles declare, herself "offered sacrifices to the great God of all." When, hundreds of years after, the Jesuit missionaries penetrated into this most exclusive of all the nations of the earth, they found near the palace at Chang-an the ruins of the Nestorian mission church with the cross still standing and, preserved through all the changes of dynasties, an abstract in Syriac characters of the Christian law, and with it the names of seventy-two attendant priests who had served the church established by O-lo-pun.

Thus, in a land in which from the earliest ages women have been regarded as little else but slaves, did a self-possessed and wise young girl triumph over all difficulties and rule over her many millions of subjects "in a manner becoming a great prince." This, even her enemies admit. "Lessening the miseries of her subjects," so the historians declare, she governed the wide Empire of China wisely, discreetly, and peacefully; and she displayed upon the throne, all the daring, wit, and wisdom that had marked her actions when, years before, she was nothing but a sprightly and determined little Chinese maiden, on the banks of the turbid Yellow River.



THE "LÔNG-KÌ," OR DRAGON FLAG OF CHINA.

## PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

## SEVENTH PAPER.

## A MOUNTAIN-TOP AND HOW WE GET THERE.

THE mountain to which we are now going is in Switzerland—that country which contains more celebrated mountains, more beautiful mountains, more accessible mountains, and, I may add, more useful mountains, than any other country in the world. There is no part of Switzerland where mountains are not to be seen; and to travel in that country, it is generally necessary to cross the mountains, to go around their sides, or to go through them. Switzerland, indeed, may be said to be a great deal larger than would be supposed, from the very limited extent of its boundary lines, because so much of the surface is piled up into the air, in the shape of mountains.

These vast eminences, which lie in chains and groups all over the country, are called Alps, and they are divided into three classes, the High Alps, the Middle Alps, and the Lower Alps. The first of these divisions consists of those mountains, the tops of which rise above the snow line, which is about eight thousand feet above the sea. The portions of a mountain which are higher than this imaginary line are covered with snow which never melts, even in summer. The Middle Alps are those which raise themselves above the height at which all trees cease to grow, or four thousand five hundred feet above the sea. The Lower Alps are more than two thousand feet high, but do not rise to the altitude of the last division.

The word *alp* means a mountain pasture, and many of the lower mountains, as well as great portions of the sides of the higher ones, are covered with rich grass, on which, during the summer-time, great numbers of cattle graze. In queer little *chalets*, or Swiss huts, which look as if they were nearly all roof, scattered here and there upon the grassy sides of the mountains, live the people who attend to the cattle, and make butter and cheese.

Nothing can be more picturesque than some of these Alpine pastures, with their great slopes of rich green, dotted here and there with dark-red *chalets*. The cattle wander about over the grass, and sometimes, on the rocks, we see a girl blowing a horn to call together her flock of goats. Beautiful flowers of various colors spring up on every side; the air

is warm and pleasant, and everything gives the idea of a lovely summer scene, while just above, in the hollow of a ravine, to which we could walk in ten minutes, lies a great mass of white and glittering snow, which never melts.

Almost all persons who travel in Switzerland have a great desire to go to the top of at least one of the towering peaks they see about them; and mountain ascensions are very common and popular. Some go up one kind of mountain, and some another; and the kind is generally determined by their spirit of enterprise, their general health, and the strength of their legs. There is such a choice of mountains in Switzerland, and such a variety of ways of going to the top of them, that there are few persons who can not make an ascension, if they desire it.

The highest of all the mountains in Europe is Mont Blanc, which towers fifteen thousand seven hundred and thirty-one feet into the air. Although this great mountain is not in Switzerland, but in Savoy, it is very near the Swiss boundary line, and is plainly visible from Geneva. It is considered one of the principal sights of that charming little city, and many travelers never see it from any other point. Although many people ascend Mont Blanc every year, the undertaking requires a great degree of muscular as well as nervous strength. The top of Mont Blanc can not be reached in less than two days, and fine weather is absolutely necessary, for in storms or fogs the climbers would be apt to lose their way, and this would be very dangerous. Some years ago a party of eleven persons lost their lives on Mont Blanc in consequence of being overtaken by a storm. The first day the traveler ascends about ten thousand feet to a place called the Grands Mulets. Here, in a little stone hut, he passes the night, or, rather, part of it, for he is obliged to start again in the very small hours of the next morning. When the top is reached, and one stands on the highest peak of that vast mass of eternal snow, he has the proud satisfaction of being there, but he does not find that the highest point in Switzerland gives him the grandest view. The surrounding mountains and landscape are at so great a distance that sometimes they are not seen at all, and it is only in a very clear atmosphere that you get an idea of the mountain chains which lie about Mont Blanc.

The ascent is, also, not a cheap pleasure. No

person is allowed to go up with less than two guides, and each of these must be paid a hundred francs, or twenty dollars. Then a porter is required to carry provisions and extra clothing, and he must be paid fifty francs. At the little hut, at Grands Mulets, the climber is charged more for his accommodation than he would have to pay at a first-class New-York hotel, and if he thinks to economize by making a supper and breakfast out of the provisions he has brought with him, he is charged five dollars for his bed. It is of no use to try to get the better of a person who keeps a hut hotel, ten thousand feet in the air, where there is no opposition. If one does not like the terms, he may sleep in the snow. When a party goes up, the expenses of each member are somewhat lessened, but the trip is, in any case, a costly one. For this reason, and on account of the hardships and dangers incurred in climbing its vast and snowy steep, the great majority of tourists are content to gaze upon the towering heights of Mont Blanc without attempting to ascend them.

The more dangerous peaks of Switzerland, such as the Matterhorn, are only ascended by skillful and practiced mountain-climbers, and even these often meet with disaster. On the first ascent of the Matterhorn, four persons lost their lives by falling the dreadful distance of four thousand feet; and not far from this mountain is a little cemetery containing the graves of travelers who have perished in climbing this and neighboring heights. But there are mountains in Switzerland the summits of which can be reached by persons capable of sustaining ordinary fatigue, and they are ascended every summer by hundreds of travellers, many of whom are ladies. The latter sometimes prove themselves very steady and enduring climbers, and in Switzerland it very often happens that when a boy starts out on an excursion he can not tell his sister that she must stay at home that day, because he is going to climb a mountain. Give a girl an alpenstock—a long stick with a spike in the end—a pair of heavy boots with rough nails in the soles, and if she be in good health, and accustomed to exercise, she can climb quite high up in the world on a Swiss mountain.

But, although a fine view may be obtained from a mountain six, eight, or ten thousand feet high, and although the ascent may not be really dangerous, it is of no use to assert that it is an easy thing to go up such mountains; and there are few of them on which there are not some places, necessary to pass, where a slip would make it extremely unpleasant for the person slipping. There are a great many travelers, not used to climbing, or not able to do so, whose nerves are not in that perfect order which would enable them to stand on

the edge of even a moderately high precipice without feeling giddy; and yet these people would like very much to have a view from a mountain-top, and they naturally feel interested when they find that there is in Switzerland a mountain, and a high one, too, from which a magnificent view may be obtained, that can be ascended without any fatigue, or any danger.

To this mountain we are now going. It is called the Rigi, and it is situated on the northern bank of the Lake of Lucerne, or as the Swiss call it, "The Lake of the Four Forest Cantons;" and there is, probably, no lake in the world more beautiful, or surrounded by grander scenery. It is also full of interest historically, for its shores were the scenes of the first efforts for Swiss independence. On one of its arms, the Lake of Uri, we are shown the place where William Tell sprang on the rocks when escaping from the boat of the tyrant Gessler; and in the little village of Altorf, not far away, he shot the apple from his son's head.

At the edge of the lake, at the very foot of the Rigi, is the small town of Vitznau, and it is to this place that the people who wish to ascend the mountain betake themselves, by steamboat. On the other side of the mountain there is another small town, called Arth, where tourists coming from the north begin their ascent; but we shall go up from Lake Lucerne, and start from Vitznau. Arrived at this town, we find ourselves at the foot of a towering mountain, which stretches for miles to the east and west, so that it is more like a short mountainous chain than a single eminence. Its loftiest peak is five thousand nine hundred and six feet,—about the height of our own Mount Washington, in the White Mountains.

In preparing to climb the Rigi, it is not necessary for us to adopt the costume usually worn by mountain-climbers in Switzerland, which, in the case of men and boys, consists of a very short coat, knickerbocker trowsers buttoned at the knee, heavy woolen stockings, stout laced boots with the soles covered with projecting nails, a little knapsack on the back, and a long alpenstock in the hand. We need not carry any provisions, but it is necessary to take some extra wraps with us, for at the top it is often very cold; but although the mountain is very high, and its top rises above the limit of the growth of trees, it does not reach to the line of eternal snow.

There are no icy slopes, up which we must scramble; there are no crevasses, reaching down hundreds of feet into the heart of the mountain, over which we must slowly creep by means of a plank or ladder; there are no narrow footpaths, with a towering wall of rock on one side and a terrible precipice yawning on the other; there are no

wide and glistening snow-fields, on which, if one of us slips and falls, he may slide away so swiftly and so far, that he may never be seen again; there are no vast fissures covered with newly fallen snow on which if a person carelessly treads he disappears forever.

There is also no necessity of our walking in a line with a long rope tied from one to the other, so that if one of us slips the others may hold back, and keep him from falling or sliding very far. None of these dangers, which are to be encountered by those who ascend the higher Alps, and many of the lower Swiss mountains, are to be met with here; and the precautions which those persons must not fail to take are not required on the Rigi. All that is necessary when we are ready to make the ascent, is to buy our tickets, and take our seats in a wide and comfortable railway car. There is a funny little locomotive at one end of this car, and there is a line of rails which leads by various curves and windings and steep ascents, up to the top of the mountain. The locomotive will do the climbing, and all we have to do is to sit still, and look about, and see what there is to be seen.

This railway and the little locomotive are very different from those in ordinary use on level ground. The rails are about the usual distance apart, but between them are two other very strong rails, lying near to each other, and connected by a series of stout iron bars, like teeth. Under the locomotive is a cogwheel which fits into these teeth, and as it is turned around by the engine it forces the locomotive up the steep incline. There is but one car to each train, and this is always placed above the engine, so that it is pushed along when it is going up, and held back when it is coming down. The car is not attached to the locomotive, so that if anything happens to the latter, the car can be instantly stopped by means of a brake which acts on the teeth between the rails, and the locomotive can go on down by itself. There is no power required in going down, and all the engine has to do is to hold back sturdily, and keep the car from coming down too fast. This may be the reason, perhaps, why persons are charged only half as much for coming down as they are charged for going up.

The locomotive does not stand up straight in the ordinary way, but leans backward, and when on level ground, it looks very much as if it had broken down at one end; but when it is on the steep inclines of the mountain, its depressed end, which always goes first, is then as high as the other, and the smokestack stands up perpendicularly. The seats in the cars, too, slope so that the passengers will not slip off them when one end of the car is tilted up. The ascents of the road are

often quite surprising, and one wonders how the locomotive is ever going to get the car, containing forty or fifty people, up those steep inclines. But up it always goes, steadily and resolutely, for the little engine has the power of one hundred and twenty horses.

The whole road is about four and a half miles long, and although the locomotive is so strong, it only goes at the rate of three miles an hour, so that an active person walking by its side might keep up with it for a time, though he would be likely to be very tired before he had gone far.

As we slowly ascend the Rigi, in this comfortable way, we find that we are taking one of the most interesting and novel excursions of our lives. If the weather be fine, there breaks upon the eye, as we rise higher and higher, a succession of those views of mountain, lake, and forest, which only can be had from an elevated position; and as one of these views suddenly appears, and then is cut off by a turn in the road, to be presently succeeded by another, we have a foretaste of what we are going to enjoy when we arrive at the top. The scenery immediately about the railway is also very interesting, and some of the incidents of the trip are not only novel but startling. Sometimes the little train traverses regions of wild forest and rocks; sometimes it winds along the edge of savage precipices; now it passes into a dark and dreary tunnel, from which it emerges to take an airy flight over a long and narrow bridge, which we in the car can not see beneath us, and where we look far down upon the tree-tops we are passing over. Through wild and desolate scenes, by forests, rocks, and waterfalls, we pass, the little locomotive always puffing and pushing vigorously behind us, until we reach a level plateau, on which stands a large and handsome hotel, with numerous out-buildings. This is called the Rigi Kaltbad, and the situation is a very beautiful one. Many people come here to spend days, and even weeks, enjoying the mountain walks and the grand scenery.

But, after a short stop at the station here, our train passes on, and before long we reach another plateau, much higher up, which is called Rigi Staffel, where there is another large hotel. Then, on we go, up a steep ledge, on the edge of a cliff, which it seems impossible that any train could ascend, until we reach the Rigi Kulm, the highest part of the mountain. When we alight from the train, we see a large and handsome hotel, with several smaller buildings surrounding it, but we find we are not on the very loftiest peak of the Kulm. To this point we must walk, but there are broad and easy paths leading to it, and the ascent is not very great, and does not require many minutes.



When we walk past the hotel, and the uppermost part of the Kulm comes into view, the first thing that catches our attention is a long line of wide-spread white umbrellas. As we rise higher, we see that these umbrellas are not held by anybody, but each one is fastened over a small stand,

place a fenced pathway leads into a little wood and a notice informs him that he may enter and get a view of the Black Falls for four cents.

When I was at Grindelwald, a little village among the Higher Alps, I went part way up a mountain, to visit a glacier. These masses of ice,

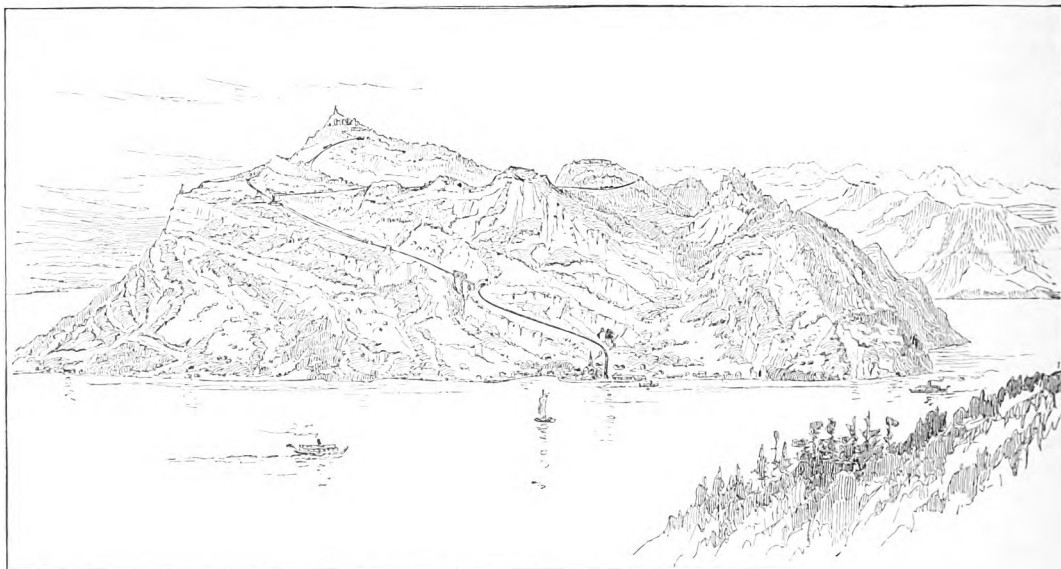


DIAGRAM OF THE LAKE OF LUCERNE AND THE RIGI, SHOWING RAILWAY TO THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN.

containing articles of carved wood or ivory, boxes, bears, birds, spoons, forks, and all those useful and ornamental little things which the Swiss make so well and are so anxious to sell. There are so many of these booths and stands, with the women and men attending to them, that it seems as if a little fair, or bazaar, is being held on the top of the mountain.

We shall doubtless be surprised that the first thing that attracts our attention at this famous place should be preparations to make money out of us; but everywhere through Switzerland the traveler finds people who wish to sell him something, or who continually volunteer to do something for which they wish him to pay. As he drives along the country roads, little girls throw bunches of wild flowers into his carriage and then run by its side expecting some money in return. By the roadside, in the most lonely places, he will find women and girls sitting behind little tables on which they are making lace, which, with a collection of tiny Swiss *chalets*, and articles of carved wood, they are very eager to sell. When the road passes near a precipitous mountain-side, he will find a man with a long Alpine horn, who awakens the echoes and expects some pennies. At another

which lie in the ravines of the mountains, are often of great depth, extending downward for hundreds of feet, and are formed by the melting of the snow in the lower part of the snow-fields above. The water trickles down when the sun shines on it, and is frozen at night, and thus, in the course of centuries, a vast and solid mass of ice is formed which is sometimes 1500 feet thick. In the glacier which I visited, a long tunnel had been cut, through which a person could comfortably walk, and this led to a fairly large room hewn in the very heart of the glacier, and called the Ice Grotto. There were lamps placed here and there, by which this frigid passage was dimly lighted, and the sensation of finding one's self in the middle of a vast block of ice was truly novel. The walls and roof of the tunnel were transparent for a considerable distance, and I could look into the very substance of the clear blue ice around me. I followed the man who acted as my guide to the end of the tunnel, and then we mounted a few steps into the grotto, which was lighted by a single lamp. The moment I set foot inside this wonderful chamber, with walls, roof, and floor of purest ice, I heard a queer tinkling and thumping in one corner, and looking there, I saw two old women, each playing on a doleful



little zither. They looked like two horrible old witches of the ice. Of course I knew that they were playing for my benefit; and I wondered if they always sat there in that enormous refrigerator, waiting for the visitors who might enter and give them a few centimes in return for their mournful strumming. But when I went out, I found that the old women soon followed, and I suppose they go into the glacier and ensconce themselves in their freezing retreat, whenever they see a tourist coming up the mountain-side.

And now, having recovered from our slight surprise at seeing the signs of traffic on the very top of the mountain, we pass the booths and advance to a wooden railing, which is built on the northern edge of the Kulm. The first thing that strikes our eyes is a vast plain, lying far below us, which, to some people, seems at first like an immense marsh, partly green and partly covered with dark patches, and with pools of water here and there. But when the eye becomes accustomed to this extent of view, we see that those dark patches are great forests; that those pools are lakes, on the shores of which towns and cities are built; and this plain before us is the whole of North Switzerland.

As we turn and look about us, we see a panorama of three hundred miles in circuit. To the south lies a mighty and glorious range of snow-clad Alps, one hundred and twenty miles in length. We see the white peaks glittering in the sun, the darker glaciers in the ravines, the wide snow-fields, clear and distinct. Between us and these giants are lower mountains, some green and wooded, some bold and rocky. Towns, villages, and *chalets* are dotted everywhere in the valleys and on the plains.

The view is one of the grandest and most beautiful in Europe.

The north side of the Rigi is almost precipitous, and as we again lean over the railing and look down its dizzy slopes, we see lying at our very feet the whole Lake of Zug. Three large towns are upon its banks, and a number of villages. A steamboat, apparently about the size of a spool of cotton, is making its way across the lake. To the left, a great part of the lake of Lucerne is visible, with the city of Lucerne at one end of it, its pinnacles, towers, and walls plainly in view. Away to the north, we see a portion of the city of Zurich, although the greater part of it is hidden by an intervening hill. On the northern horizon, lies the famous Black Forest, and the long line of the Jura Mountains is visible to the west. Looking here and there, we can count, in all, thirteen lakes.

The top of the Kulm is rounded and grassy, and we can walk about and look at the wonderful

views from various points. At one place there is a high wooden platform, to which we ascend by steps, at the side of which hangs a little box with a hole in the top, with an inscription in three languages asking us not to forget to remember the owner of this belvedere. From this platform, which is provided with a railing and benches, we can get a clear view in every direction; and stuck about in little sockets, are small colored glasses, through which we may look at the landscape. When we hold a yellow one before our eyes, mountains and plains seem glowing beneath a golden sky; a red one gives us an idea that the whole world is on fire; while through a blue one everything looks cold, dreary, and cheerless.

But we quickly put down the glasses. We want no such things as these to help us enjoy those glorious scenes.

While we stand and gaze from the wide-spread plain to the stupendous mountain ranges, the sun begins to set; and as it sinks below the horizon, the white peaks and snowy masses of the long line of Alps are gradually tinged with that beautiful rosy tint which is called the after-glow. Never were mountains more beautiful than these now appear, and we remain and look upon them until they fade away into the cold, desolate, and awful regions that they are.

The view of the sunrise from the Kulm is one of the great sights enjoyed by visitors, and many persons come to the Rigi on purpose to witness it. On fine mornings, hundreds of tourists may be seen gathered together at daybreak on the top of the Kulm. It is generally very cold at this hour, and they are wrapped in overcoats, shawls, and even blankets taken from the beds, although there are notices in each of the hotel rooms that this is forbidden. But all shivering and shaking is forgotten when, one after another, the highest snow-peaks are lighted up by the sun, which has not yet appeared to view, and when, gradually and beautifully, the whole vast landscape is flooded with the glory of the day.

But the people who go up on the Rigi to make a stay at the hotels do not content themselves with gazing at the grand panorama to be seen from the Kulm. The life and the scenes on the mountain itself are full of interest. Its promontories, slopes, and valleys are covered with rich grass, over which it is delightful to ramble and climb. Below the Rigi Staffel is a beautiful green hollow, called the valley of Klösterli; handsome cattle, with their tinkling bells, ramble over its rich pastures; and the brown cottages of the herdsmen are seen here and there. There is a Capuchin monastery and chapel in this valley, which was built nearly two hundred years ago, where the Sunday congre-

gation is composed of the herdsmen on the mountain. A branch railroad, about four miles long, runs on a ridge of the mountain to a promontory called the Scheideck, from which an admirable prospect may be had, and where there is a hotel; and from the Kaltbad, which was mentioned before, there is a pleasant rural walk toward the other end of the Rigi range, to a place called the Kanzli, from which the most charming views, near and distant, may be had.

Never was there a mountain so well adapted to boys and girls as the Rigi. Once arrived upon the upper parts of this mountain, which stretches far and wide, there is found every inducement for scramble, walk, and climb, in places which are not at all dangerous. The Rothstock, the Kulm, and other grassy peaks, can be ascended; long tramps can be taken through the valleys; the herdsmen's cottages and the monastery can be visited; and all this in a mountain air which gives one strength, spirit, and appetite.

The young folk, as well as grown people, are to be seen rambling everywhere. One day, as I was walking toward a place from which there was a good view, I heard a step behind me, and directly I was passed by a regular mountain climber. He was a tall young man, with a mighty stride. He wore a flannel shirt, with no coat or vest, but these hung at his back from a strap around his waist. On his powerful legs were knickerbockers and a pair of long red stockings, and in his hand he held a long-pointed alpenstock. Up the mountain, straight toward the highest point of the Kulm, he went, steadily and swiftly as a two-legged steam-engine. He was such a man as we would probably meet on the snowy peaks of the Higher Alps, if we should happen to be wandering there.

Shortly after this young athlete had passed, I saw, coming down the mountain, a lady and her little boy. The youngster, about six years old, who marched behind his mother, was equipped in true mountaineer style. His little coat hung at his little back; on his little legs he wore knickerbockers and long stockings, and on his feet a pair of little hob-nailed shoes; in his hand he carried a little alpenstock. His mother was a good walker, but she did not leave her boy behind. With strides as long as his little legs could make, he followed her bravely down the hill, punching his sharp stick into the ground at every step, as if he wished to make the mountain feel that he was there. He was just as full of the spirit of the Alpine climber, and enjoyed his tramp quite as much, as the practiced mountaineer who was striding away toward the Kulm.

Girls there were too, whole parties of them, each with an alpenstock in her hand, on every

grassy knoll, on every path through the valleys, or along the ridges. In ordinary life it is not customary for girls and ladies to carry sticks or canes, but some of these become so fond of their long alpenstocks that I have seen girls with these iron-pointed sticks in their hands, walking about the cities of Switzerland, where they were of no more use than a third shoe.

It is not only in fine weather that life on this mountain is to be enjoyed. The approach of a storm is a grand sight; great clouds gathering on the crests of the higher peaks of the mountain chains, and sweeping down in battle array upon hills, valleys, and plains. Even in the rain, the views have a strange and varied appearance which is very attractive, and every change in the weather produces changes in the landscape, sometimes quite novel and unexpected, and almost always grand or beautiful.

There is only one kind of weather in which the Rigi is not attractive. On my third day on the mountain I was sitting in the dining-room of the hotel, taking my midday meal, with about a hundred other guests, when I heard a loud groan from one of the tables; then there was another and another; and, directly, a chorus of groans arose from every part of the long dining-room. Looking about to see what was the matter, I noticed that everybody was staring out of the windows. When I looked out I saw a sight that was worth seeing, and one that was enough to make anybody groan who knew what it meant. A great cloud was coming down out of the sky directly upon the Rigi. It was heavy and gray, and its form was plainly defined in the clear air around it. When it had spread itself above us, almost touching the roof of the house, we could see, below its far-reaching edges, the distant landscape still sparkling in the sunlight. Then it came down, and blotted us out from the view of all the world. To the people below, the top of the Rigi was covered with a cloud, and to us there was nothing to be seen twenty feet from the window. Now there were no views, there were no walks, there was no sitting out-of-doors, there was nothing that one came to the Rigi for. No wonder that the people groaned. All their plans for outdoor pleasure had been brought to a sudden end by this swiftly descending cloud, which those who were wise in such matters believed would not soon disappear. It was evidently the beginning of bad weather, and those who remained on the mountain-tops must live in the clouds for several days. When nothing was to be seen, and nothing was to be done, it was a good time to leave the Rigi; and so, in company with a great many other visitors, for it was near the end of the season, and people could not wait for better weather, as they



"SOMETIMES, ON THE ROCKS, WE SEE A GIRL BLOWING A HORN TO CALL TOGETHER HER FLOCK OF GOATS. (PAGE 426.)

would have done a few weeks earlier, I took leave of the mountain, knowing very well that the little locomotive could find its way down, cloud or no cloud.

We may not have such an experience as this, but we shall leave the Rigi, carrying with us

recollections, which no rain could ever wash away, of that interesting mountain, with its beautiful green slopes and peaks, its magnificent panoramas, its happy boys and girls, its pleasant summer life, its picturesque glades, and herds, and—its railway to the top.

## A VOYAGE.

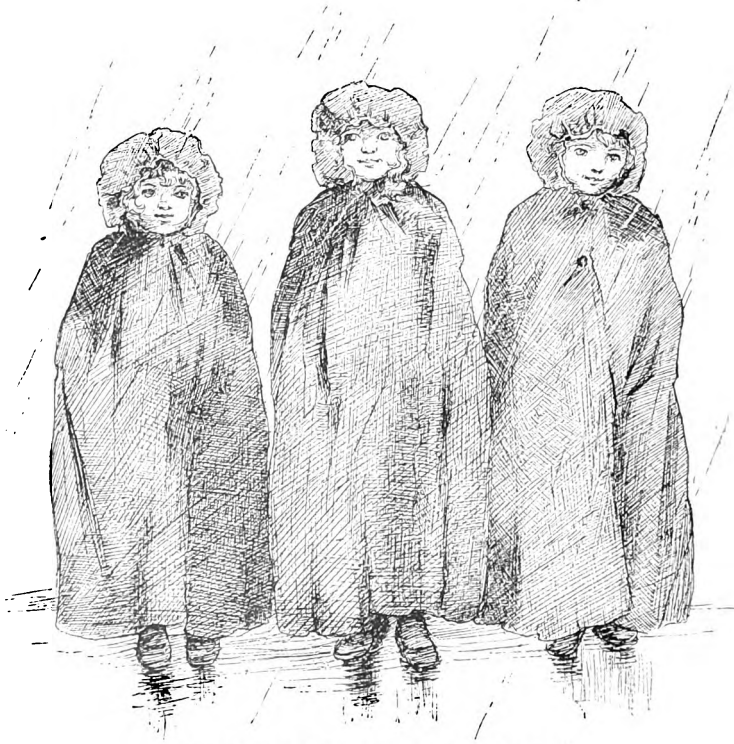
BY HARLAN H. BALLARD.

WHEN sleep is coy and slumbers flee,  
I hasten down to the dream-land sea,  
    Where Fancy's boat  
    Doth lightly float  
On the silent waters, awaiting me.

I care not where the far shores be  
Of the waters that sparkle so bright and free ;  
    I leap from the strand,  
    And, oar in hand,  
I ride on the tide of the mystic sea.

I slip away from the cares of day,  
And silently drift away, away,  
    Till dream-clouds dense  
    Hide the shores of sense,  
And the land and the sky and the sea grow gray.

Now glides my boat into darkness deep ;  
Now cease my oars their rhythmic sweep ;  
    For full in view,  
    A fairy crew  
Is spreading the shadowy sails of sleep.



"THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL, ARE WE."

## GEORGE WASHINGTON.

[*A Historical Biography.*]

BY HORACE E. SCUDDER.

## CHAPTER X.

## A TERRIBLE LESSON IN WAR.

HOWEVER keenly Washington may have felt the defeat which he suffered at Great Meadows, no one blamed him for a misfortune which he had tried in so spirited a fashion to prevent. On the contrary, the House of Burgesses, then in session, after hearing an account of the engagement and reading the articles of capitulation, passed a vote of thanks to Colonel Washington and his officers "for their bravery and gallant defense of their country." In point of fact, the expedition had by no means been a failure. It had built many miles of road; it had shown that the Virginian soldiers could fight, and it had made the French respect their enemy.

To Washington it had been an initiation into military service. He had heard the bullets whistling about him, and had known what it was to lead men; he had encountered on a small scale the difficulties which beset commanders of armies; he had stood for nine hours under fire from a superior force. Not all the hardships of the sharp campaign could dampen his ardor. He knew that he was a soldier; he knew, too, that he was a commander, and such knowledge is much more than petty conceit.

He was to be put to the test in this matter in a new way. He went back to Alexandria, where his regiment was quartered, and shortly after received word from Governor Dinwiddie to be in readiness for a fresh movement. It had been resolved to send another expedition to attack Fort Duquesne, and Washington was bidden to at once fill up his regiment to three hundred men and join the other forces at Wills Creek. Eager as the young colonel was for service, he had not taken leave of his good sense. He was something more than a fighter, and his native judgment, as well as his hard-earned experience, showed him the foolhardiness of such an adventure. It does not appear that he wrote to his superior officer, the Governor, remonstrating against the wild project, but he wrote to Lord Fairfax, who had influence, giving his reasons why the enterprise was morally impossible.

They were without money, men, or provisions. It would be impossible in any case to move before November, and he knew well enough, by his ex-

perience the year before, what a terrible winter campaign it would be. "To show you the state of the regiment," he writes to Lord Fairfax, "I have sent you a report by which you will perceive what great deficiencies there are of men, arms, tents, kettles, screws (which was a fatal want before), bayonets, cartouch-boxes, and everything else. Again, were our men ever so willing to go, for want of the proper necessities of life they are unable to do it. The chief part are almost naked, and scarcely a man has either shoes, stockings, or a hat. These things the merchants will not credit them for. The country has made no provision; they have not money themselves, and it can not be expected that the officers will engage for them again, personally, having suffered greatly on this head already; especially now, when we have all the reason in the world to believe that they will desert whenever they have an opportunity. There is not a man that has a blanket to secure him from cold or wet. Ammunition is a material object, and that is to come from Williamsburg or wherever the Governor can procure it. An account must be first sent of the quantity which is wanted; this, added to the carriage up, with the necessary tools that must be had, as well as the time for bringing them round, will, I believe, advance us into that season, when it is usual, in more moderate climates, to retreat into winter-quarters, but here, with us, to begin a campaign!"

The argument of Washington's letter, of which this is a part, was unanswerable. It showed his clear, cool judgment, and the thoroughness with which he considered every detail in a scheme. The Governor gave up his design, but it was not long before he stumbled into a new folly. He had persuaded the Burgesses to grant twenty thousand pounds for military operations, and had received ten thousand more from England. So he set about enlarging the army to ten independent companies of one hundred men each, proposing to place each company under command of a captain. He hoped in this way to be rid of the jealousy which existed between the several officers, since there would be none above the rank of captain.

The plan was only inferior to one by which every soldier who enlisted should have been made captain, so that nobody need be inferior to anybody else. Washington not only saw the folly of the proceeding from a military point of view, (for many

of his difficulties had arisen from the presence of independent companies in the field with his troops,) but he resented the plan as at once reducing him from the rank of colonel to that of captain. He had risen to the position which he held by regular promotion for bravery and soldierly qualities. He could not be the football of a capricious governor, and he resigned his commission.

He was instantly wanted in another quarter. Governor Sharpe of Maryland had received a commission from the King, as Commander-in-chief of all the forces in America engaged against the French. As soon as it was known that Washington had resigned his commission as colonel of a Virginia regiment, Governor Sharpe sent to invite him to return to the service under his command. He was to have command of a company, but to retain his rank as colonel. Washington replied at once that he could not think of accepting service upon such terms. He was not to be cajoled into assuming a false position. He cared little for the title. What he wanted was the authority which goes with the title. There was no pressing danger to the country, and he was not so impatient to be in military service that he needed as a soldier to throw away the position which he had fairly won.

There was one consideration which especially determined Washington against serving either as captain of an independent company in Virginia, or as one of Governor Sharpe's captains, with the complimentary title of colonel. By a regulation of government, all officers commissioned by the King took rank above officers commissioned by the governors of provinces. It seems that the English authorities were determined to make the colonies understand that their militia officers were always inferior to the regular army officers who came over from England.

There was such an officer sent over shortly after this to take command of all the forces in the colonies. This was Major-General Edward Braddock. He had been in military service forty-five years and he knew all the rules of war. He was a brave, hot-headed man, who knew to a nicety just how troops should be drawn up, how they should march and perform all the evolutions, how a captain should salute his superior officer, and how much pipeclay a soldier needed to keep his accoutrements bright. He was a rigid disciplinarian, and was called harsh and cruel, but that, very likely, was because he demanded strict and instant obedience.

In February, 1755, General Braddock arrived in Virginia, with two regiments of regular troops from England. Governor Dinwiddie was delighted. He should have no more trouble with obstinate Burgesses and quarrelsome Virginia captains.

Everybody expected that the French would at once be driven out of the Ohio valley, and General Braddock was not the least confident. There was a bustle in every quarter, and Alexandria was made the headquarters from which troops, military stores and provisions were to be sent forward, for they could be brought up the river to that point in men-of-war and transports.

As soon as Braddock had arrived in the country, Washington had addressed him a letter of welcome, and now he was keenly intent on the General's movements. From Mount Vernon he could see the ships in the Potomac and hear the din of preparation. He could not ride into town or to Belvoir without being in the midst of the excitement. This was something very different from the poor, niggardly conduct of war which he had known in the colony. It was on a great scale; it was war carried on by His Majesty's troops, well-clad, splendidly equipped and drilled under the lead of a veteran general. He longed to join them. Here would be a chance such as he had never had, to learn something of the art of war; but he held no commission now, and had not even a company to offer. Nor was he willing to be a militia captain and subject to the orders of some lieutenant in the regular army.

He was considering how he might volunteer, when he received exactly the kind of invitation which he desired. He was a marked man now, and it did not take long for word to reach General Braddock that the young Virginian colonel, who had shown great spirit and ability in the recent expedition, and was thoroughly familiar with the route they were to take, desired to serve under him, but not as a subordinate captain. There was a way out of the difficulty, and the General at once invited Washington to join his military family as aid-de-camp.

Washington joyfully accepted. There was only one drawback to his pleasure. His mother, as soon as she heard of his decision, was filled with alarm, and hurried to Mount Vernon to beg her son to reconsider. No doubt they both remembered how, at her earnest wish, he had abandoned his purpose to join the British navy, eight or nine years before. But these eight or nine years had made a great difference. He was a man now, and, without loss of respect for his mother, he was bound to decide for himself. He would be a loser by the step in many ways. There was no one to whom he could intrust the management of his affairs at Mount Vernon, and his attendance on General Braddock would involve him in considerable expense. Nor could he expect, as a mere aid-de-camp, to advance his interests in the military profession. Nevertheless, Washington had

counted the cost, and not even his mother's entreaties turned him from his purpose.

At Alexandria, Washington first saw Braddock; he met there also the Governors of Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, and Massachusetts, who had gathered for a grand council on the campaign. Washington, quiet but observant, looked upon all the preparations with admiration, but without losing his coolness of judgment. He saw the heavy artillery which Braddock had brought, and which was waiting for teams to transport it over the mountains. He remembered how his men had toiled in dragging their few guns over the rough road. "If our march is to be regulated by the slow movements of the train," he said, "it will be tedious, very tedious indeed."

Early in May, Washington joined General Braddock at Fredericktown, Maryland, and there he must have met a man of more consequence than all the governors of the colonies; for Benjamin Franklin, Postmaster-General of Pennsylvania, at that time a man of fifty years, came to confer with General Braddock, and to do for him what no one else could—procure horses and wagons enough to transport his supplies and artillery. Franklin and Washington probably seemed to most people at that time as rather insignificant persons beside the Major-General in command of the English forces in America.

The headquarters were moved to Wills Creek, where the militia had been hard at work with ax and spade, and had built a fort which was named Fort Cumberland, from the Duke of Cumberland, Captain-General of the British army. For a month Braddock fretted and fumed over the delays which everybody seemed to cause. He was thoroughly out of patience with all his surroundings. There were in all about twenty-two hundred men gathered in camp. Some of these were Virginia troops, and Braddock set his officers to drilling them, but he thought them a slouchy lot that never could be made into soldiers. Indeed, it would have taken a long time to make them into such machines as the soldiers whom he had brought over from England. Washington was fast learning many things. He was not deceived by appearances. He found this great general an obstinate, hot-tempered man, who would scarcely listen to reason, and his soldiers, with all their military training, of different stuff from the Virginians.

Washington was sent off on an errand to Williamsburg for money. He performed his duty with great promptness, and a week after his return to camp, the army was on the move. But it moved like a snail, for it was carrying a whole house on its back. Braddock and his officers, accustomed to campaigns in Europe, seemed to be unable to

adapt themselves to the different conditions of a new country. They encumbered themselves with everything which English army regulations permitted. Washington saw the folly of the course pursued, and, when his advice was asked by the General, urged him, he says, in the warmest terms he was able to use, "to push forward, if even with a small but chosen band, with such artillery and light stores as were necessary, leaving the heavy artillery, baggage, and the like, with the rear division of the army, to follow by slow and easy marches, which they might do safely, while we were advanced in front"; and in order to enforce his opinion and to lead the officers to give up some of their superfluous baggage, and thus release horses for more necessary work, he gave up his own best horse, and took no more baggage than half his portmanteau could easily contain.

His advice prevailed, and he set out with the advance party. It was a prospect, he wrote to his brother, which conveyed infinite delight to his mind, though he was excessively ill at the time. "But this prospect was soon clouded, and my hopes brought very low indeed, when I found that, instead of pushing on with vigor, without regarding a little rough road, they were halting to level every molehill, and to erect bridges over every brook, by which means we were four days in getting twelve miles." Ill, indeed, he was, and for a fortnight so prostrated with fever that he was forced to lie in hospital. But as soon as he could move at all, he insisted on rejoining his corps. "My fevers are very moderate," he writes to one of the other aids on the last day of June, "and, I hope, near terminating. Then I shall have nothing to encounter but weakness, which is excessive, and the difficulty of getting to you, arising therefrom; but this I would not miss doing, before you reach Duquesne, for five hundred pounds. However, I have no doubt now of doing it, as I am moving on, and the General has given me his word of honor, in the most solemn manner, that it shall be effected."

On July 8, he succeeded in rejoining the advance division of the army, though he had to be carried in a covered wagon. On July 9, he attended the General on horseback, though he was still very ill and weak. He had joined Braddock's military family because he wished to learn how an experienced English general practiced the art of war, and how regularly trained troops fought. He was to have the opportunity that day. They had reached a ford on the Monongahela, fifteen miles from Fort Duquesne, and had crossed it. A second ford lay five miles below, and the troops marched, as if on dress parade, down the bank of the river. Braddock intended that the French, if they saw



him, should be dismayed by the array, and Washington was often heard to say in after years, that the most beautiful spectacle he had ever beheld was the display of the British troops on that eventful morning. Every man was neatly dressed in full uniform, the soldiers were arranged in columns and marched in exact order, the sun gleamed from their burnished arms; the river flowed tranquilly on their right, and the deep forest overshadowed them with solemn grandeur on their left. Officers and men were equally inspirited with cheering hopes and confident anticipations.

But Washington was not so dazzled by this brilliant spectacle as not to see the fatal blunder which Braddock was making. He urged the General to throw out Virginia rangers and Indian scouts into the woods and ravines which lay before them and on their side. It is almost incredible that the General paid no attention to the caution, and merely kept a few skirmishers a short way in advance of his force. His army was now across the second ford and moving along the other bank, eight miles only from the fort. Suddenly a man, dressed like an Indian, but bearing the decoration of an officer, sprang forward from the woods, faced the column a moment, then turned and waved his hat.

It was an officer leading the French forces, which, accompanied by a horde of Indian allies, had issued from Fort Duquesne, and had disposed themselves in the wood. Another instant, and a storm of bullets rained down upon the Englishmen. It was a surprise, but the troops were well trained. They fired volley after volley into the woods. They planted their cannon and went to work in a business-like way, cheering as they moved forward. For a moment the French seemed to give way; then, in another instant, again the bullets fell from all sides upon the Englishmen, who were bewildered by the attack. They could scarcely see any man; there was nothing to aim at. The enemy was indeed invisible, for every man had posted himself, Indian fashion, behind a tree. Now the troops huddled together into a solid square and made so much the more deadly mark for the rifles. They fell into a panic; they began to leave their guns and to retreat.

Braddock, who had been in the rear, came up with the main body and met the vanguard on its retreat. The two columns of men were thrown into confusion. The Virginians alone, whom Braddock had so despised for their negligent bearing, kept their heads and promptly adopting tactics familiar to them, screened themselves, as did the enemy, behind trees. But Braddock, to whom such methods were contrary to all the rules of war, ordered them, with oaths, to form in line. The General was a

brave man, and if personal courage could have saved the day, his intrepidity would have done it. He dashed about on horseback. Two of the aids were wounded, and the duty of carrying the General's orders fell on the third, Colonel Washington, who was now learning war, with a vengeance. He rode in every direction, his tall, commanding figure a conspicuous mark for the enemy's sharpshooters. More than that, there were men there who had met him at Great Meadows, and who now made him their special mark. He had four bullets through his coat, and two horses shot under him. He seemed to escape injury as by a miracle.

Braddock at last ordered a retreat, and while he and such of his officers as remained were endeavoring to bring the panic-stricken troops into some kind of order, he was mortally wounded and fell from his horse. He was borne on a litter, but laid at last at the foot of a tree near the scene of Washington's fight at Fort Necessity, where he died in the night of July 13. The chaplain was wounded, and Washington read the burial service over the body of the General. It was a sorry ending of the expedition which had set out with such high hopes.

Five days later Washington reached Fort Cumberland, and one of his first duties was to send a letter to his mother. "I am still in a weak and feeble condition," he writes, "which induces me to halt here two or three days in the hope of recovering a little strength, to enable me to proceed homewards, from whence, I fear, I shall not be able to stir till towards September; so that I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you till then, unless it be in Fairfax."

He arrived at Mount Vernon on July 26.

## CHAPTER XI.

### COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE VIRGINIA FORCES.

THE disastrous defeat of Braddock filled the Virginia people with uneasiness, for it was sure to be followed by Indian raids. The House of Burgesses voted a sum of money, and resolved to increase the regiment by making it consist of sixteen companies. His friends immediately began to urge Washington to solicit the command, but he would do nothing of the sort. His experience had taught him the weakness of the colonial military system: if he were to seek the place he could not at the same time propose reforms. If the command were offered to him, that would be a different matter, for then he would be at liberty to make conditions.

The command was offered to him on his own terms, and for three years he was engaged in as trying and perplexing a business as could well be committed to a young man of twenty-three to

twenty-six years of age. He did not know it at the time, but we see now that he was attending a school of the severest sort in preparation for the arduous task which was to be set him later in life.

His headquarters were at Winchester, where he had the active support of his old friend Lord Fairfax. As soon as he had effected some sort of organization, he sent out recruiting officers and did his best to fill up the ranks of his little army. Then he was off on a tour of inspection, visiting the outposts and making himself acquainted, by personal observation, with all the details of his command.

Everything seemed to be against him, and every advantage which he gained was won only by the most determined effort. He must often have thought with envy of the profusion of military stores of all kinds with which Braddock's army was provided, and of the abundant money in the hands of the paymaster. Here was he, obliged to use the strictest economy if he would make the money which the Burgesses doled out answer the needs of his command, and he was forced to be his own commissary and quartermaster, laying in stores and buying cattle up and down the country. "At the repeated instance of the soldiers," he writes once to the Speaker of the House, "I must pay so much regard to their representations, as to transmit their complaints. They think it extremely hard, as it is indeed, sir, that they, who perhaps do more duty, and undergo more fatigue and hardship from the nature of the service and situation of the country, should be allowed the least pay, and smallest encouragements in other respects. Our soldiers complain that their pay is insufficient even to furnish shoes, shirts, and stockings, which their officers, in order to keep them fit for duty, oblige them to provide. This, they say, deprives them of the means of purchasing any of the conveniences or accessories of life, and compels them to drag through a disagreeable service, in the most disagreeable manner. That their pay will not afford more than enough to keep them in clothes, I should be convinced for these reasons, if experience had not taught me. The British soldiers are allowed eight pence sterling per day, with many necessities that ours are not, and can buy what is requisite upon the cheapest terms; and they lie one-half the year in camp or garrison, when they cannot consume the fifth part of what ours do in continual marches over mountains, rocks and rivers. \* \* \* And I dare say you will be candid enough to allow that few men would choose to have their lives exposed to the incessant insults of a merciless enemy, without some view or hope of reward."

But his difficulties with regard to money and supplies were as nothing to those which he endured

when seeking to raise men, and to control them. His recruiting officers were negligent. "Several officers," he writes at one time, "have been out six weeks, or two months, without getting a man, spending their time in all the gayety of pleasurable mirth, with their relations and friends; not attempting nor having a possible chance to recruit any but those who, out of their inclination to the service, will proffer themselves." At one time, when the Shenandoah valley was in imminent danger from Indians, he called upon Lord Fairfax and other officers of the militia to put forth special efforts to bring together all the men they could raise for an expedition to go out and scour the country, and when the day came, after all the drumming and beating up of recruits, only fifteen appeared!

Nor, after he had his men, could he bring them under regular discipline. He had seen something of the order which prevailed under English officers, and it brought into stronger contrast the loose, independent ways of the Virginia militia, where the men had very little notion of obedience, and regarded an order as a request which they could attend to or not as suited their convenience. All this was exasperating enough to a high-spirited commander, who knew that no effective military work could be done when there was such a spirit, and Washington prevailed upon the legislature to enact a more stringent code of laws, which gave more power to the commander, and compelled the soldier to obey at risk of severe penalty. To accomplish this, he had to visit Williamsburg and labor with the members of the legislature individually.

There is no doubt that Washington had very troublesome material to make into soldiers, and that, as a young commander, he was incensed by their conduct, and ready to be very summary with them. As a military man, he was also greatly annoyed by the indifferent manner in which he was supported by the country people whom he was engaged in protecting. One reason lay in the peculiar life of Virginia. When an ignorant white man found himself under strict orders, he resented it, because he thought it placed him on a level with negro slaves. Then there was no class of intelligent, hard-working mechanics, from which soldiers could be drafted. The planters' sons were ready to be officers, but they did not care about being privates. The better men in the ranks were drawn from the hardy backwoodsmen, whose life was a free, self-reliant one. In fact, the stubborn Burgesses and independent soldiers were made stubborn and independent by the life in America which several generations of planters and frontiersmen had been living. Washington was too near



This journey of seven weeks, taken on horseback in the middle of winter, was the first which the young Virginian had taken to the northward. His route lay through Philadelphia, New York, New London, and Newport; and everywhere that he went he was received with great attention. He obtained without difficulty the support of Governor Shirley, and had a long and thorough conference with him upon the plans of the approaching campaign. In one thing, however, he was disappointed. He had hoped to obtain a commission from the Governor, as the King's representative, making him an officer in the regular army. He sought this more than once, but never obtained it. So much the better, we think, for America. Had Washington received such a commission and risen to the position in the British army which his genius would have commanded, he might not have served against his country, but it is not likely that he would have served for it as he did.

Then he had unceasing trouble with Governor Dinwiddie. The Governor was a fussy, opinionated man, who showed much zeal in the defense of Virginia, but not always a zeal according to knowledge. He was constantly proposing impracticable schemes, and it required great patience and ingenuity on the part of Washington to persuade the Governor out of his plans without perpetually coming into open conflict with him. He learned the part of the wise man who goes around a difficulty if possible, rather than over it.

The position in which Washington stood during these three years was indeed a very trying one. He was expected to defend the western border of Virginia against the incursions of the Indians, aided by the French, who grew more audacious after the defeat of Braddock. Yet he had, as it were, neither men nor money at his command, and the Governor and Burgesses, to whom he looked for aid, were quarreling at the other end of the province. His neighbors and friends gave him some help, but there were only a few who really stood by him in all weathers. More than once he was on the point of resigning a position which brought him scarcely anything but disappointment; but he was prevented by the urgency of his friends and by the crying needs of the settlers on the frontiers. If he failed them, who would protect them? And so this young man of twenty-four kept his post and worked month after month to secure peace and safety for them. How strongly he felt may be seen by a letter which he wrote to Governor Dinwiddie at the time of their sorest need:

"Your Honor may see to what unhappy straits the distressed inhabitants and myself are reduced. I am too little acquainted, Sir, with pathetic language to attempt a description of the people's distresses, though I have a generous soul, sensible of wrongs, and

swelling for redress. But what can I do? I see their situation, know their danger, and participate in their sufferings, without having it in my power to give them further relief than uncertain promises. In short, I see inevitable destruction in so clear a light that, unless vigorous measures are taken by the Assembly, and speedy assistance sent from below, the poor inhabitants that are now in forts must unavoidably fall, while the remainder are flying before the barbarous foe. In fine, the melancholy situation of the people, the little prospect of assistance, the gross and scandalous abuses cast upon the officers in general, which is reflecting upon me in particular, for suffering misconduct of such extraordinary kinds, and the distant prospect, if any, of gaining honor and reputation in the service,—cause me to lament the hour that gave me a commission, and would induce me at any other time than this of imminent danger, to resign without one hesitating moment, a command, from which I never expect to reap either honor or benefit; but, on the contrary, have almost an absolute certainty of incurring displeasure below [that is, at Williamsburgh and in the older parts of the province], while the murder of helpless families may be laid to my account here. The supplicating tears of the women and the moving petitions of the men melt me into such deadly sorrow, that I solemnly declare, if I know my own mind, I could offer myself a willing sacrifice to the butchering enemy, provided that would contribute to the people's ease."

It is no wonder that the constant anxiety and hardship which he endured undermined his health, and that for four months he was obliged to give up his command and retire to Mount Vernon. Upon his recovery, a brighter prospect opened. Dinwiddie was recalled and a more sensible lieutenant-governor took his place. Best of all, Mr. Pitt, the great English statesman, took direction of affairs in England, and at once planned for the quick ending of the war with France. He thrust out inefficient generals, and put the armies in America into the hands of resolute, able men. He won over the colonies by a hearty interest in them, and by counting on the colonial forces in the coming campaigns. Then he pushed preparation for attacking the French in their strongholds.

Washington was overjoyed at the news of another movement against Fort Duquesne. Virginia raised two regiments to add to the British regulars, who were under the command of General Forbes. Washington was to be at the head of one of these regiments, while still retaining his position as Commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces. He was in hearty accord with the English officers and with the new governor, and he was at last with men who understood his value and listened with respect to his judgment. It is a great moment in a young man's life when older men turn to him for counsel, and if he has won his knowledge by solid experience, he is not likely to have his head turned by such attention. Washington had borne neglect and misunderstanding; he had been left to work out his plans by himself, and had for nearly three years been learning to rely upon himself, since there was no one else on whom he could lean. So he had become strong, and other men now leaned on him.

He was kept busy for some time at Winchester, collecting men and material, and at last marched

to Fort Cumberland at the head of his forces. The expedition against Fort Duquesne was a different affair from that undertaken by Braddock. A lesson had been learned, and Washington was in a position now, not only to advise, but to carry out plans. Braddock had refused to listen to his advice, but Forbes and the other officers not only listened, but gave him the lead in many things. Washington had seen the folly of Braddock's elaborate and cumbersome outfit, and had urged him to move more lightly equipped. Now he had his way, and he took advantage of his men's lack of regimental clothing to dress them like Indians. "If I were left to pursue my own inclinations," he wrote to the British commander, "I would not only order the men to adopt the Indian dress, but cause the officers to do it also, and be the first to

very well here," wrote the British commander, "and, thank God, we see nothing but shirts and blankets."

It must not be supposed, however, that all now went smoothly. On the contrary, Washington had a bitter disappointment. The General, influenced by the advice of some interested persons, proposed to cut a new road through Pennsylvania to Fort Duquesne. Washington remonstrated with all his might. They already had the old road, over which troops could be transported quickly and the expedition be brought to a speedy close. His remonstrance was in vain, and again he had to use all his patience and self-command, as he saw foolish counsels prevail. He was able, however, to prevent General Forbes from dividing his forces and sending part by one road, and part by another; and he never indulged in a petty sulking fit, because his advice was not followed, or showed one whit less determination to do his part. "I pray your interest, most sincerely with the General," he wrote to Colonel Bouquet, of the regular army, "to get myself and my regiment included in the number" (of the advance troops). "If any argument is needed to obtain this favor, I hope without vanity I may be allowed to say, that, from long intimacy with these woods, and frequent scouting in them, my men are at least as well acquainted with all the passes and difficulties, as any troops that will be employed."

He had his way in this. He had his way also, though he cared less for that, in showing the folly of the course pursued in opening a new road. However, the expedition succeeded, for when the General reached Fort Duquesne, the French had withdrawn their forces to meet a demand elsewhere, and had burned the fort.

The English now took possession of that part of the country. People forgot the mistakes which had been made. A new fort was built and named Fort Pitt (whence came the modern name of Pittsburgh), and Washington led his men back to Winchester.

There was no longer any need of an army to be kept in the field, now that the French had been driven from the Ohio valley, and Washington resigned his commission. He had given up any expectation of receiving a commission in the British army, and he had indeed no longer a desire to be a soldier by profession. As with his brother Lawrence before him, something now occurred in his life which made it easy for him to be a Virginia planter.



WASHINGTON IN THE INDIAN DRESS.

set the example myself. Nothing but the uncertainty of obtaining the general approbation causes me to hesitate a moment to leave my regimentals at this place, and proceed as light as any Indian in the woods. It is an unbecoming dress, I own, for an officer; but convenience rather than show, I think, should be consulted." Fortunately he did not have to deal with a pedantic officer. His dress was approved and became very popular. It "takes

## CHAPTER XII.

## WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON.

NEAR the end of May, 1758, Washington was ordered by the Quartermaster-General of the British forces to leave Winchester and make all haste to Williamsburg, there to explain to the Governor and council in what a desperate condition the Virginia troops were as regarded clothing and equipments. The army was making ready for its expedition against Fort Duquesne, and so urgent was the case that the young Commander-in-chief of the volunteers was sent on this errand. He was on horseback, for that was the only mode of travel, and accompanied by Billy Bishop, once the military servant of General Braddock, but, since the death of the General, the faithful servant of the young Virginian aid who had read the funeral service over his dead master.

The two men had reached Williams Ferry, on the Pamunkey River, and had crossed on the boat, when they met Mr. Chamberlayne, a Virginia gentleman, living in the neighborhood. The hospitable planter insisted that Washington should at once go to his house. It was forenoon, and dinner would be served as usual, early, and after that Colonel Washington could go forward to Williamsburg, if go he must. Besides all that, there was a charming young widow at his house—Colonel Washington must have known her, the daughter of John Dandridge, and the wife of John Parke Custis. Virginia hospitality was hard to resist, and Washington yielded. He would stay to dinner if his host would let him hurry off immediately afterward.

Bishop was bidden to bring his master's horse around after dinner in good season, and Washington surrendered himself to his host. Dinner followed, and the afternoon went by, and Mr. Chamberlayne was in excellent humor, as he kept one eye on the restless horses at the door, and the other on his guests, the tall, Indian-like officer and the graceful, hazel-eyed, animated young widow. Sunset came, and still Washington lingered. Then Mr. Chamberlayne stoutly declared that no guest was ever permitted to leave his house after sunset. Mrs. Martha Custis was not the one to drive the soldier away, and so Bishop was bidden to take the horses back to the stable. Not till the next morning did the young colonel take his leave. Then he dispatched his business promptly at Williamsburg, and whenever he could get an hour dashed over to White House, where Mrs. Custis lived. So prompt was he about this business, also, that when he returned to Winchester he had the promise of the young widow that she would marry him as soon as the campaign was over.

So runs the story told by the grandson of Mrs. Custis, for when she married Washington, January 6, 1759, she had two children, a girl of six and a boy of four.

Washington took his wife and her little children home to Mount Vernon, which was his own, since Lawrence Washington's only child had died, and his widow had married again. Martha Washington added her own large property to her husband's, and he was now a rich man, with large estates and with plenty to occupy him if he would devote himself to the care of his property.

From the time of his marriage until his death, Washington wore a miniature portrait of his wife, hung from his neck by a gold chain. "My dear Patsy," he calls her in his letters, and he was never happier than when living with her in quiet at Mount Vernon. They never had son or daughter; but Washington loved dearly the boy and girl whom his wife brought to him. The girl died when she was sixteen; the boy grew up, married, and became the father of several children.

Washington was broken with grief when his wife's daughter died, and when the son died, Washington adopted as his own the orphan children whom John Custis left behind.

It was no light matter to be a Virginia planter, when one had so high a standard of excellence as George Washington had. The main crop which he raised was tobacco, and the immediate attention which it required was only during a small part of the year; but, as we have seen, a successful planter was also a man of business, and really the governor of a little province. Many planters contented themselves with leaving the care of their estates and their negroes to overseers, while they themselves spent their time in visiting and receiving visits, in sports, and in politics. That was not Washington's way. He might easily have done so, for he had money enough; but such a life would have been very distasteful to a man who had undergone the hardships of a soldier, and had acquired habits of thoroughness and of love of work. It would have been no pleasure to Washington to be idle and self-indulgent, while seeing his fences tumbling down, and knowing that he was spending more money for everything than was necessary. The man who attends to his own affairs, and sees everything thriving under wise management, is the most contented man, and Washington's heart was in his work.

So he looked after everything himself. He rose early, often before light, when the days were short. He breakfasted lightly at seven in the summer and at eight in winter, and after breakfast was in the saddle visiting the different parts of his estate, and looking after any improvements he had ordered.

He was a splendid horseman and very fond of breaking in new horses. Dinner followed at two o'clock; he had an early tea; and when living at home, he was often in bed by nine o'clock.

These were regular, old-fashioned hours, and the life which he led enabled him to accomplish a vast amount. He kept no clerk, but wrote out in his large round hand all his letters and orders, entered every item in his day-book and ledger, and was scrupulously exact about every farthing of his accounts. He did not guess how he stood at any time, but he knew precisely how last year's crop compared with this year's; how many head of cattle he had; how many acres he had planted with tobacco; what wood he had cut; and just what goods he had ordered from London. He had been appointed by the court, guardian of his wife's two children, who had inherited property from their father; and he kept all their accounts separate, with the minutest care, for he held a trust to be sacred.

Twice a year he sent to his agent in London a list of such articles as he needed; there were plows, hoes, spades, and other agricultural implements; drugs, groceries of various sorts, clothes both for his family and for his negroes; tools, books, busts, and ornaments; household furniture, and linen. Indeed, as one reads the long invoices which Washington sent to London, he wonders how people managed who had to send across the Atlantic for everything they might possibly need for the next six months. Then there were special orders for the children; for "Master Custis, six years old," there were, besides Irish holland, fine cambric, gloves, shoes, stockings, hats, combs, and brushes, such items as these,—“one pair handsome silver shoe and knee buckles, ten shillings' worth of toys, and six little books, for children beginning to read;” while for “Miss Custis, four years old,” were a great variety of clothes, including “two caps, two pairs of ruffles, two tuckers, bibs, and aprons if fashionable,” and finally, a “fashionable dressed baby, ten shillings, and other toys” to the same amount.

He required his agent to send him, with his bill for all the goods, the original bills of the merchants who sold the goods to the agent; then he copied all these orders and bills, giving every item, and in this way he had before him in his books an exact statement, in every particular, of his transactions.

He watched the market closely, and knew just what the varying price of tobacco was, and what he might expect for any other goods which he sent to be sold. He was determined that everything from his plantation should be of value and should receive its full price. So high a reputation did he secure for honesty that it was said that any

barrel of flour that bore the brand of George Washington, Mount Vernon, was exempted from the customary inspection in the West India ports.

Like other Virginia planters, Washington was a slave-holder. All the work on the plantations was done by slaves, and no other method was supposed possible. Washington was born into a society where slaves were held as a matter of course, and he inherited slaves. At that time the right to own negroes was scarcely questioned, and slaves were held throughout the colonies. There are few things that test the character of a man more than his treatment of those who are dependent upon him,—his servants, his workmen, his children. Washington was a just and a generous master. He cared for his slaves, not merely because to have them well and strong was more profitable, but because without his care they would suffer. He looked after them in their sickness because he was humane and compassionate. He also required good work of them. That was what they were for—to work; and he knew each man's capacity. He watched them at their work, and as they would labor more industriously when he was looking on, he made up his mind what they could do, and then expected just so much from them. But he was fair in all this; he made allowances for different kinds of work, and tried to be perfectly just in his requirements.

He even worked with his men, and that was a rare thing for a Virginia planter to do. He kept a diary of his occupation, so that we can follow the farmer day after day.

This is the busy planter, with his hands full of work; but there was another kind of life going on, not in the quarters or the field, but in the house. On rainy days, Washington took down his ledger and posted it, and worked over his accounts, but he was also the hospitable gentleman who opened his doors wide to guests. Not only the neighboring families, the Fairfaxes, and others came and went, but the man who had been Commander-in-chief of the Virginia army and the best-known military man in America, was sure to be visited by every one of distinction who passed that way. The governors of Virginia and Maryland were his guests; and he himself with his beautiful wife were welcomed at Williamsburg and Annapolis and the country-seats of the most notable people.

He was extremely fond of society. A grave, silent man himself, he was very gallant and courtly, and in those days moved through the stately minuet with a fine air. He admired beautiful women, and he liked to listen to good talkers; he rarely laughed loudly, but he had a sly amusement over ludicrous things; and while he kept most people at a distance by his serious manners, he had the love of children and young people. After all, his



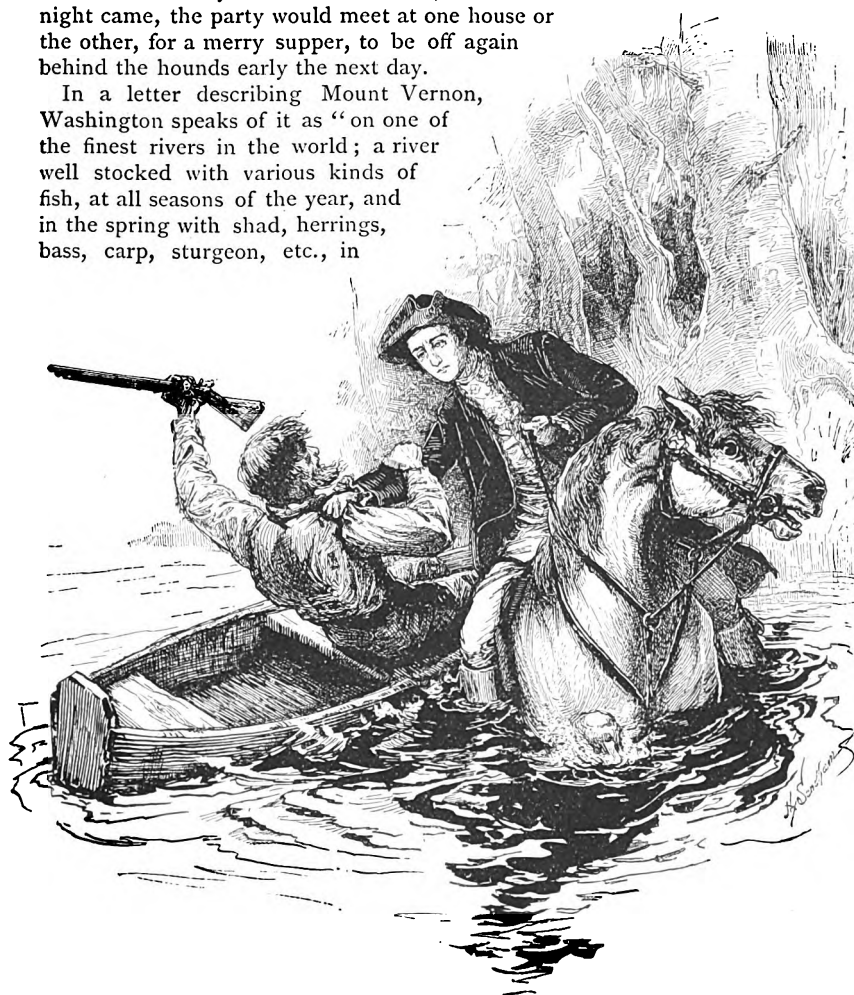
greatest pleasure was in those sports which were akin to work and to that military life which had been his passion. He was always ready for a fox-hunt. As in his younger days he had ridden with Lord Fairfax and the Fairfaxes of Belvoir, so now, when he was master of Mount Vernon, he and his friends were always out in the season, and when night came, the party would meet at one house or the other, for a merry supper, to be off again behind the hounds early the next day.

In a letter describing Mount Vernon, Washington speaks of it as "on one of the finest rivers in the world; a river well stocked with various kinds of fish, at all seasons of the year, and in the spring with shad, herrings, bass, carp, sturgeon, etc., in

that he had been much annoyed by a lawless fellow who came without leave to shoot on the estate. He came over from the Maryland shore, and hid his boat in one of the creeks. One day Washington heard the report of a gun, and guessing it to be that of this man, who had more than once been

warned to leave, he sprang on his horse and rode in the direction of the sound. He pushed his way through the bushes just as the man, who had seen him approach, was pushing his boat off. The poacher raised his gun, and aimed it at Washington, who spurred his horse at once into the water and seized the boat before the man knew what he was about. Then Washington, who had a powerful arm, seized the fellow and gave him a sound thrashing, and was never troubled by him again.

There was always a Washington to surprise people. There was the still, self-controlled, grave man, who suddenly flashed forth in a resolute act, seizing the opportunity, and doing the one thing which was instantly demanded; and there was the quick-tempered, fiery man who held himself in check, waited for



WASHINGTON AND THE POACHER.

great abundance. The borders of the estate were washed by more than ten miles of tide-water; several valuable fisheries appertain to it; the whole shore, in fact, is one entire fishery." Here was business and sport combined, and it was a great occasion in the herring season, when the fish came up in vast shoals, and the negroes turned out to haul in the seine with its catch. In the season of canvas-back ducks, also, Washington was out with his fowling-piece early and late. The story is told

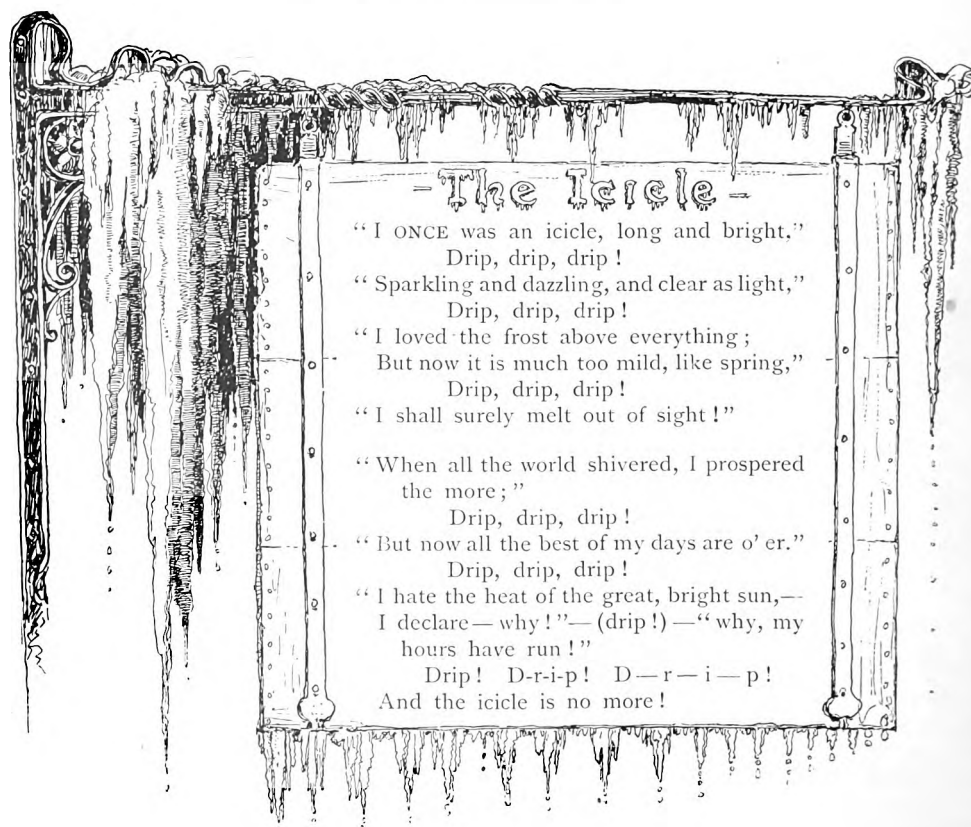
other people to speak and act, and then came forward with a few plain, deliberate words, which showed that he had grasped the whole situation, and could be depended on to carry through his resolution patiently and persistently.

There were, as I have said, few towns in Virginia. The divisions were by parishes, after the old English custom, and so when a man was of importance in his neighborhood he was very apt to be a vestryman in his parish. Mount Vernon

was in Truro parish, and Washington was a vestryman there, as also in Fairfax parish. It happened that the church of Truro parish had fallen into decay, and was in a sorry condition. It was necessary to build a new one, and several meetings were held, for two parties had sprung up, one wishing to rebuild on the same spot; and another urging some location more convenient to the parishioners, for the place where the old church had stood was not a central one. Finally a meeting was called to settle the matter. One of Washington's friends, George Mason, a man of fine speech, rose up and spoke most eloquently in favor of holding to the old site; there their fathers had worshiped, and there had their bodies been laid to rest. Every one seemed moved and ready to accept Mason's proposal.

Washington had also come prepared with a plea. He had not Mason's power of speech, but he took from his pocket a roll of paper and spread it before the meeting. On this sheet he had drawn off a plan of Truro parish; upon the plan were marked plainly the site of the old church, the place where every parishioner lived, and the spot which he advised as the site for the new church. He said very little; he simply showed the people his survey, and let them see for themselves that every consideration of convenience and fairness pointed to the new site as the one to be chosen. His argument was the argument of good sense and reasonableness, and it carried the day against Mason's eloquent speech. Pohick Church, which was built on the new site, was constructed from plans which Washington himself drew.

*(To be continued.)*



## NEW BITS OF TALK FOR YOUNG FOLK.

By (H. H.) HELEN JACKSON.

"WAIT!"—A NEW TIME-TABLE FOR BOYS  
AND GIRLS.

EVERYBODY knows the time-tables that tell at what hours trains come and go. Travelers consult them to learn how to reach their destination; when to start; how long they are to be on their way; where they will make stops; and many other things to be found out before a journey is undertaken.

But there are other time-tables, on all railroads, of which the passengers know nothing. These schedules are made out for the conductors and engineers, and show the exact second at which each train is due at each station, along the whole line of the road. You see there are so many trains running both ways, every day, that the most exact arrangements must be made for their passing one another at the right places. If a single train is behind, it throws all the rest out of order. So every conductor is instructed by his time-table where to wait, if another train is late, how many minutes to hold back his own train, how far he may then push on, and how long he is again to wait. Meanwhile, the belated conductor is instructed by his time-table how to avoid danger. If he can not reach such a station at such a time, he must stand still, at whatever safety-point he may have reached till the approaching train has passed him. Let but one man on the line disregard or misinterpret his instructions, and a frightful collision may follow. Indeed, some of the most dreadful casualties ever known have been caused by the pushing on of a train that should have been kept back. That is why I have selected, for the motto of our private time-table, "Wait!" It might well be written three times over, "Wait! wait! wait!" If we are angry,—wait! If we are tired,—wait! If we are perplexed,—wait!

After all, managing ourselves is not so very unlike managing a train. As the train must be in good order,—engine, brakes, wheels, couplings,—to make time; so we must keep organs and senses up to the mark, or drop behind. Other people who have better health, greater strength, more industry, will run ahead of us, do more good, enjoy life better, improve faster.

Again, the greatest dangers that threaten trains

are collisions, and running off the track. Well, don't we stand in the same peril? I am sure that we are too apt to have collisions with other people, collisions with circumstances, collisions with our own weaknesses and perversities, even. And when we spend our time trying to do something that we don't know how to do; when we are idle, and hinder busy people; when we act as if we believed that any sort of good end could be reached without hard work, and steady work, and cheerful work, we are certainly off the track.

Well, then, when we know that such is our plight, don't you think that the sooner we stop, the better? Whether it is a question of possible collision, as in a rudeness to some one of the home circle, a quarrel with a friend, an unkind word to a servant; or of running off the track through headlong blundering, or bad preparation, or ignorance, or willfulness, we might, half the time at least, save ourselves from these misadventures, if we took time to think, if we remembered to "wait." Perhaps a jingle which I have written may help you to recall this good advice (for we are apt to forget good advice when we most require it), at the moment when you find yourselves in danger.

## A NEW TIME-TABLE—"WAIT!"

WHEN you are puzzled and perplexed,  
Leave off the worrying debate,  
And think of other things awhile;  
You'll see it clearer, if you "wait."

When temper rises, hot and quick,  
And you are vexed at friend or mate;  
Watch your time-table! stop just there!  
Save the collision! Simply "wait!"

Each thing in nature keeps this law,  
The smallest plant abides its date,—  
And summer's heat, and winter's flaw,  
And storm, and calm, their season "wait."

This is the law that rules our lot,  
And holds the whole of human fate;  
He conquers who has force to strive,  
And equal patience has—to "wait."

## VACATION-SCHOOLS IN BOSTON.

BY EDWARD E. HALE.

"It is beastly!" said John Dowd.

"What is beastly?" said Oliver, and he looked over John's shoulder at the Boston *Transcript*, which he was reading.

John showed him the paragraph.

"I have not read it," he said, pretending to shudder. "Take the paper and read it if you can. It is an account of a Vacation-School. Fancy! a vacation-school! We shall have a man here to-morrow selling sour sugar. Then they will make you play tennis with a square ball. I beg your pardon, Miss Holder, I should have said a 'cubical ball.' I beg your pardon, Mr. Halsted, I should have said the man will sell 'acid hydrate of carbon, C<sup>12</sup> H<sup>11</sup> O<sup>77.777</sup>.'"

They all were sitting on the southeast piazza, at Waterville, in the very heart of the White Mountains.

Miss Holder was just the nicest, jolliest, prettiest schoolmistress, who ever led a party of rollicking boys and girls up to Greeley's Pond, and John liked to twit her.

He was pleased with his fancy, and when the Rev. Dr. Ewing and Judge Thoulet came up, he cried out:

"Judge Thoulet, they propose to have a bench of unjust judges in Boston; Dr. Ewing, they are going to appoint some profane clergymen. You will find all about it in the *Transcript*. They begin with vacation-schools."

The gentlemen were amused by his wrath, and even the ladies turned a minute from their crochet counting. Judge Thoulet would not so much as look at the paper.

"I know all about it," said he. "That letter you mailed for me yesterday, at Bear Mountain, contained my check for fifty dollars for the 'Industrial Vacation-School!'"

John groaned.

"Industrial!" he cried, "that is one grade worse!"

"Why," said the Judge laughing, "I know no one who has been more industrious than you, in the building of the 'Fire-fly,' else dear Miss Holder could never have presided at the launching."

"My dear sir," said the boy, "we will not quarrel about names.—But, yes, we will! Vacation means not going to school. It means freedom to do as you please, to walk or ride or shoot or swim, but to have a good time. The idea of going to school in vacation is a fraud and a snare, instituted

by the elders, and is something which they ought not to propose, and ought not to encourage. Certainly it should not be encouraged by the young people."

"I do not know any young people who do more to encourage it," replied the Judge. "I should never have sent my fifty dollars, if I had not seen to how much purpose you use your vacation. It is clear that Waterville life is the best thing for you, and you may thank the city fathers, and the school committees for gradually lengthening the summer vacation for you. Have they found out, perhaps, that *schola* once meant leisure? Fathers and mothers are willing to agree that it is wise to take you from your lessons, and they find out at the end of the summer that you go back to your books with pluck, and even the studies come out fresher after the summer's idleness. I am sure you have been learning the ways of birds and beasts, and all growing things. Tom has shot his quawk, and learned how to stuff it, and where to place it in the heron tribe, and Sally has amazed me with her microscope. I should never else have known how that lovely fern manages with its spores. Are not half of you at this moment writing to ST. NICHOLAS your notes for the Agassiz Association?"

"Now, please stop a minute to think of the thousand and more children that you have left behind in the city streets, who have no chance to run on the beach or in the fields, who have seen no flowers except those the Flower Mission brings them, who do not know that a cow is larger than her picture in their primers,—because they never saw a cow, except in those primers, now hated and left behind by you!"

So much for John Dowd and Judge Thoulet.

It was a public school teacher, Miss Very, who first appreciated this need of stay-at-home children. She was one of the many teachers to whom the city children owe so much, a teacher to whom a vacation is as great a boon as to the idlest or hardest-worked schoolboy or schoolgirl of you all. She too, might have gone into the country to find a shady place to rest in, under an apple-tree, perhaps, with a novel in her hand. But, instead, she set herself to planning something for the children of Boston who are cooped up in the narrow streets. They have not even an airy school-room to go to of a hot summer day, nothing

but a close attic, or a sunny sidewalk, for their summer mornings and afternoons, glad even to stay out in the narrow streets, full of smells and noises, through the hot evenings, rather than to go to the crowded rooms of their homes.

Their teachers know well what their "homes" are, and they know, as Miss Very knew, that in comparison with them, the schoolroom is an airy palace. She, as well as the other teachers of

it is of far more consequence than any technical system pursued.

Strangers who visit our public schools are puzzled to know where we keep the children of "the very poorest families." They do not recognize them in the rows of neat-looking boys and girls before them, and are unwilling to believe that the children sitting there, with white aprons, and nice shoes and stockings, and clean faces and



A COOKING-CLASS IN A BOSTON VACATION-SCHOOL.

Boston, have long been conscious of the influence for good which they are spreading from the schoolroom.

Most people do not appreciate the moral work done by the teachers in the school term, quite apart from any work in books and lessons. The "course of study" is changed from year to year, and we hope it is improving, because, gradually, more attention is given to the kind of instruction needed by the children. But, after all, it is their daily intercourse with refined and conscientious teachers which really educates the children, and

hands, have come from the most squalid parts of Boston, from "homes" that do not deserve the name. But their teachers, knowing all about these homes, have been daily teaching them the self-respect that comes from cleanliness and neatness. They are even ready to supply the shoes and stockings and clean aprons which the little waifs need that they may come to school. The truant-officer, whose name is a fear and a dread to the idle boy who shirks his school, is in reality a kind friend to the poorer boys, who form the greater number of the daily "truants." He has



LEARNING TO COUNT BY STRINGING BEADS.

his closet full of boots and shoes, contributed by friends, and thus he is ready to supply them to those who would really stay away for want of them. Most of the "truants" are those who stay away, not because they don't wish to go to school, but because they can't go.

You boys and girls who have so many playthings at home that you do not have time to give them each a turn, are very likely to grudge the hours you have to spend at school, and perhaps you consider the teacher a tyrant, who is in league with your obdurate parents to rob you of time from your games and amusements. But these boys and girls have not any games and amusements to leave, and their parents are really so "obdurate" that, in comparison, the teacher seems indeed the genial and kind friend that she is. She gives them a pleasant greeting every day, such as they never meet elsewhere, and the interest she

takes in each one of them gives them hopefulness such as they had not known of before. No wonder that the schoolroom is so pleasant a place that they are willing to flock to it, even in the weeks when most boys and girls are enjoying vacation.

Indeed, some of you more "pampered" children, weary with a round of lawn tennis and evening "hops," at a gay seaside resort, might not object to the entertainment afforded by such a schoolroom as is described in this account of the Tennyson Street Vacation-School in Boston:

"In one room are the younger children. Some of them string large beads, learning by this work, or amusement rather, lessons in color, in arrangement, and in counting. Others make worsted cords, and others paint the outline pictures in books prepared for that purpose. One of them is called, 'Painting-Book Steps to Art,' after Kate Greenaway. Another is 'Painting-Book, Young Artist.' The children have colored crayons, and are, of course, delighted with their occupation, while the teacher gives them all needed advice and criticism about the color and delicacy of the foliage and



"IN ANOTHER ROOM, THE GIRLS WERE EMBROIDERING."

flowers, and about the clothes of the figures, which they are trying to represent.

All this is simple and looks like mere play, but it is the sowing of good seeds, and no one can say how



much it will add to the neatness and orderliness of these children when they grow up,—how much it will help them to refinement of taste and manners.

"In another room the girls were embroidering, doing the whole work themselves. Some were making designs from nature,—sketching from a spray of woodbine, from a fuchsia, a fern, or other plants; some were stamping their own patterns, and others working them in white or in colors, on towels, tidies, table-covers, and other useful things. This is charming work for girls, and the progress they make is astonishing. Still another class was busy with dolls' clothing, toy beds and tables, and various kinds of knitting.

"An advanced class has been added to the kitchen garden. The little kitchen gardeners work with playthings, that is, with furniture fit for a baby-house, although their lessons may be applied in a house of any size; but the advanced class at this Vacation-School learn the duties of a waiter by practice at a fully served table, well set with suitable china, glass, and damask.

"All this is good and pleasant and useful; it helps the young people who must stay in the city through the long, hot summer; it gives them much that interests them; it makes them happy, and teaches them a hundred things which they would learn in no other way,—not only occupation for their hands, skill in needle-work, but neatness, accuracy, promptness, how to work together without interfering with each other, mutual respect for individual rights, and courtesy of speech and manner."

Eight or ten years ago, the Rev. Mr. Franks, minister of the Church of the Good Shepherd,

in Boston, advertised for young lady volunteers to assist in a summer school for the benefit of the poor children in his parish. The school was to be



SKETCHING PATTERNS FOR EMBROIDERY.

held in the chapel on Cortes Street, and Mr. Franks's plan was to divide the work between several young ladies, two serving each week. This advertisement met the eye of Miss Very, among others, then a teacher in the Hillside Grammar School for girls, at Jamaica Plain. Miss Very was young, enthusiastic, and a genuine lover of children, especially interested in the poorer classes. She volunteered at once, and prepared to enter upon her labors. But Mr. Franks was called away to Europe before the time came for opening the school; so his plan fell through. But the idea of



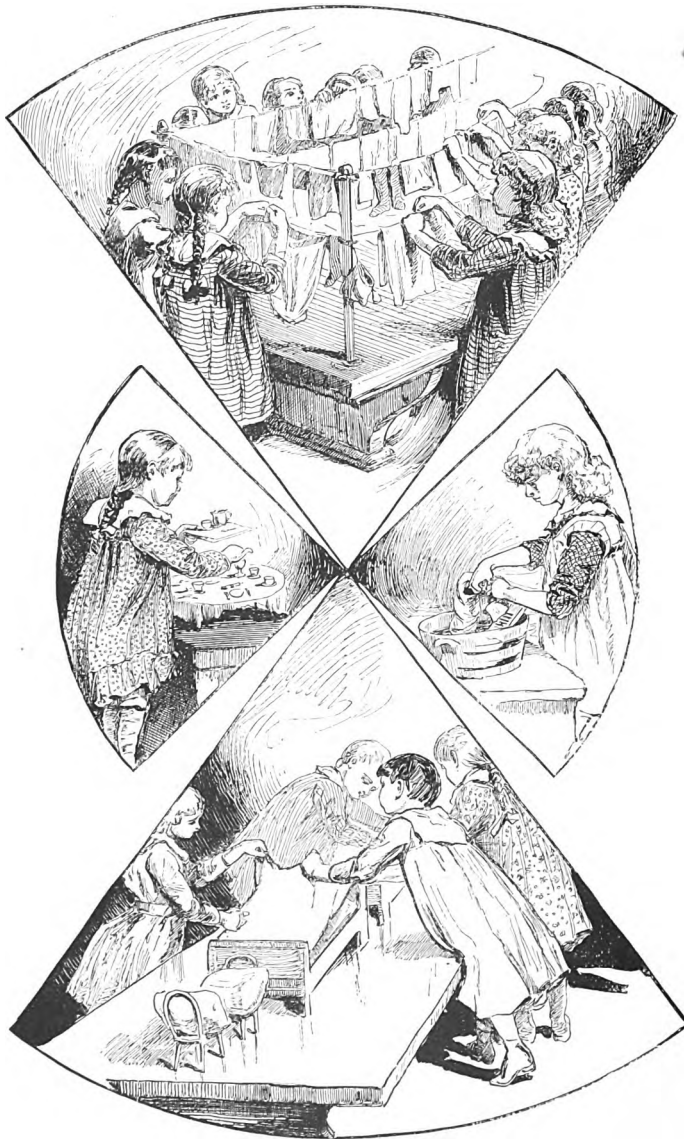
such a school remained firmly fixed in Miss Very's mind, and the more she thought of it, the more anxious she became that such a school

in the little Chapel of the Evangelists in North Charles Street, and had her little summer school, supplementing her work as a public school teacher by this work, to which she gave her time, her money, and, most valuable of all, herself. The experiment was successful, and showed that the need for such a "school" existed.

The next year there was no school. Miss Very found it too difficult a matter to carry on such an undertaking unaided. But during the year she met, as visitor of the Associated Charities, Mrs. James Brown. She was led to lay her plans before this lady, who at once entered into them with enthusiasm, and, by her efforts, made it possible for a school to be held during the summer that followed, the summer of 1880. The city gave the use of the Anderson Street schoolhouse, and the second Monday of the long vacation was inaugurated with an astonishingly large number of pupils, both boys and girls, from three to fifteen years old.

That was the first season of the first of the vacation-schools of Boston. During that session two hundred and eighty-five names were registered, and there was an average attendance of sixty. Miss Very was the principal teacher, and she had an assistant teacher and a sewing teacher to share her labors. In 1881, there were four hundred and eighty-five names entered; the largest attendance was one hundred, and the average attendance was ninety. The "kitchen garden" was added that year through the generosity of Mrs. Hemenway. Miss Piper was the teacher of that department. The next year, pupils of every age were admitted to the school.

The success of this school at the "West End" served to inspire the establishment of similar schools at the other "ends" of the town, where the most crowded and the poorest population congregate. There are, indeed, industrious mechanics among them, but the wives and mothers are busily employed abroad and at home, and are thankful to know that their children can be happy in a safe place.



"BUSY WITH DOLLS' CLOTHING AND TOY BEDS AND TABLES."

should be established. To the children whom she desired to reach, the long summer vacation meant only exposure to the heat of a crowded street or the stifling air of a tenement-house, to disease, and to the worst of moral influences. At last, she determined to try the experiment herself, unaided by either money or allies, and she gathered forty-eight of these school-children about her

Mrs. James Lodge opened a vacation-school on Parmenter Street, in the Cushman School Building (named for the famous actress, Charlotte Cushman, who was born in that neighborhood), and with an efficient corps of teachers she has done for the North End what the Anderson Street School has been doing for the West End.

During the last year, this school has been merged in that of the Industrial Home in the same neighborhood, where the various departments of kitchen garden, kindergarten, and carpenter's classes are successfully "carried on."

The South End School was started four years ago under the inspiration of Mrs. James Brown, who gave hearty support to Miss Very in the beginning of her undertaking, and afterward. A committee of ladies was formed from four Unitarian churches at the South End. This committee took the supervision of the school, raised funds for its support, and gained from the school committee permission to use one of the schoolhouses vacant in summer.

When this school was first opened in Groton Street, the committee could form no idea of the number of children who would come, or the number of teachers who would be required. There might be a dozen children, there might be fifty. There could be no formal announcement of the school, as the parents of the children would not be expected to be in the habit of reading the newspapers, or of reading anything. It was a hot morning in July, when the committee and teachers assembled at the schoolhouse, and found a crowd of children waiting to be let in—over three hundred presented themselves! The number of

teachers was increased, but each class was necessarily a large one. Seventy, perhaps, in one room, children of various ages, with faces beaming as if they were at a circus, instead of in a schoolroom.

There were no efforts made for the complete discipline of the winter term, but it is astonishing to see how the school discipline shows its advantages, when a touch upon the bell brings perfect silence upon the chatter of seventy voices, at the close of a recess. One of the committee writes that an important lesson was learned by the summer's work: that the hearts of these children were most easily reached through their hands. If something was given them to do, they listened with respectful and attentive manner, but with idle hands they are restless, dissatisfied, rebellious. The object, then, was to give the children something to do. Sewing, reading, some few lessons in arithmetic, drawing on the blackboard, a class in carpentering, the last two years in hand-sewing, have filled up the time with various occupations. Indeed, it was found that their interest was excited in merely hearing a story read to them. The simplest of stories seemed to attract their attention.

In the summer of 1885, this school opened with two hundred and sixty pupils, of which two hundred were boys. Every day some were sent away, and still they came, so that one wondered where they all came from. Eight rooms were opened. One of the loveliest sights was that of the fifty-six little children in the kindergarten, from three years of age up, having a happy time, such as they never before could have dreamed of, under the charge of the girlish young teacher scarcely taller than the oldest child among them.



## SOPHIE CONNER AND THE VACATION-SCHOOL.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

SOPHIE CONNER was a Boston girl who could not spend her summer vacation at Bar Harbor, or Nahant, or Appledore, or Lake Winnipiseogee. So vacation-time in Boston, as Sophie declared, was, "Oh, *so* stupid!" But one morning, when she had walked all over the Public Garden and looked for the twentieth time at the stiff and straight rows of scarlet geraniums, and had tried ten different benches under the trees merely to see if one bench could be just a little comfortable, she noticed a newspaper on a seat near by. Some one had left it there, and the solemn gardeners who walked slowly about and picked up every scrap of paper in the place, had not yet found it. She would get it and read.

How very dreadful! Nothing in it that a girl could read with any pleasure. Somebody had done something wrong, and somebody else had done something still worse—and worse—and worse, and so on through every column! Why didn't the newspaper tell about some one who did something really good and true and brave? Then there would be something to read, and her father would not carry off the paper every morning before any one could see it. Ah! What's this?—"New school,"—"embroidery, drawing, house-keeping, cooking, and carpentry,"—all "for girls"—"Starr King Schoolhouse." She looked up at the clock on the stone spire in Arlington street. It was not too late.

Seven minutes later, Sophie Conner turned down into a little lane leading to Columbus Avenue. There were small houses on each side, and in the middle of the block a red-brick schoolhouse. All the windows were open and there was a sound of music on the air of the dull little street. Could it really be vacation-time? Here was a schoolhouse open and everything going on. More wonderful than all, just as she approached the building there was a most delightful suggestion in the air—the smell of a very appetizing dinner. She had never assisted at any dinner that gave out so fine a flavor as this. And the wonder of it all was, that this admirable suggestion of good things came from the schoolhouse.

She walked faster and came to the two big doors. Would they take her in? She timidly rang the bell, and a young girl opened the door and invited her to enter. There was a piano in the hall and on it a beautiful vase of wild flowers. There was a picture on the wall,—a woman and

a child,—and more beautiful than any she had ever seen. Just then a door opened, and she saw in a room to the left, a lady and six girls of about her own age seated at a pretty table with plates and glass and silver knives and forks, such as she had never seen before. From this room came a lady bearing in her hands a great bundle of beautiful flowers and vines fresh from the fields.

"Can you come to the school?" said the lady; "certainly you can. What is your name? Where do you live?"

"My name is Sophie—Sophie Conner. We live on Pleasant street. I go to the Grammar School. I should like to come—oh, very much, lady, if you will let me!"

Another door had opened as she spoke, and she saw a room full of girls, all busily sewing. Every seat was taken, and for an instant there was a fear in her heart that perhaps there was no room. The lady had paused for a moment as if thinking, and Sophie spoke again:

"I could stand up and look on if there are no seats. Oh, lady, vacation is so long, and there are no good times on Pleasant street!"

The lady made no immediate reply, but plucked a flower from those in her hand, and without a word gave it to Sophie.

Sophie could n't say a word, but stood looking at the flower, which seemed to grow misty and "quivery." But then the lady spoke.

"I said you could come, Sophie. Can you draw?"

"Yes, ma'am, a little," said Sophie, brightening. "I learned at school."

"Could you draw that flower?" asked the lady.

"I don't know, ma'am. I could try," said Sophie. Then she added, "only I have no paper, and my school-pencil's at home."

A moment later Sophie Conner had hung up her straw hat, and entered one of the school-rooms. There were forty girls, each at a desk, and all busy drawing or at work on embroidery. She was introduced to the teacher in the room, and then she was given a seat, some paper, and a pencil. During all this time she had clung to the precious flower, and to her surprise the teacher told her to make a drawing of it. She had studied drawing before, but had always used another drawing as a copy. The lady's plan was new, and was much more pleasant. To draw a real flower seemed to make the work so real and true. More

singular still, the teacher showed her that when she had copied the flower in outline on paper, it could be transferred to a napkin or handkerchief, and could be embroidered in silk. Here was real work, with real things, and leading to something that would be useful.

How fast the moments flew! The sun shone into the pretty room upon pictures and flowers. Every girl was busy with pencil or needle, and there was a stir of quiet talk in the air as if all were at liberty to whisper just as much as they wished, and every one was having a perfectly lovely time. Sophie looked up once or twice, and saw that many of the girls were copying real flowers, while those who were embroidering were plainly stitching pictures of other real flowers. Her model had been laid out on the desk, and as she feared it might wilt before the work was finished, she worked steadily at it until she had made a fair outline sketch. And, just then, the teacher called the school to order, and said that they would sing something, for it was twelve o'clock. Where had the two hours flown? Never had Sophie spent a more pleasant morning. She joined in the singing, and then the vacation scholars all streamed out into the street, for school was over for the day.

Bright and early next morning Sophie appeared at the Starr King School. She wished to finish transferring her drawing to a napkin, so that she could embroider it. She went to the same room, but was surprised to find it filled by an entirely new set of girls. The lady she had met at the door the day before explained to her that, in this singular school, the scholars changed rooms every day. Her drawing would be saved, and at another time she could return to the drawing and embroidery class. To-day she would join the doll's dressmaking class.

That was fun. Sophie had never imagined so delightful a school. The scholars had real paper patterns for real dresses for real dolls. Once each day, the entire school dropped its work and filed out into the hall, where, with the help of a piano, they marched and exercised with dumb-bells for a few moments, and then went back to work, feeling quite refreshed. Again it was twelve o'clock before she was the least bit tired, and she went home quite bewildered as to whether she should study plain knitting or tatting or cutting dresses. She would take some knitting to the Public Garden after dinner and practice a little for the next day's lesson. As she started for the Garden, she thought she might also take a little paper and a pencil, in case she saw anything pretty to copy. Some day, if her mother was willing, she should make some drawings and embroider all the napkins, and every napkin with a different flower, just as they did in the

school. And the end of it was that she saw in the Public Garden so many flowers that would look well on a napkin, that she used up her paper and forgot all about her plain knitting!

The next morning, Sophie was sure that it was the very strangest school in the world. The lady took her downstairs into the cool basement and presented her to a young man who stood near a carpenter's bench. The young man was another teacher.

"What would you like to make, Miss Conner?" he asked, very politely.

"Why! I don't know. I never made anything. I sawed a board once, but I did n't saw it very straight. Still," she added, with a little laugh, "if it's part of the school work, I'd like to make a footstool for mother, and cover it with green cloth."

"All right, Miss. Sit down and make a drawing of your footstool. Here is a model, and on that bench is paper and a pencil."

Sophie looked about the big, whitewashed room, at the brick floor and the workbench. How very, very remarkable! Six girls at the bench, all busy sawing, planing, and hammering, like so many boys. Just then one of the girls passed her, carrying a wooden knife-box, and Sophie ventured to speak to her.

"Did you make that?"

"Of course I did. I only had four lessons, and did n't hammer my fingers but three times," said the girl.

"Why do girls learn such things?" asked Sophie.

"I guess you must have brothers," said her friend.

"No," said Sophie; "I'm the only child."

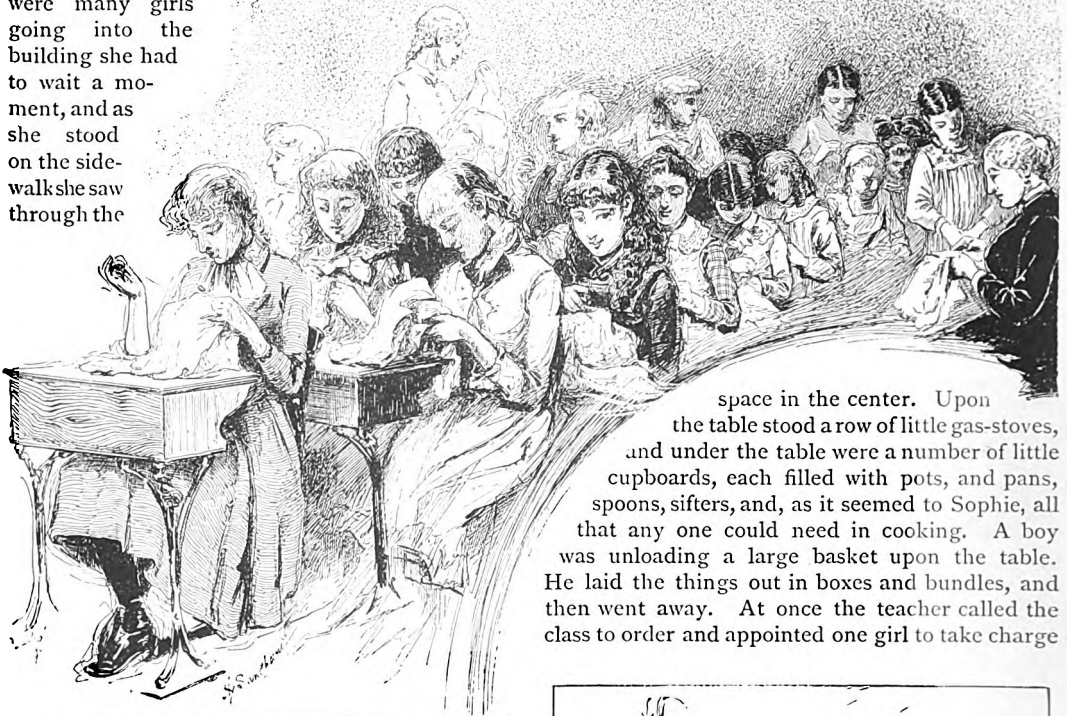
"Well, so am I," said the girl; "and I'm going to learn to do things myself, and be independent."

The girl seemed to be very proud of her knife-box and disposed to make light of her bandaged finger.

Sophie was amused at the girl's enthusiasm and went earnestly to work to make a drawing of the model footstool. Pretty soon the young man came and looked over the work, and said that that kind of drawing was very different from drawing flowers. That work must be square and true, so that when she stood at the bench to make the real footstool, she could follow the drawing exactly. When the drawing was finished, the young man began to show her how to use the saw to cut out the pieces for the little stool, but then that dreadful noon-bell rang, just an hour too soon, as Sophie thought.

The next morning she was at the Starr King School, ready to try once more, and wondering greatly whether she would be a little dressmaker, or a girl carpenter, or something else. At the door

of the schoolhouse she found a wagon. A boy was unloading groceries and taking them into the school. More singular still, another boy came out of the door with a fish-basket. Did they keep house in the school-rooms? As there were many girls going into the building she had to wait a moment, and as she stood on the sidewalk she saw through the



space in the center. Upon the table stood a row of little gas-stoves, and under the table were a number of little cupboards, each filled with pots, and pans, spoons, sifters, and, as it seemed to Sophie, all that any one could need in cooking. A boy was unloading a large basket upon the table. He laid the things out in boxes and bundles, and then went away. At once the teacher called the class to order and appointed one girl to take charge

"SHE SAW A ROOM FULL OF GIRLS, ALL BUSILY SEWING."

basement window that the room was fitted up as a kitchen. From that place had come the odor she noticed the day she had joined the school. By the time she had entered the school and hung up her hat, the lady again met her and escorted her downstairs to the basement.

"I'd like to finish the footstool, ma'am," Sophie said, hesitatingly.

"So you shall," answered the lady,—"next week. We are going to the cooking-class to-day."

In a moment they came to a room in the basement, and there Sophie found the greatest surprise of all. She was even to study cooking! There were in the room a number of other girls, all tidily dressed, and as Sophie looked around, she saw that there was at one end of the room a large stove and a cupboard and a sink. In the middle of the room were two long tables joined together at one end, so as to form a double table with a



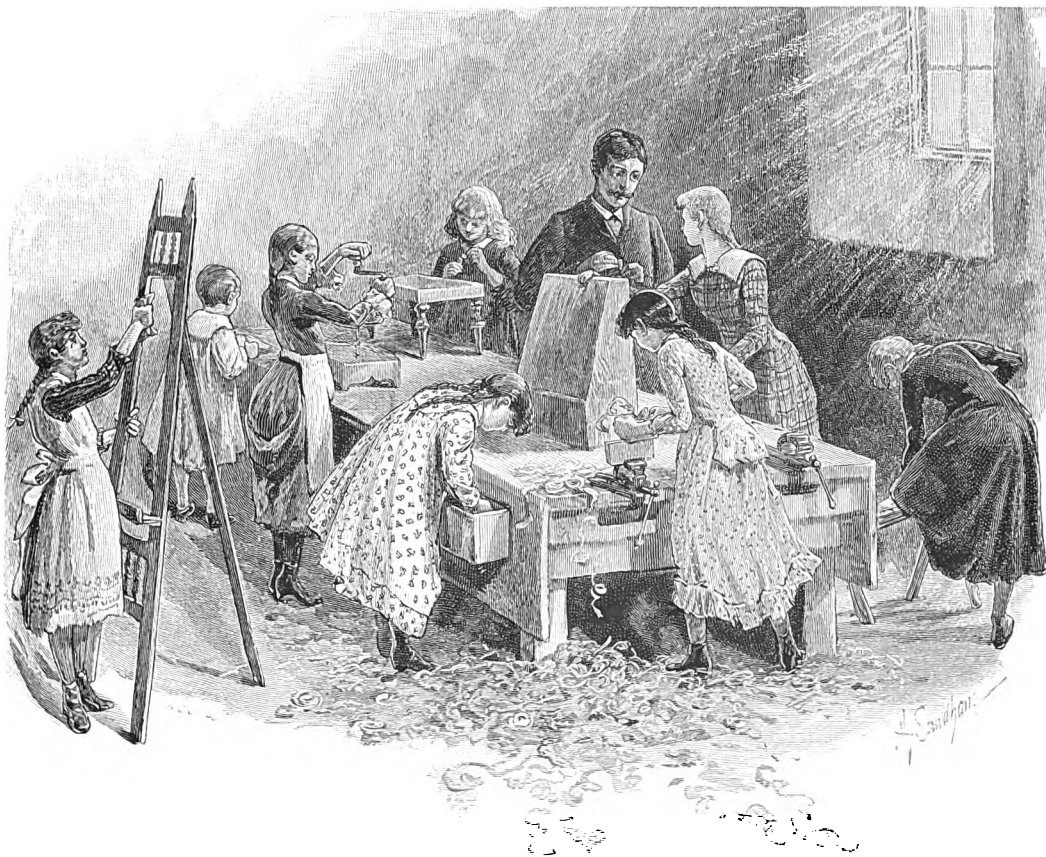
SOPHIE TRIES TO DRAW A REAL FLOWER.

of the stove, and another to take charge of the sink, and gave to each of the other girls, including Sophie, one of the little cupboards under the table.

"The first thing we do," said the teacher, "is to open and put away the stores. Sadie Tompkins may open the bundles, and Sophie Conner may put away the things in the cupboard, and Jane French may fold up the paper bags and tie up the strings. Mary Tyler may give three potatoes and one onion

and many other things, and Sophie had all she could do to arrange everything in the cupboard in its place. When everything was ready, the girls of the class stood at the table before their cupboards. On the table before each girl lay three potatoes and an onion.

"The class will find knives and pans in their desks," said the teacher. "Each girl can pare her potatoes, and then slice them in the pan, and cover



GIRL CARPENTERS AT WORK. (SEE PAGE 455.)

to each of the class. Our lesson to-day is Fish Chowder."

Sophie had never seen such a jolly school. The girl at the stove started a fire, and made a blunder the very first thing, so the teacher at once gave them a lesson in managing the drafts.

"We boil the head and bones of the fish first," said the teacher; "and you must turn the heat to the top of the stove away from the oven."

Sophie decided she would remember this, in case she ever had to help her mother at home. How good the things looked. There was a big fresh codfish, and potatoes and onions and crackers and milk

them with cold water. Miss Jones, if you are not busy at the sink now, you can cut up the fish, and place the head and bones in a pot, with cold water, to boil on the stove. Then you can give to each of the class two pounds of the fish."

Sophie Conner listened to the teacher in a sort of merry wonder. What a queer lesson! The lady made it so very plain, and the things were all so new and neat that it was quite a pleasure to slice the white potatoes into delicate flakes. She looked sharply about to see just how the others cut the onions, and when the teacher corrected one girl for paring a potato wastefully, Sophie



resolved that she, for one, would not have a bad lesson in so delightful a school. When the potatoes were ready, the pupils took their frying-pans from their cupboards, the teacher lighted the little gas-stoves, and presently the entire class was mer-

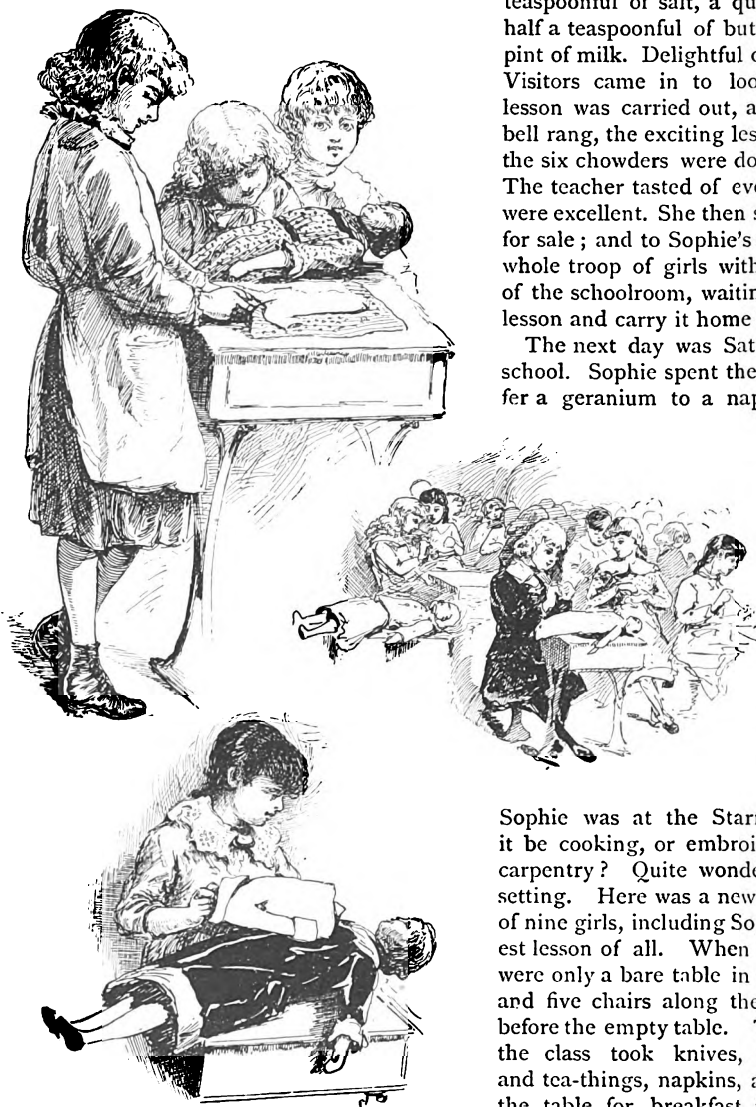
make a chowder. Six chowders in operation at once! The lesson grew exciting. No time for talk or laughter now. Who would have the best chowder? Each scholar had full directions printed on a card and followed these exactly,—half a teaspoonful of salt, a quarter-spoonful of pepper, half a teaspoonful of butter, three crackers, and a pint of milk. Delightful odors began to fill the air. Visitors came in to look on while the singular lesson was carried out, and all too soon the noon-bell rang, the exciting lesson came to an end, and the six chowders were done at the same moment. The teacher tasted of every one, and said they all were excellent. She then said the six chowders were for sale; and to Sophie's surprise, she found that a whole troop of girls with kettles was at the door of the schoolroom, waiting to purchase the entire lesson and carry it home!

The next day was Saturday, and there was no school. Sophie spent the morning trying to transfer a geranium to a napkin, and in helping her

mother make a chowder according to the lesson at the Starr King School. Mrs. Conner declared she had never made chowder without tomato, but at Sophie's earnest request, she followed the school rule exactly, and at dinner the chowder was pronounced the best ever eaten by the Connors.

On Monday morning, again the eager

Sophie was at the Starr King School. Would it be cooking, or embroidery, or dressmaking, or carpentry? Quite wonderful to tell, it was table-setting. Here was a new teacher and a new class of nine girls, including Sophie. This was the queerest lesson of all. When the school began, there were only a bare table in the middle of the room, and five chairs along the wall. The teacher sat before the empty table. Then from two cupboards the class took knives, and plates, and cups, and tea-things, napkins, and table-cloths, and set the table for breakfast in proper order, beginning with the piece of Canton flannel laid under the table-cloth and ending with placing the chairs at the table. Then several of the girls seated themselves at the table, like a family, and one girl pretended to be guest, who sat at the "mother's" right, and two or three girls in turn played the maid, who waited on the table. Under direction from the teacher, they went through all the motions of a real breakfast, and then they put



SOPHIE CONNER BECOMES A MEMBER OF "THE DOLLS' DRESSMAKING CLASS."

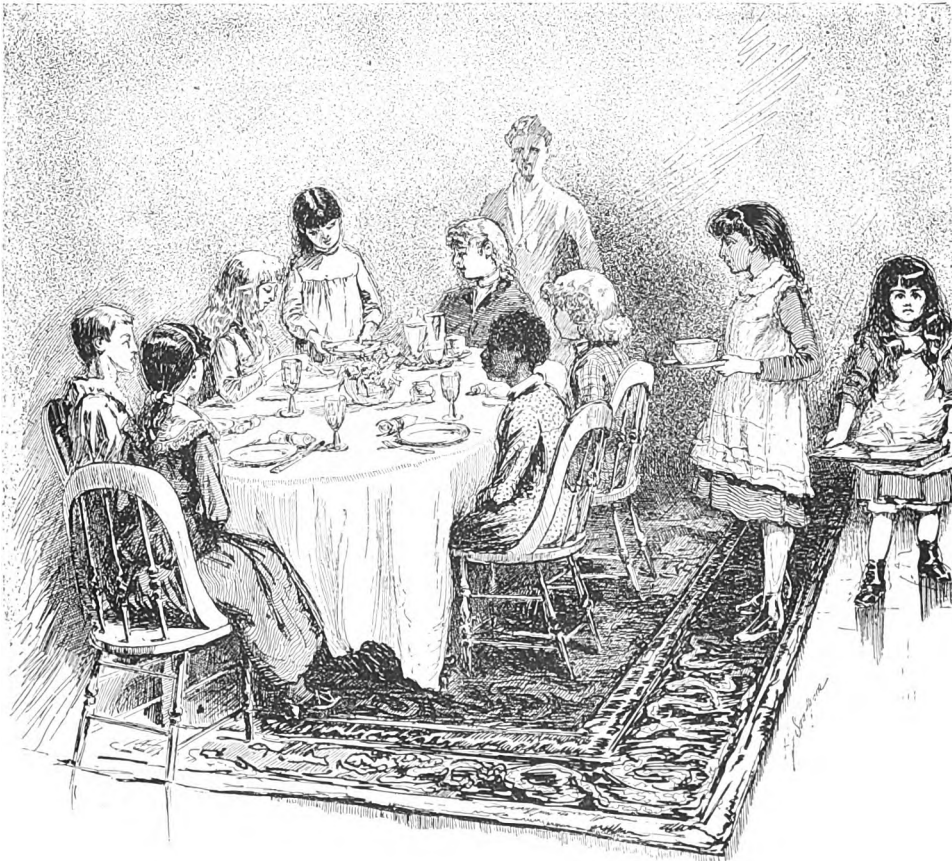
rily frying bits of salt pork in the most scholarly way possible. Six frying-pans at once made a lively performance, and when each girl added the bits of onion, and fried them to a lovely brown, the entire class felt that this really was the greatest fun ever seen in vacation-time. Then each girl had a kettle, and with two pounds of fish prepared to



back the chairs and cleared away the table and left only the white Canton flannel cover, which they covered with a red cloth. All this time the teacher explained everything,— who should be helped first, where the sugar-bowl and coffee-pot should stand, and all other details, just as if it were the most regular and orderly family in the world.

Then they set the table for dinner in another

common flower from nature, transfer it to a handkerchief, and embroider it in colored silk. She could even drive nails and make a box, and as for setting a table or waiting upon it, she could do that perfectly. Her dolls all appeared in new dresses, made by herself; and on the last day of school, she completed at home a new frock with a Watteau pleat behind, which she wore the next day on a



"LESSONS IN SETTING AND SERVING THE TABLE."

style, and once Sophie personated a gentleman guest, and a very gentlemanly guest she was. And though there was really nothing to eat, but only make-believe, Sophie could n't exactly tell whether she had been to school or to a very fine breakfast.

So the weeks flew away. About once a week she spent a morning in each of the classes, and before the vacation was over she could draw any

trip with her father and mother to Nantasket Beach. There they ordered a fish chowder, but the entire family declared it did n't compare with the chowder Sophie had made at home only the week before.

But the school at last closed, and Sophie went back to the Grammar School, wondering perhaps why vacation-schools are not open every day in the year, in every town in the land.

## WONDERS OF THE ALPHABET.


BY HENRY ECKFORD.

## SECOND PAPER.

TO KEEP me from fretting, when I was very little, my elders used to play with me a quiet little game with pencil and paper called "Going to Taffy's." Perhaps there are other ways, but this was mine. First, as to the origin of the name. You have heard, have you not? the old rhyme about Taffy:

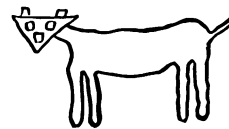
Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief,  
Taffy came to my house and stole a piece of beef.  
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was n't home;  
Taffy came to my house and stole a mutton-bone.

This was composed several hundred years ago, when hatred existed between the English who occupy the richest land in Great Britain and the Welsh who live in the mountainous part to the westward. The English farmers complained that the poor Welshmen would come slyly by night, or openly by day, with weapons in their hands and carry off their sheep and cattle. And so, to make fun of any Welshman under whose nose it might be sung, they made this ditty. ["Taffy" is a way of saying Davy, which, as you know, means David, a favorite name among the Welsh, who had a great saint of that name. And the reason it is Taffy and not Davy is that the uneducated among the Welsh do not distinguish so clearly as the English between D and T, and between F and V. They speak among themselves a very different language called Kymric, and, though most of them learn English also, the peculiar pronunciation that belongs to Kymric often sticks to their tongues when they speak English.] Now, this is the way we used to make our visit to poor Taffy.

Here is our house, just built. In it, you  see, we have put two windows, and a low wide door; and because our heathen ancestors used to place on their houses the horns of wild animals, let us crown ours with a big pair. Now that our house is built, we set out for Taffy's to see what can be done about those oxen and sheep. We go along over the downs, higher or lower, until we come to a deep valley. Half-way down is Taffy's cabin. But he has seen us coming and thinks it more prudent to slip off to the hills, and there he hides till he sees us go away. So we come to his cabin, and as there is no sign of him, we take the mutton-bone and write on it, "Taffy, steal no more—or the Bogey will eat you," and thrust it out of the window, where he

must see it. Then off home we go, but by another road. It is getting late and dark. The rain begins to fall. We lose our way, and find ourselves in a bog. All of a sudden, down we go into a deep mud-hole, and only scramble out to fall into another. Going on smoothly after this for some time, down we tumble again, and still a fourth time. Then we scramble out and see at the top of a long hill the lights in our new house. Soon we are there, and, entering by the back door, we warm ourselves and agree never to go to Taffy's again, at least not by that road.

Every time this little game was played, which some of you probably think very silly, because you are too old for it, I was always very much delighted to find that I had



OUR TRIP TO TAFFY'S.

drawn an ugly beast I called an ox. I have often thought since, that perhaps this is the way the wild Indians feel when they draw, on skins or bark, the queer pictures that are their only way of writing.

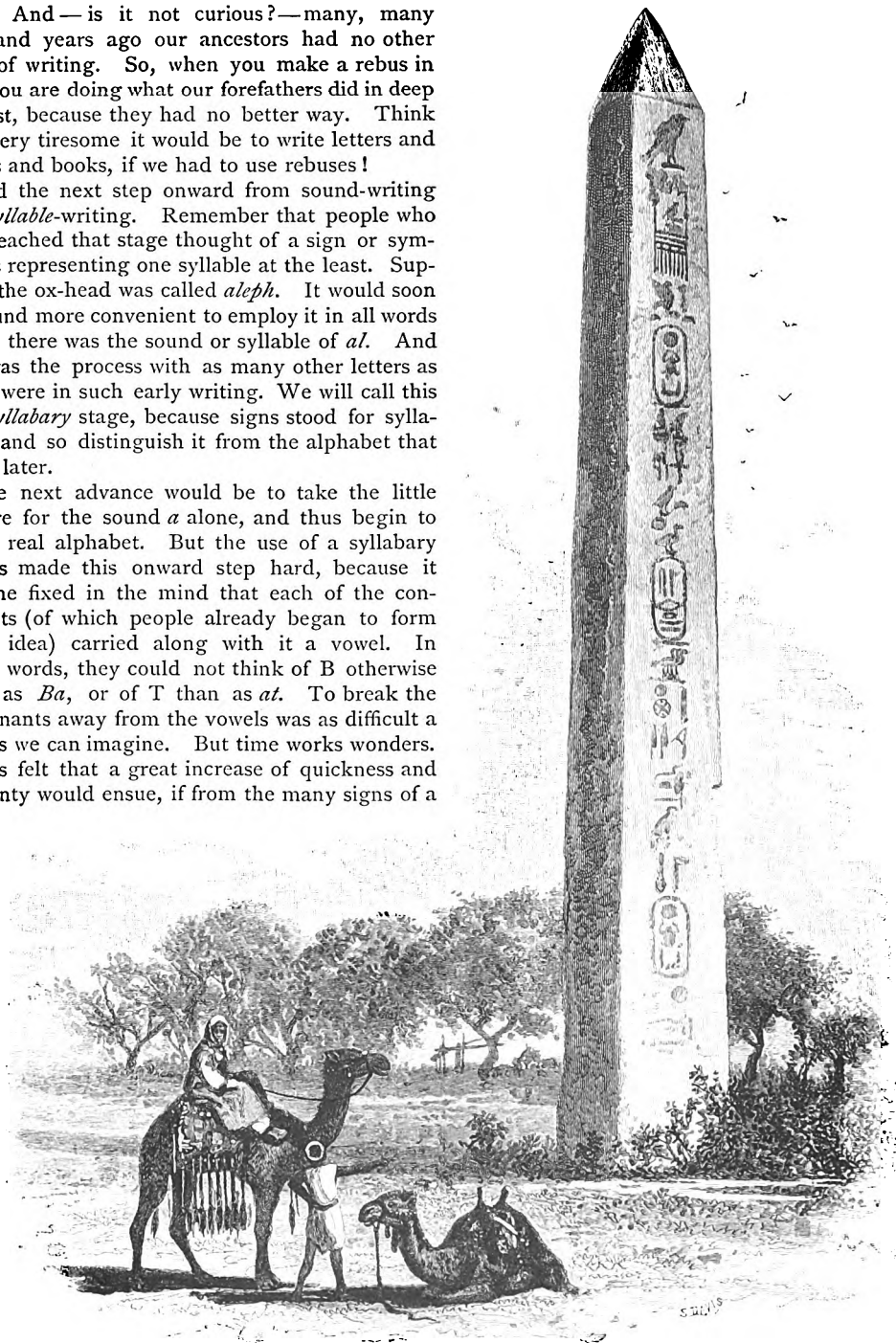
The chief, the medicine man, or the prophet does not think he is doing an ordinary thing. He thinks he is doing something almost supernatural, and is deeply in earnest.

Now suppose that some old nation of Asia, after having for ages drawn an ox when they wished to recall an ox, began at last to draw the picture of an ox also whenever it was needful to write about plowing. Then instead of an ox it would convey an idea relating to an ox, and would be what is called a *symbol*. After a while some one would say to himself: What is the use of drawing all of the ox when the head alone, which every one will know from its shape and its horns, gives just the same thought? Now suppose this ox-head gradually gets to mean the *sound* of *ox* in all words of the language wherein that syllable occurs, as in the name of the river Ox-us. Then the ox-head would appear in words having nothing whatever to do with cattle or plowing. Then it is called a piece of *sound-writing*, because it does not recall a certain given thing, but a sound. Sound-writing is thus an improved kind of picture-writing. You all know sound-writing, and have probably composed sentences in it, but you know it under another name. Hardly a magazine for young people is printed in which you will not find rebuses. Well, many rebuses are nothing but sound-writ-

ings. And—is it not curious?—many, many thousand years ago our ancestors had no other kind of writing. So, when you make a rebus in fun, you are doing what our forefathers did in deep earnest, because they had no better way. Think how very tiresome it would be to write letters and essays and books, if we had to use rebuses!

And the next step onward from sound-writing was *syllable*-writing. Remember that people who had reached that stage thought of a sign or symbol as representing one syllable at the least. Suppose the ox-head was called *aleph*. It would soon be found more convenient to employ it in all words where there was the sound or syllable of *al*. And this was the process with as many other letters as there were in such early writing. We will call this the *syllabary* stage, because signs stood for syllables, and so distinguish it from the alphabet that came later.

The next advance would be to take the little picture for the sound *a* alone, and thus begin to use a real alphabet. But the use of a syllabary always made this onward step hard, because it became fixed in the mind that each of the consonants (of which people already began to form some idea) carried along with it a vowel. In other words, they could not think of B otherwise than as *Ba*, or of T than as *at*. To break the consonants away from the vowels was as difficult a feat as we can imagine. But time works wonders. It was felt that a great increase of quickness and certainty would ensue, if from the many signs of a



THE OBELISK AT HELIOPOLIS,—SHOWING EGYPTIAN MONUMENTAL WRITING.

syllabary those were selected which had gradually lost their full sounds by being continually used in combinations. People who had the habit of pronouncing “ba-at”—*bat*, saw at last that

these were not two sounds run together, but three sounds—a short fine sound, a long open sound, and another short sound; namely, ba-ah-at, or B, A and T. By reasoning out from twenty to thirty letters in this way they at last came to do away entirely with their long list of syllable sounds.

After some such fashion, therefore, men began to realize the existence of consonants (definite, short, chopping sounds, made by some change in the mouth, along with a quick expulsion of the breath) and of breathings (quick expulsions of the breath alone) and of vowels (slower and open outbreathings accompanied by the voice). People did not at first distinguish so plainly as afterward between “breathings” and vowels, while in some cases they used more consonants than there was need of; the latter fell away in the course of time. But the great point was that they finally saw it was better, for instance, to use two signs for *al* than one. Although you might think it doubled the trouble, on the contrary, it lessened it. For, in the first place, it made writing much more exact, and fixed a spelling for everybody; in the second, it reduced the signs to a number which could be easily remembered. We have seen where the *a* came from. The *l* took its rise in a picture of a lioness, called *lamed*. Perhaps in some vanished syllabary the changed figure of a lioness stood for a syllable *lam*, and then was simplified into the Phœnician *l* from which we get it. To speak of one other: the letter *I* is thought to have come from the hieroglyph of two feathers side by side. These were degraded into a zigzag, and this at last in Italy was made perfectly straight. By such steps was accomplished the great change from syllabary to alphabet.

When you go to the Central Park and see the obelisk, or to a museum where they have Egyptian antiquities, like the Historical Society, do not fail to examine carefully the figures. Many of these, which are called hieroglyphs, are rebuses or sound-writings; some are symbols; others were pronounced, like our letters, very short. The Egyptians were more apt, however, to use alphabetic signs on paper than on stone. They thought what was old-fashioned was best, and kept on using for monuments the most ancient mode of writing. They had a way of writing a word very carefully according to its sounds, and then adding a key-symbol, or “determinative sign,” or of clapping down an exact picture of the animal and thing after its written name. It would be like writing down the word horse, and then putting a small picture of a horse after it to make sure—reversing the process of a painter who made a picture of a dog and then wrote under it, “This is a dog,” for fear some one might take it for an owl. It is singular that the Egyptians should keep up several different

methods of writing, at the same time, and that on the same stone we find picture-writing of things that mean the thing drawn, and of things that mean a sound, and should find, besides, alphabetic signs having very little to do with their original meanings and sounds. Wise as they were, the Egyptians were not wise enough to give up once for all their cumbersome methods, to choose out from their own abundant store an alphabet which would express all the full and half sounds in their language, and agree among themselves to use it for monuments as well as for letters and essays on paper. In fact, it seems necessary that such advances must be made by a foreign race which picks out what is useful, and leaves the useless characters behind. Yet, in no known writing can the use of symbols and “keys” be done away with entirely. For if we look sharply enough at our own writing we shall find that we use little pictures that are symbols, and abbreviations that are syllabic signs, and small marks that have the same office as the “keys,” or “determinative signs.” These, you will learn, explained the general nature of the symbols near which they stood. But do not our exclamation and interrogation marks explain the nature of sentences? So you see we also use methods that remind us of all the past stages of writing. But the difference is that while we use only what is needed for clearness, the Egyptians appear to have held fast to signs that encumbered them and made reading harder. Now you remember from our last paper, how some of the wise men hold that our alphabet came from Egyptian hieroglyphs. But, if the Egyptians could not shake off the cumbersome features of their writing, what nation was it that improved and handed down to us our short and serviceable alphabet? I hope you have not forgotten the name. The Phœnicians!

So far as history tells us, the Phœnicians were a people of Asia Minor, supposed to have come from a land where the date-palm called *phanix* grows. We know absolutely that they once lived in Palestine. Thence they ventured off in ships to Greece, Italy, Sicily, Northern Africa, and Spain, building towns and founding colonies, and teaching the Greeks, Italians, and Spaniards whatever they would learn of letters, arts, and manufactures. The Athenians, who reckoned themselves, and are still thought by many to have been, the most intelligent men in the world, were taught by the Phœnicians. The Etruscans and Latins of Italy were also their pupils and the pupils of their Greek colonies.

Being famous traders and merchants, large numbers of Phœnicians were always present as visitors or residents in the chief towns of Egypt, then the richest country in the world, and considered also

the oldest and the wisest. It was full of great temples, and there were so many priests and priestesses that a stranger might have thought there were no other classes. The priests were believed, and believed themselves, to possess all the wisdom of gods and men. There is evidence in Homer that at the time of the Trojan war the Egyptians were thought so wise that, favored by the gods, they were exempt from many of the ills of life, and were almost immortals. That is the way they impressed foreign nations. Now, it is supposed that while living in Egypt some wise men among the Phœnicians perfected that alphabet of twenty-two letters which is the ancestor of ours. In Egypt there had been two kinds of writing in use from time immemorial,—one seen cut in stone on obelisks and other monuments, called the hieroglyphic; the other for every-day use, and the writing of books, called the hieratic.\* Hieroglyphic writing is the kind which appears on the obelisk which has stood at Heliopolis, in Egypt, for five thousand years, and on the two companion obelisks, one of which is in London and the other in New York. Our word papyrus, an Egyptian plant, on the fibers of which the hieratic was written in thick black ink with a coarse, soft pen made by sharpening a reed. Now, the Egyptians probably had a large number of true alphabetic letters; but the Phœnicians, being merchants and bankers, needed to write very quickly, and so to have a much less clumsy and complicated alphabet than the hieratic. They therefore chose from among the many letters of the hieratic twenty-two that would spell all the sounds in their own language, and naming them *aleph* for A, *beth* for B, *gimel* for C or G, and so onward, they formed the *alpha-beta* of the Greeks and our own alphabet.

But why did they give their letters such names as *aleph*, *beth*, *gimel*, and so forth? Why take Phœnician words and not Egyptian? For instance, why not take the Egyptian name for A, when they took the Egyptian letter? In Egyptian hieratic the sound A was indicated by a double loop made by sketching very quickly the outline of an eagle. But *aleph*, as the Phœnicians called this letter, means ox. Why not call it by the name for eagle in their tongue, since the sign was really a rough sketch of an eagle? To understand this, think how needful

it is, when we are young, to have names for the letters which recall their sound and yet suggest something familiar. Few of us can fail to remember how, when we learned our letters, we had blocks on which were very large capitals and then such legends as, "A was an Archer who Shot at a Frog; B was a Butcher who Had a fine Dog;" "C was a Cutler;" "D was a Dustman;" and so on. In the same way it was necessary for the Phœnicians to select Phœnician names for the Egyptian letters, beginning with the letter itself, in order to remind beginners of the sound of the letter. Perhaps another reason was that the Phœnicians, before they borrowed the signs, had some sort of a letter-system of their own, probably a syllabary, in which the rough sketch of an ox's head was the sign for a syllable beginning with A. It was convenient to call the new letter by an old and well-known name. It was also possible to see in the letter that came originally from an eagle, but which had been greatly changed in Egypt during the lapse of centuries, the head of an ox. And in the shapes of other letters in the "hieratic" or running hand of Egypt, they might fancy a resemblance to the things meant by the Phœnician names. Every time a Phœnician schoolboy looked at A, he may have thought of the loop as the muzzle, and the two points as the horns, and cried *aleph*, ox! In the old hieratic writing the sign chosen for B came from a little picture of a crane. But suppose the Phœnicians had long been accustomed to use the name *beth*, house, for a sign in their old syllabary. When the schoolboy saw the Egyptian B, he would cry *beth*, house! The third letter, C, G, or K (which were often used for each other), came down in hieratic from the hieroglyph of a throne, tent, or basket. The Phœnicians found it easier to call this *gimel*, or camel, since they could fancy a resemblance between it and the hump of the camel's back. And so it goes through the twenty-two letters. We see the Phœnicians dropping whatever was their former system, and using the better one of an alphabet. Since their day, it has never again made so great a gain under the various hands through which it has passed. The chief improvement has been to make separate and distinct the vowels which the Phœnicians did not find so important in their language as do we, and which the Egyptians could afford to neglect still more.

\* *Hieroglyphic*,—from the Greek *hierō*, sacred, and *glyphicō*, to hollow out or carve,—means literally to hollow out sacred characters; hence, a carving of symbols. *Hieratic* is from the Greek *hieratikos*, priestly,—and signifies in this connection writing made by and for the priests of ancient Egypt.

## BEN'S SISTER.

BY MARIA L. POOL.

THE snow was more than a foot deep on a level, and Naomi could not estimate the depths of the drifts that were piled here and there.

"However," she said gayly, "the crust will bear you; and I only wish I were going, too. Tell Auntie her jelly was divine and her cake transcendent."

"Divine and tranthendent," lisped the child, who, although a boy of eight years, had been arrayed in his sister's heavy woolen jacket, which was the warmest garment available. He had on a cloth cap without a visor, and this cap was fastened down with many windings of a white "cloud." Rubber boots nearly enveloped his short legs, and leathern mittens were on his hands, in one of which was grasped a six-quart tin pail. His bright, rosy face might have been that of a girl, and both in size and countenance he appeared younger than he really was.

Naomi used to say that when she felt very much in need of a sister, she called Ben a girl, but when she wanted a protector, she admitted that he was a boy.

"You 'll go by the cart path, of course," spoke up a woman who was leaning back in a large chair, and whose pale, thin face bore a resemblance to the faces of the children before her, and showed that she was their mother and an invalid.

"Yeth, ma'am," said Ben. "Now I 'm off. Remember, 'Omi, bithcuit for thupper."

"Don't break the eggs as you go, and don't spill the milk as you come!" called out Naomi at the door.

She stood an instant watching the boy's figure as it trudged along over the crust. She shivered as she looked, for the air was biting cold and swept down from the north.

The whole sky was covered by a light haze, such as often in New England precedes one of those snow-storms in which the flakes sift down with a sharp persistence that makes one breathless who tries to battle against them.

A sudden anxiety came to the girl, and she called after her brother:

"Remember, Ben, I allow you three hours,—one to go, one to stay, and one to come home. Then it 'll be four o'clock. After that I shall begin to worry."

"All right!" shouted the boy. "You 'll be very thilly to worry, though!"

Naomi glanced at the thermometer, which hung by the door. It marked five degrees above zero.

Then she went into the room where her mother sat, and put more wood into the cracked cook-stove. She was uneasy. She had an impulse to go out and run after her brother, but she remained quiet, and told herself how foolish she was.

She took up a book and read aloud for an hour, her mother placidly braiding straw the while. By that time a few flakes began to drift about in the air, whirling, apparently with no intention of falling.

Naomi started up and flung her book on the table. "Mother," she exclaimed; "I 'm sorry we let Ben go!"

"Ben knows the way perfectly; and he will be home by dusk," replied her mother.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Dunlap looked out of the window, marked the ominous light gray of the heavens, and knew well that a heavy snow-storm was beginning. It might be a week before the sun shone again.

Still it really was "thilly," as Ben had said, to worry about him.

The wind kept shrieking around the corner of the house. Naomi put on an old coat, hood, and mittens, and went out to bring in wood. She filled the woodbox and made a pile along the floor by the stove.

As she did so, a big Newfoundland dog came from a corner of the woodhouse and followed her back and forth. "Roy," she said, reprovingly, "you ought to have gone with Ben."

Roy wagged his tail seriously, as if to say, he had more weighty things to attend to than trotting after a boy.

When Naomi had finished her work, she walked toward the pine wood through which Ben had gone. She did not quite know how cold it was until she turned to come back, and faced the icy wind that made her coat feel as if it were but a rag.

How desolate and alone the small brown house, which was her home, looked now to her! It stood in the midst of snow, with the snow flying about it.

The Dunlaps were very poor, as their home plainly showed. Naomi's mother was a widow, and had been unable to walk for two years. You can imagine that Naomi, at fifteen, felt as if she were heavily burdened.

She had been obliged to give up school just



when school had become very interesting to her. She did the housework, and both she and Ben helped their mother with the straw work, which once a week was brought to the house from Farnborough, in a long, odd wagon.

In the season there were always piles of men's and boys' hats growing under Mrs. Dunlap's busy fingers. Even little Ben, on Saturdays and in the spare hours of the long spring days, had to make "top-pieces."

But there were dull weeks in which the Farnborough wagon did not come to the house, and the Dunlaps lived closer than ever.

Perhaps you think Naomi was melancholy and somber under this life. But she was not.

Sometimes there was a great deal of fun in that bit of a house on "Goose Hill," and Ben often said that if any other boy had a sister who was more of a "brick," he should just like to see that fellow.

It was three o'clock when Naomi came in and announced that the mercury had fallen two degrees more, and she thought she would begin making the biscuit.

The boy had gone to an aunt's with eggs, and was to bring back some milk.

"There is no danger of his spilling the milk," remarked Naomi, measuring baking-powder. "It will be frozen as solid as a rock."

At half-past four it was dark, of course. Naomi's biscuits were done and placed on the hearth, wrapped in a towel.

"Ben should not have stopped a moment longer than we told him," said his mother, severely. "But, Naomi, you must not worry; there's no good in worrying."

Nevertheless, the girl knew that her mother was worrying more and more, with every moment that passed.

It was snowing faster than ever now, as Naomi discovered when she stood on the doorstep and peered about her. She could see nothing. A blinding, cutting swirl was in the air and shut off all vision.

As she stood there, Roy thrust his nose into her hand and whined.

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She went in directly and put a light where it shone mistily out toward the pine wood.

The cold was increasing so fast that she doubted if it could continue snowing much longer. But the wind would drive the snow from the ground and the drifts as blindingly as though the storm held on.

As Naomi went back into the kitchen where her mother sat, her face was pale but determined.

The thought of her little brother struggling alone, in such a storm, was no longer endurable.

"Mother," she said resolutely, "I am going out to the pine woods. I shall take a lantern, and Roy will go with me. Ben must be near home. I will meet him, and bring him in."

Mrs. Dunlap pressed her hands tightly together. In spite of her calm comments, she was half wild with anxiety.

She looked helplessly at her daughter, who was pulling on long rubber boots. There was no neighbor within half a mile.

"Then you will both be in the storm," said the mother feebly; "and I can do nothing."

Naomi came to her mother's side and kissed her.

"You have the worst of it," she said cheerfully, though her heart was like lead. "But I shall be back in half an hour. With my lantern and Roy, I shall be well armed."

She tied shawls over the very shabby coat, which was all she had. She wheeled her mother's chair so that the good woman might be able to keep the stove full of wood.

"Don't worry, Mother, but please have a hot stove when we come back," Naomi said, as she took up her lantern and, followed by Roy, hurried out into the storm.

The wind swept into the entry, and howled so that the anxious woman within shuddered.

It was comparatively easy for Naomi to go toward the pines, for the wind was at her back, and she ran on over the snow-crust, swinging her lantern before her, and calling her brother's name in her fresh young voice, that went forward on the rushing air.

It was terribly cold, though, even with the wind behind her! Her hands and feet began to sting and ache.

She had not, as she believed, been going in the path toward the wood five minutes, when, in some unaccountable way, the wind was no longer behind her. It was rushing down upon her right, and she felt as if she were going downhill.

She stood perfectly still, but trembling with a thrill of terrible alarm. She lifted her lantern; but from the first, the light had been of little service. It made a small luminous halo, while beyond was a blank, impenetrable white wall that seemed to rush and roar about her—a wall that moved.

She screamed "Benny!" at the top of her voice. "Oh, he *must* hear me!" she exclaimed to herself. "Roy, where is Ben?"

The dog had kept near to her all the time. Now he lifted his broad, snow-sprinkled head, and pressed still nearer as if he said:

"I am going to take care of *you*."

"Go!" cried Naomi, fiercely. "Find him! Find him! Don't stay with me! Find Ben!"

The dog galloped away from her as she gave the command. When he had gone, she felt an unreasoning and almost helpless terror.

She stood still, for she knew now that she had not the least idea which way to turn. She was like one in a dream, and still she must not dare to remain quiet. There was that demon of the cold waiting for her if she were to cease moving.

Her feet and hands ached so that from sheer pain she could hardly keep the tears back.

She went on, only trying to keep the wind behind her, for that was all she had to guide her in the right direction, and she was fully aware how poor a guide that was.

Where was the courage with which she had started? She felt utterly subdued now, and her only thought was the thought of her brother.

She stamped her feet and swung her arms; then, as well as she could with her stiff lips, she whistled to the dog, but he did not answer.

She went staggering on, whither she knew not.

As often as she could spare her breath, she shouted "Ben!" and when no answer came, she felt as if she were calling that name in a great, cruel world that had nothing in it but storm.

Even the dog had left her. He had never been carefully trained. Perhaps he had gone home.

Mechanically she kept jumping about in the snow; for she dared not go far in any direction.

All at once, above the roar about her, she heard Roy's bark, short and quick. The sound was like an elixir of life in her veins. She sprang forward. The dog, she found, was but a few yards away. Naomi soon discovered him pulling at something in the snow. She dashed down beside that something, and began furiously to brush the snow from it.

"Ith 'at you, 'Omi?" asked a sleepy voice.

The girl began to cry, but she did not stop working.

"Don't bother a fellow!" said Ben, drowsily, "I 'm all right. I 'm only rethting."

"Resting!" repeated Naomi shrilly. "You are freezing! Get up! You *shall* get up!"

She took hold of his collar and jerked him to his feet, the exertion sending a glow through her frame.

"Now, thop that! I tell you, I 'm all right. I wath cold, but I got warm."

His voice sank as he tried to loose her hold and fall back. She shook him again. She put down her lantern, and held him with one hand while she beat him with the other. She did not know that this was her own salvation, too; but she knew that it was the only way to save Benny.

"You lazy thing! You wicked boy!" she shouted, not caring what she said. "Take hold of my hand. We 'll make Roy go home, and we 'll follow him."

She kept at work. She slapped the boy's face. She was not in the least particular as to how or where she struck him.

In a moment, to her great joy, he began to resent her treatment. He struck out at her in return.

"Do you think I 'm going to thtand thith?" he cried.

Naomi stopped her tears and stood up to the fight. She taunted him. She said the most irritating things.

From utter helplessness, the boy gradually became roused to amazement and anger. What had come over his sister?

If she had come ten minutes later, she probably never could have brought him back to life.

"Now come home with me," she said when she was so weary she could keep up the battle no longer. She tried to pull him after her. But he began to whimper, and said:

"I tell you I can't go! There 'th thomething the matter with my legth. They are jutht like plugth of wood. That 'th why you knocked me down tho eathy. Gueth you could n't have done it if they had n't been thtiff!"

Naomi's blood went back chokingly to her heart. But she said with determination:

"For all that, you 've got to come!"

She pulled him, his feet shuffling and dragging, Roy walking close to her gravely.

She stopped, panting, desperate.

"Ben," she said, in a voice that went through the boy's numb, half-frozen senses like a knife; "do you want to die? You are freezing! If you don't try with all your might, we shall both freeze! Think of Mother waiting for us!"

Ben tried and struggled. In all his little life, he had never made such an effort before.

He sank back, crying out in an agony:

"Oh, no; I *can't* walk! You'd better go home to Mother!"

He sobbed and clung to her.

Naomi stood upright a moment, holding her brother and trying to think, while the dog lay down in the snow.

But nothing came clearly to her mind save the picture of her mother, helpless, sitting by the kitchen stove, waiting and listening.

She must waste no time. It seemed as if every instant froze a drop of blood.

Which way should she try to move?

In the cloud of snow, and the hurtling of the wind, was there a strange, dim radiance ahead?

Naomi peered forward, distrusting her own eyesight, holding Ben in her arms the while.

Roy, as if he had known all the time where he was, now arose and began to walk slowly forward.

The next moment, the girl heard—for the wind brought the words straight from the speaker:

"Naomi! Ben! My children!"

Roy barked with delight.

Naomi knew then that they were close to their own home; the light was the one that she herself had put in the window, and it was her mother's voice that was calling.

Inspired, empowered by a strength beyond her own, she lifted Ben and staggered forward toward the light.

Stumbling, slipping, she struggled on, she knew not how, conscious only that she was still going toward the light which all the time grew more and more distinct.

Soon she saw that her mother was leaning from an open window,—and she cried out huskily:

"Mother! Mother! Here we are!"

Naomi knew afterward that her mother crawled—Mrs. Dunlap could not tell how—to the door and opened it, and that in some way she herself reached the warm kitchen with her burden. There the heat seemed to stop her breath, and she fainted, dimly feeling the dog's soft, warm tongue on her face as her last sensation.

When she came to life again, the doors were still open, and the sharp wind was blowing in, for Mrs. Dunlap knew that a warm room was not the place for frost-bitten people. She had been rubbing their temples and hands with snow, sitting on the floor beside them.

Naomi, naturally strong and well, soon revived and began earnestly to care for Benny, working over him as her mother directed; and her commands were so wise that the boy received no permanent injury, though his feet were but "poor things," he said, all that winter.

The storm did not last very long.

The next day the sun shone, and Naomi went out toward the pine wood, and at the very edge, nearest the house, she found Ben's tin pail; the cover was off, and in the frozen milk was a deep hole, evidently made by Roy, who, as he had already tasted the milk, received the rest of it as a gift.

Not far off was the lantern, which Naomi had thrown aside when she found Ben. She was now sure she had been no more than a few rods from the house at any time.

"Perhaps I went around and around," she said to herself, as she took up the lantern. "But if I had n't gone out for him, Ben would have died."

With this, she pressed back the somewhat hysterical sobs that were rising, and hurried home with the pail and lantern.

"You need n't try to make fun of it all," said Ben in the dusk of the next evening. He caught his sister's hand closely as he sat bolstered in a big

chair by the stove. "I know what you did, you thaved me. I knew you were a brick!" Here there came a little quiver in his voice. "Well," he said, beginning again, "Mother thaid I ought to thank Heaven for you; and if I really wath thankful, you know, I thould try to be the kind of a brother you 'd alwayth be proud of all your life."

"And so you will," said Naomi, "I do believe you will!"

## A VISIT TO SHAKSPERE'S SCHOOL.

BY REV. ALBERT DANKER.

A FEW years ago, I visited Stratford-on-Avon, the home and birthplace of the great poet and dramatist, William Shakspeare, and I wish to tell the boys and girls who read *ST. NICHOLAS*, about a visit made to the school the great poet attended when he was a boy. Stratford is nestled on the banks of the gentle-flowing river Avon. It is a large country town, but the chief interest attached to the place is that there Shakspeare was born; there he died, and in the ancient church of the Holy Trinity, alongside the murmuring river, he lies buried.

On entering the town, I proceeded directly to the famed "Red Horse Hotel," described so charmingly by our own Washington Irving, in his well-known "Sketch Book."

And indeed, there are carefully preserved in that quaint old house, numerous memorials of Irving. The little Red parlor, in which he lived and wrote, and even the poker wherewith he stirred his fire are sure to be exhibited to American guests. The poker was as carefully preserved as a precious relic; it was done up in a cloth bag, and engraved on one side of it was the legend: "Geoffrey Crayon's Sceptre."

American boys and girls would greatly enjoy old English inns.

They frequently present, from without, a grim, fortress-like aspect, with no broad steps or portico leading up to the entrance. They are entered beneath an archway, leading sometimes into a courtyard; at others, into the entrance hall, where the traveler is received, not by burly porters, but by trim waiting-maids.

There is an indescribable air of neatness and coziness, of "home-iness," so to speak, pervading these inns, in the largest city as well as the small-

est village, and an affability and politeness,—a hospitable regard to your comfort, which is especially grateful to your feelings, as, weary and wayworn, you enter their portals.

After a breakfast in Irving's parlor, the next morning, I walked down Henley street to the ancient house in which Shakspeare was born.

After looking it carefully through, proceeding to Chapel street, I reached the interesting grammar school, where once the wonderful poet might have been seen as a schoolboy,

"With his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school."

Sometimes, no doubt, he strolled off, truant fashion, to fish with a pin-hook in the silvery Avon, or ran down to the little hamlet of Shottery, across the fields,

"When daisies pied, and violets blue,  
And ladysmocks all silver white,  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue  
Do paint the meadows with delight."

In Chapel street, not far from Shakspeare's birthplace, may be seen the square chapel of the ancient Guild, and in the building adjoining is the grammar school.

The record tells us that Robert de Stratford, in 1269, first founded a chapel and hospital there, with permission of the Bishop of Worcester, and became the first master of it.

The brethren wore a peculiar dress, and each, on admission into the hospital, promised obedience to the master, and took a vow of good behavior.

In 1482, Thomas Jolyffe, a priest, a native of Stratford, and a member of the Guild, gave certain

lands and tenements to the Brotherhood of the Holy Cross, to maintain a priest fit to teach grammar freely to all scholars.

At the Reformation, the entire property fell into the King's hands, but the young Edward VI. granted the whole again for charitable and public uses.

There is very little doubt that here, in his boyhood, Shakspeare conned his task, and in one of his plays he describes a character called Malvolio as "most villainously cross-gartered," "like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church,"—

those of some American boys of about the same age whom I knew,—and I must say that our juvenile Yankees have often made a much better classical recitation, in my hearing, than the one I heard that day from their English cousins.

However, that was not a fair specimen of the educational training of boys in England, for at Harrow, Eton, and Rugby, the standard is extremely high, and, as everybody knows, the youth of the realm are generally capital scholars.

The boys in Shakspeare's school when I visited it were lively fellows, full of fun, brimming over



THE OLD GRAMMAR-SCHOOL AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

which description may have been based upon one of his own early recollections.

The antique appearance of the schoolroom is to a great extent gone, for in the lapse of time many of the old, characteristic features have passed away.

Yet the room still looks hoary and venerable, and impressed me deeply. At the invitation of the Head Master, I listened for a few minutes to the recitations in Greek of a class of stout and sturdy English boys. I was desirous of comparing the classical attainments of these youths with

with spirits, and somewhat given to skylarking when the master's back was turned. Poor man! he seemed to have a rather hard time of it, in his endeavor to maintain a conversation with me, and at the same time restrain the exuberant feelings of his pupils.

So, bidding him "Good-morning," I left those classic walls, musing on my way; for Stratford will ever remain a beacon to the enthusiast in Nature's loveliness, as well as to the admirer of intellect and genius in man.



## A GRANDMOTHER WHO CAN DRAW.

ONE day Freddy came slowly up to Grandmamma and, holding out his slate, said in his very sweetest way: "Grandma, do you think you could draw a boy for me?"

"But Grandma is very busy now," his Grandma said.

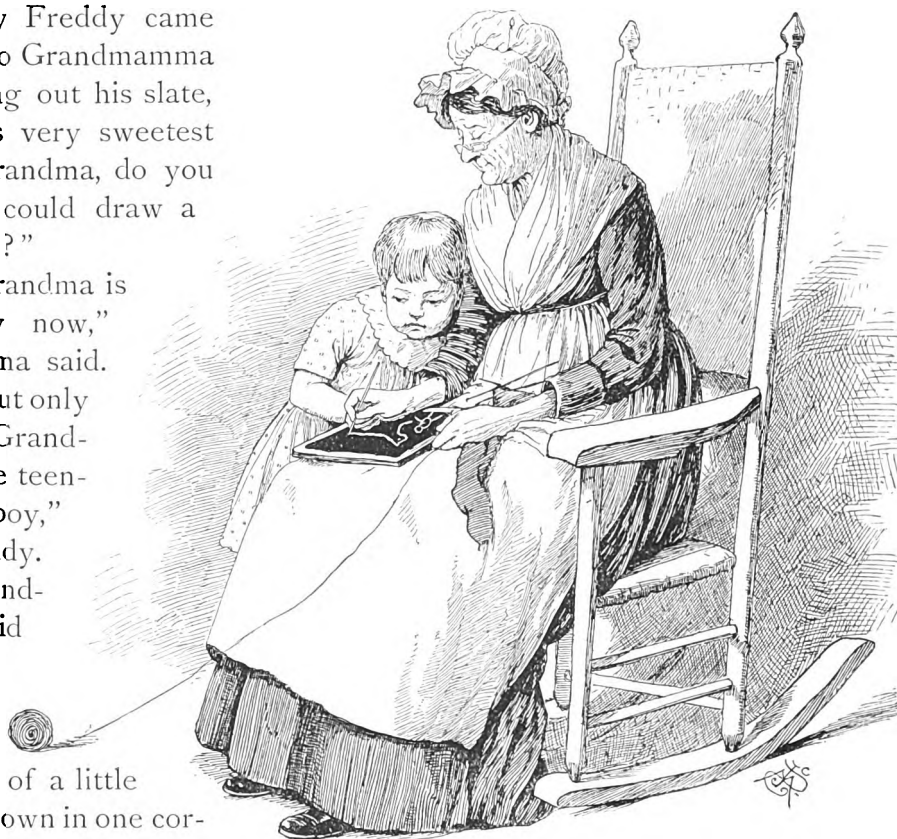
"Well, but only just a boy, Grandmamma; a little teeny, tonty boy," said Freddy. So his Grandmamma laid aside her knitting and drew the picture of a little boy away down in one corner of the slate. And Freddy leaned on the arm of the chair, and saw just how she made the picture.

"Now, Grandma," said Freddy, before she had drawn the boy's arm, "don't you think you could make a lion by the boy — just a little lion, you know, and a — and a tiger, p'r'aps, and a' nelefant, and a, — Oh, yes! — and a big 'nosseros, and a — Oh, yes, Grandma! — a —"

"Why, why, Freddy!" said Grandmamma; "I thought you only wished one little boy, and now you want a whole menagerie!"

"Well, Grandma," said Freddy, "please draw me just a little piece of a 'nagerie, will you — just a little tiger — a baby tiger!" So Grandmamma drew the tiger and Freddy was so happy with his boy and his tiger that he put the slate on a chair and looked at them a long time.

You can see the little boy on the slate, in the picture. And Freddy's Grandma is just drawing the tiger. But if that is a baby tiger, the little boy on the slate must run! For the baby tiger is ever so much bigger than the little boy!





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

THIS is just the time, my chicks, when in our part of the world snow lying in the hollows does n't quite know whether to go or to stay. But April soon settles that question, though it is generally an uncertain sort of a month in the management of its own affairs.

And this reminds me of something sent to my pulpit by Mr. Harold W. Raymond, about J. F., a certain friend of mine who must be known to all of you. Here it is:

I know a little giant, no bigger than a tack,  
Who can wrestle with a fat man, and throw him  
on his back;  
His knotted little muscles, almost too small to spy,  
Could turn you topsy-turvy and hardly seem to  
try.  
To tweak the nose, and pinch the toes, and fill  
one full of woe,  
Are jokes the midget loves to play alike on friend  
and foe.

But he can do still greater things than make a  
big man squeal—  
He can split a stone in splinters, or break a bar  
of steel;  
He can shape the dripping eaves'-drops into a  
crystal spear,  
And clutch the falling rain so hard, 't will turn  
all white with fear;  
He can chain the dashing river, and plug the  
running spout;  
He can build a wall upon the lake and shut the  
water out.

But if you want to see this little giant cut and  
run,  
Just build a tiny fire, or step out and fetch the  
sun.

## CUNNING BUSHMEN.

I 'M told that there is a gloomy place in the world that goes by the cheery title of the Cape of Good Hope, and that those cheery folk, the Dutch, once established a colony there. It seems, moreover, that, at first, the busy Dutch farmers of Cape Colony were greatly bothered by the raids of natives called Bushmen whose country was separated from the Dutch districts by a vast desert. The lack of water in this desert—for the Bushmen would choose the dry seasons for their raids—would prevent the farmers from making a successful pursuit of the robbers, especially since they could only follow by daylight, when the "spoor," or road, could be seen; while the Bushmen, from their knowledge of the country, could easily travel by night, and in a straight line across the desert. But Bushmen must have water, too, it seems. How did they manage to secure it? On their line of travel, at long intervals, they had, aided by their wives, hidden water in the shells of ostrich-eggs, brought from great distances. Even at night they could find the water-vessels, so perfect was their knowledge of the country.

Was n't this something like the drink that the Deacon objects to, called "egg-nog?"

## ECONOMICAL POISONING.

SAN FRANCISCO.

DEAR JACK: A few days ago my father, who was Seamen's Chaplain at Panama and Aspinwall for several years, told me that they were very much troubled with the large wood-ants; and to get rid of them, he would make a small hole in the top of the passage leading to their home, and drop in a pinch of arsenic. It was quite successful. Some of the ants would eat it and die—then some more would come along and devour the first deceased; so that it was necessary to use only a small pinch of the poison.

Sincerely yours,

BERTHA L. ROWELL.

## SOME INTERESTING LITTLE SEALS.

YOUR friend Ernest Ingersoll sends you a message this month about some Indian boys of the Makah tribe, who live at Neah Bay. To find that place, by the way, you must go just behind Cape Flattery, wherever that queer-named cape may be. The Deacon says most likely it's a dangerous cape, judging from its title. Well, it seems that the Makah boys have pets and a form of amusement denied to most youngsters. In mid-summer great quantities of fur seals approach the shores in that region, and are chased in canoes and killed by the men of the tribe for the sake of both the hides and the flesh. With them come many little "pup" seals, some of which are always captured and taken home.

Tying strings around the necks of these "pups," the Indian boys make them swim in the surf just outside the breakers, and tow their canoes across the bay, and even after them up the rivers. In short, the Indian lads have a world of fun with those gentle and graceful water-dogs. Mr. Ingersoll says also that the crew of a United States steamer, which was cruising in those waters a few years



ago, rescued one of those little "pup" seals. Its mother had been killed, and the sailors kept it on board the ship by feeding it condensed milk. It grew, became playful and confiding, and was a great favorite. Every day it would be put overboard for a swim, and would disappear, but by and by it would return to the gangway and be taken on board. Once the steamer moved away for a whole day, but when it returned to its anchorage the little seal was waiting for it, and ready to be taken aboard. Finally it was left behind, while a sudden trip, lasting two weeks, was taken; and it failed to re-appear when the vessel came back.

#### ROBIN'S UMBRELLA.

CADIZ, OHIO.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: One summer morning I stopped at a stair-window to notice a gathering storm. I looked down into a great cherry-tree and saw a beautiful robin on her nest. She looked up very anxiously. Just then her mate came home, gave her a great ripe cherry for breakfast, and hopping to the edge of the nest raised his umbrella over her! It was neither silk nor cotton, but his own pretty wings! Stretching his wings as far out as possible, he crouched low on the edge of the nest. The great drops of rain drenched him. When the storm was over he hopped to a branch

near by, smoothed and dried his crumpled feathers, then sang a cheerful song as if no storm had raged.

Yours truly, L. F.

I'm glad to hear of this polite robin, dear L. F. And while we are upon the subject, here are two welcome letters in defense of parent mocking-birds, who it seems have been unjustly accused of a very cruel act.

#### VERDICT: NOT GUILTY.

FERNANDINA, FLA.

DEAR JACK: You ask, in the October number of *ST. NICHOLAS*, if it is true that mocking-birds will poison their young if they are taken from them and hung in a cage where the old birds can get to them. This is a popular superstition, especially among the colored people. We live in the land of mocking-birds, however, and have orange-trees close to our piazza, in which they build their nests: and several times we've taken young birds from their nests to raise for our Northern friends. The brood with which we were the most successful were put in a cage on the piazza, and the parent-birds fed them every day with worms, berries, etc., until they were old enough to be sent away.

Your friend and constant reader,

CLINTON HENRY.

ORANGE, LOS ANGELES CO., CAL.

DEAR JACK: I can answer the question about mocking-birds asked in the October number. The old birds will not poison their young. I have raised two mocking-birds in cages where the parent-birds could get at them. One I have now. The other, escaping while I was cleaning the cage, was caught by the cat, and when I rescued it, my poor pet was dead.

Respectfully yours,

GUSSIE DRINOCK.



ROBIN HOISTS HIS UMBRELLA.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE brief article on Shakspeare's School, in this number, by the Rev. Dr. Danker, is chiefly devoted to a description of the old school at Stratford, as it appears to-day. Our next number will open with a longer article, by Miss Rose G. Kingsley, entitled "When Shakspeare was a Boy." Miss Kingsley describes delightfully the scenes through which the young Shakspeare wandered, and the experiences which probably befell him as a lad. Several beautiful drawings, by Mr. Alfred Parsons, will accompany the text.

In connection with Mr. Brooks's interesting account of that historic girl, "Woo, of Hwang Ho," it will be useful to many of

our readers to know that Chinese words and pronunciations are by no means the jumble of sounds and letters that they appear or that most young people imagine them to be.

The following rule will enable any girl or boy to pronounce the Chinese names that are found in the sketch of the Princess Woo, (or Wü as the name is sometimes written): In Chinese ü has the sound of oo as in *food*; u of u as in *sung*; final i of ee as in *meet*; ui of ay as in *say*; ai of igh as in *high*; ao of o as in *horo*; a of a as in *father*; o of o as in *sole*; ih of f as in *lip*; ia has the sound of ya as in *yarn*; and final ien has the sound of *yen*.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

AUBURN, N. Y., 1886.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mamma says that I may send you a picture of a little girl who has been raised on ST. NICHOLAS. We have every one that ever was printed. The story that I always liked best of all is "Dressing Mary Ann," in 1880, because Mamma made it come true with my French doll, only her name is Cornelia. Ever so many things in ST. NICHOLAS will come true if you only try. Not all things, though, for I might pound my Papa on the back all day, and I never could pound such a story out of him as Mr. Howells's little girl did out of hers. She's lucky. Mine only knows two stories. Mamma says that you don't like long letters, but she is sure you will like me, and I am sure I hope so.

Your friend always, JULIE.

WE thank Julie very sincerely for the pretty picture, which shows a face of so much animation that we cannot help feeling a little concerned in behalf of her Papa's back. Now, if Julie only could help that other little girl in her filial exercise, what might they not, by their combined exertion, get out of Mr. Howells, and so make the whole world of children happy!

WOODBURY, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think that ST. NICHOLAS is one of the loveliest magazines ever published. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is too lovely for anything. I can hardly wait until next month. Among my lovely Christmas presents was a *beautiful* boy doll. I have the loveliest cat; he is very big, and he has a very superb tail. I have always banged it, and so it is as big at one end as the other. His name is Schnider Jefferson Rip Van Winkle. His name used to be "Romeo," but I did not like that, and so I call him "Schnider."

Your faithful reader, ALICE.

BERRYVILLE, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you very much; we have taken you ever since you started, and I think you the nicest story-book I ever read.

I live in the Shenandoah Valley, with the Blue Ridge mountains in sight, and not very far from Greenway Court. We can see Ashby Gap where Washington came through when he surveyed Lord Fairfax's land. I think he was the greatest general that ever lived.

I have a pony, gun, and dog. I must close.

Your affectionate reader, J. A. W.

LONGDALE MINES, ALLEGHANY CO., VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen so many letters in your magazine from little girls, that I have concluded to write also. You must know your magazine is highly appreciated in our wild home, among the iron-mountains of Virginia. It has been *very, very* cold here, and as my little brother Willie and I have a cough, we have to stay indoors most of the time, and amuse ourselves with our pet kitten, and reading the dear ST. NICHOLAS. One of the little boys here has a fawn. It is a lovely pet, and so gentle and graceful. Willie and I are afraid to go far from the house, as there are so many bears around here. They are killed very frequently. I should like to see one, but at a distance. From your little friend, ALICE K.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I have taken you for more than five years, I have only written once, and that was to Jack. So to-day I thought I would write to you, and thank you for the enjoyment you have afforded me.

I like all your stories very much; but, like the other children, I have my favorites.

The story I like the best is "Donald and Dorothy," though it is a rather late date to tell you so.

I think the "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is lovely. But all your stories are so nice, it is pretty hard to choose the best.

ST. NICHOLAS is always a welcome visitor, and Papa, Mamma, and I read it eagerly.

I have seen several letters from Minneapolis, but not any from St. Paul.

But now I must close, hoping to see this in your charming magazine, that is, if it is not too long.

I remain, your loving reader, MAUDE C.

PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am nine years old, and have taken you ever since I can remember, which I suppose you will say is not very long, but it seems so to me.

My home in Philadelphia is very pleasant, and I go to a lovely school, where I study and have fun at the same time; you need not think it is a kindergarten, for I am too big a girl for that, but the teachers and scholars are so nice that no one could help having a good time and wanting to study.

We go away to some seashore place every summer, and have perfectly splendid times. We went to Mount Desert for two years, and all liked it so much, for you know it has seashore and mountains, and also a real Indian encampment, where the Indians live, and sell pretty baskets of birch-bark and straw, and bows and arrows, and little canoes, and feathers and lots more pretty things. It is such fun to go out in a bark canoe with a real Indian to paddle you, but it feels as if it would upset all the time.

Last summer we went to Newport, where we are having a cottage built to go to next year; there they did not have canoes, but only row-boats and sail-boats.

Your loving little friend, "BEE H. JAY."

MEMPHIS, TENN.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am dealing in chickens now, and they have laid me two dozen eggs, and I get from Mamma twenty cents a dozen, and I keep all my accounts in a book. I am writing on it; it is about eleven inches long and six inches wide, and very nice to write on.

I have three roosters and seven hens, and three of them have laid. A lady gave me a hen and rooster. They are Plymouth Rocks, and are very pretty, and for the first time, this morning he crowed, and when I went out to the barn this morning I heard a rooster crow, and I went to the barn door and saw my Plymouth Rock crow, and I went in the house and made Mamma guess, and she guessed that he crowed, and I said "Yes!" Then I went upstairs and asked Mona, and she said "Was the rooster dead?" and I said "No!" then she said, "They are sick," and I said "No!" she said "I got another one," I said "No!" Then I said he had crowed, and Mona was so pleased.

I went to Papa; he said that the roosters had been fighting. "No!" And he could not guess, so I told him he had crowed. Miss Etta, a lady that is living here, I asked also, and she said, "a hen has laid an egg." "No!" She said, "A hen has laid a horse-shoe." "No!" Neither guessed right but Mamma. She thought she had heard him crow.

Miss Etta gave me a Brahma hen, and I bought a Brahma rooster. He is young and can not crow. He is very tall and heavy, and I will weigh him. He runs about the yard and steps like a king.

He began to fight the Plymouth rooster and he got whipped bad, because the Plymouth Rocks pecked him back of the eye, and I bathed it.

Also one that has a little game in it, flew over the fence, and stays here.

Papa gave me two. One of them laid first, and that was Mamma's Christmas present.

I have more to say, but am so tired.

FRED F. D.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, INDIANA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been taking you for a long time, and like you more than any other magazine. We are very much interested in all your pieces, especially "Little Lord Fauntleroy." We are two of "The Four M's," as we call ourselves, because all of our first names begin with M. When we were reading "Little Women" we liked it so much (as we do all of Miss Louise Alcott's stories) that we, each of us, assumed a name of each of the four sisters. We have never written to you before, and we hope to see this printed in the March number.

Yours truly,

MEG and JO.

UNITED STATES INDIAN SERVICE,

CROW CREEK AGENCY, DAKOTA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Frank and I are two little brothers, who live here among the Indians and know a great many of them by name. When one of them speaks to us he calls us "Misunka," which means "my little brother." Our Papa has been agent for some of these Indians a good many years. Each of us has a warm cap, made of the skin of a "Jack rabbit," the big ears sticking up in front. We are always delighted when the ST. NICHOLAS comes, and as this is our first letter to you, we should be much pleased if you thought it worthy to be printed in the next number. If you will come to visit us, we will introduce you to some Indian Chiefs who will shake hands and say "How!" to you in the most friendly manner. This morning is bright and clear, but so intensely cold that the thermometer shows it to be twenty-five below zero.

I am your true friend,

HARRY B. G.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: What has become of the Brownies for February? I miss them so much, especially the Dude, as he reminds me so much of a good many (very) young men of this city. You just ought to see them tripping down the avenue, with such big feet, and no legs worth speaking of.

I love ST. NICHOLAS, and have taken it for a long time. I am twelve years old. Mamma says that I will never be too old to read ST. NICHOLAS. She reads it every month, and we have lots of fun with the Brownies. Please don't forget them next month.

Is my letter good enough to publish?

Affectionately,

CLYDE C.

THE Brownies are crowded out this month, too, dear Clyde; but they will reappear in the midst of lively scenes, in our next number.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been getting you for seven years, and I don't think I can do without you. I like you better than any other magazine. I think all the stories are good. I like "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and "Among the Law-makers"; when I read it I wish to visit Washington. I think the "Brownies" are very laughable. I think the Dutch boy that did all his shopping with the Bible, was very smart. Now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I hope you will print my letter, as it is the first one I ever wrote to you, and I will be so pleased.

Your loving reader,

MAMIE E. F.

NAVY YARD, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in the Navy Yard, as my grandfather is a naval constructor. There are a great many pleasant girls and boys here, and we have splendid times. Our next-door neighbor took you all last year, and he would get all the children in the yard in his house, and read the stories out loud. He is taking you this year also. I am fourteen years old, and my sister Amie is twelve. There is a building down the yard that we call the rink, for we are allowed to skate there. It is much nicer than a real rink, for we all know each other here.

Goodbye,

EDITH K.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Shall I tell the little girls who play with paper dolls, how we make nice dresses for our dolls. We take the prettiest colored head we can find in some fashion book, cut it off at half the shoulders, or a long neck. We then cut out all the dresses, capes, cloaks, in the book, without heads, and then we have a tiny bit of shoemaker's wax on the front of our doll's neck, or on the back of the dress; and so, all the dresses are easily stuck on, by the wax, and as quickly taken off. Bee's-wax will do, if you can not get the shoemaker's. One of the fashion reviews will contain a fine wardrobe for your dolls. Yours truly,

B.

AN APRIL DAY.



"THERE 'S THE SUN, I DECLARE!"

HARTFORD, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You were given to me four years ago this Christmas, as a present, and though I received many nice presents, you give me the most pleasure of all. I am always so glad when you come, for I love to read your grand stories, and I think the Brownies are the cutest little creatures, and especially the industrious Irishman, and the lazy Dude. I think "Driven Back to Eden" was lovely, and I was sorry when it was ended. I don't go to school, because I am sick, and so I have plenty of time to write to you. It is very lonesome, with nobody to play with. But I don't get very lonesome with you to read. I have written a long letter now, but I hope not too long to print. I am twelve years old. I made one of those morning-glory houses, but they did not grow well. I shall try again next summer. Your devoted friend,

MAY P. S.

CINCINNATI, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you very much. I think the "Little Brownies" are the nicest stories I ever read. I have a little brother named Brownie, three years and a half old; he thinks the "Brownies" are meant for him. We had a very heavy snow-storm Friday; and yesterday Papa found a sparrow half-frozen; and Mother wrapped him in a shawl and put him in a little basket, and when she went to feed him, he flew out of the window before she could touch him. I am very much interested in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." And Mother enjoys working the puzzles. I should like to see this printed. I am eight years old.

Your little friend,

PERCY R. H.

ANSONIA, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You were given to me as a Christmas present, three years ago, by my Mamma. I was to take you one year only; but when the end of the year came, I could not bear the thoughts of giving you up, so Mamma said I might take you another

year, and I've taken you ever since; I hope I may have the pleasure of reading your pages for many years to come, for I certainly never read such interesting stories.

I think "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is just a splendid story; and as for the "Brownies," I think they are quite a busy little people. All but the "Dude;" he does n't mean to hurt himself working.

I am afraid if I write much more, you will not find room to print my letter. So I will close. I am twelve years old. Your friend ever, "PEARL."

LA GRANDE, OREGON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The first two letters in your Letter-box for December were read with great interest. I myself have acted as catcher to the first pitcher in Princeton, who systematically curved his ball. I was in the second nine of our class, and afterwards joined him in the first, to which he was promoted for this specialty. The curve was too manifest to be denied. Mr. Harvey says, "I have not been able to learn why a ball curves."

It seems to me that there is a simple physical explanation, which I have attempted to show by the accompanying diagram. As the ball leaves the pitcher's hand, the air in front of the ball is compacted, making the resistance in front of the ball greater than behind, and the direction of the ball's revolution upon its axis would determine the direction of the curve, just as certainly as in the slow balls in cricket the bowler can vary the direction of the ball at will as it strikes the ground.

If this theory be correct, then, in figure 1, if the ball be "twisting" to the left, the ball would curve to the right, while in figure 2, if the ball be "twisting" to the right, the ball would curve to the left. (By "twist" I mean revolution.) The same reasoning would apply to the "drop" and "rising" curves. This explanation would account for the very remarkable phenomenon, observed doubtless by your baseball readers, of a ball leaving the bat on a "dead level," and passing away over the head of the expectant fielder, not because he misjudged the distance, but because the "climbing twist," which he could not reckon upon, deceived him.

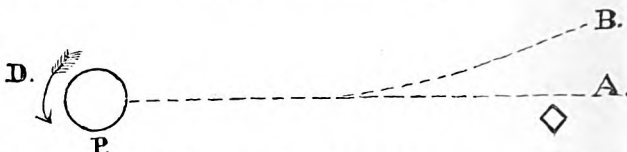
Yours truly,

ROBT. L. STEVENS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have not been one of your subscribers for a number of years, but my brother and myself have bought every

number, and we have all the volumes from number one to this time. So I consider myself entitled to a little "say" on the "curve" ball question. I think the explanation given in your February number is wrong, though very plausible. The fact is that the ball, rotating as the writer says, will curve the *other way*.



In the above diagram, the ball "P" rotating as shown by the arrow "D," and thrown in the direction "A," will curve toward "B."

This diagram is in a horizontal plane. Of course, in a vertical plane, the ball falls less or more accordingly, as the "rise" or "drop" curve is pitched, but it never does really rise, though it may have that appearance. I suppose the ball might be made to rise if pitched by a very strong and "limber-wristed" man.

I should like to have this subject cleared up and scientifically explained, as I have known how curving was accomplished for eight or nine years, but never have seen anybody who could tell why.

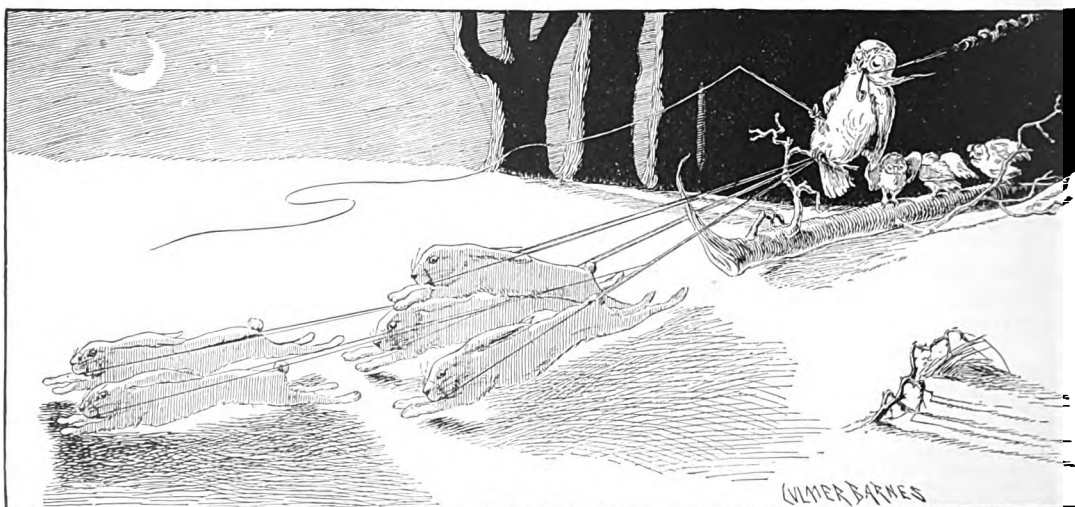
The direction of the ball's rotation, and the curve, are perfectly apparent to the pitcher, umpire, and catcher.

If any one will take a light tennis ball and throw it, he will readily see which way it curves.

One of your readers,

FRED. N. FOLSOM.

WE acknowledge with hearty thanks the receipt of pleasant letters from the young friends whose names here follow: Betty R. Smith, Frank P. Kenney, Lulu L. Robinson, Eva Wilmarth, Bertha D., Nellie M., May Stearns, Mabel G. Longley, C. C., B. L., Alice B. B., Millicent, Edith E. Andrews, Alice Frame, S. M. L., Lucy K., Nora McCarthy, H. H. Rickards, "Frisco," Sadie Redington, Maud Harrington, Scudder Coyle, Jennie Hicks, N. W. M., Carrie E. and Cora L., M. T. Duncan, Evelyn Gardner, Rose and Jean, F. E. S., Louise L. W., Dick Marcy, Carrie W. Van Sickle, P. A., Eleanor N. Ritchie, Mary Winthrop, Bessie Cowen, Millie E. L., Maggie E. Clarke, Mabel C. Hall, E. Kip, May Bridges, Johanna L., Rejocye B. C., Mabella, Amelia, and Lora, Ruth, Nellie J. Gould and Emma A. Green, Grace Schermerhorn, Jennie B. Bruce, Ada D., Thomas M. Owen, Marion E. Hutchins, Bertha M. Crane, Camille and Edith, G. T. O., Margaret Baird, Irene T. Searle, Elsie M. South, Sarah P. L., Charlotte S. Stone, I. P. T., W. W. C., S. L., Laura Martin, W. H. Stuart, Laura V. N. Talmage, Eddie E. Crellin, and E. B. M.



ALL ABOARD FOR TO-MORROW MORNING!



## TEN THOUSAND MEMBERS!

DURING this month, our total membership has passed the ten-thousand point. Since we began in 1880, we have enrolled the names of ten thousand and thirty-one different persons ready to enter upon the work of studying Nature by personal observation. We have not hoped to add much to the actual knowledge of the world, but in the more modest aim of arousing an interest in Natural Science, and in directing our members to the better methods of study, we have succeeded beyond our expectations. A large number of boys and girls who joined us at first from mingled motives of curiosity, interest, and love of acquisition, have come to an earnest love for nature, and have determined to devote their lives to the study of science.

## THE COURSE IN MINERALOGY.

NO ONE interested in the study of minerals, and indeed no one interested in learning the best methods of study in any department of natural science, can afford to neglect the opportunity of joining the class started last month by Professor W. O. Crosby, of the Boston Society of Natural History. To secure equally good instruction at any price, is out of the question for a majority of our young friends. It is not yet too late to accept the most generous offer as made in ST. NICHOLAS for February.

## THE CONVENTION AT DAVENPORT.

ALL the responses to the invitation of the Iowa Assembly have been favorable thus far, and if nothing unforeseen occur we may consider it settled that our next convention will be held at Davenport, on Wednesday and Thursday of the last week in next August. This being decided, it is the duty, as it will be the pleasure, of every Chapter to do its best, from this time until August, to insure the success of the meeting. Meanwhile let the Chapters in other States organize themselves into Assemblies, so that there may be a place for the third Convention when the time shall come! There are, for example, nearly a hundred Chapters in Massachusetts. If these could be joined into a Massachusetts Assembly, we should have the influence and means which would warrant us in inviting the A. A. to a Convention in the Old Bay State, in 1888. The State Assemblies elect their own officers, and hold Annual State Conventions. They will prove one of the most potent agencies for extending the influence of our Association. Delegates who attend the Iowa Convention may expect to learn many interesting facts regarding the formation of the Iowa Assembly, and will then understand better how to go to work to organize similar Assemblies at home.

## REPORTS OF CHAPTERS.

WE first present a few reports from the *First Century*, which came too late for the March number.

3, *Philadelphia (A)*. We now number sixty-five, and nearly all take a decided interest in natural history. At the beginning of this season a class in mineralogy was formed by our president, John Shallcross, Esq. This class was taught the *practical* part of the sub-

ject, and has proved very successful. We have also papers on other subjects. A question-box has proved very interesting. Clippings from newspapers, etc., are collected, brought to the meetings, and given to the scrap-book editor. We have two large and valuable cabinets,—also two closets for chemical and other apparatus. Our library is small, but composed of standard works.

Our chemical department is in charge of a committee of three. On this part of our work we have spent about thirty dollars. We have an elegant microscope, and a very good magic lantern, both costing about eighty dollars. We have the use, rent free, of the library-room of an institute.

On the whole, I think we can positively say that we have made decided progress, and we wish that the "A. A." may have long life and prosper.—Robert T. Taylor, Sec.

12, *Forreston, Ill.* I have the honor to report that Chapter 12 is at work with diminished numbers, but undiminished zeal. Being a family Chapter, connected with a family school, we have not always held regular meetings, but have improvised meetings, whenever our various excursions furnished us material. This is especially true since the elder members, our Secretary among the number, have left us, and are carrying on in distant institutions, the work commenced at home in the A. A.

We have divided our time between Ornithology, Botany, Mineralogy, and Entomology. We have learned the names and something about the habits of many birds in our vicinity. The number that visit a large spruce tree in front of our schoolroom is something surprising. Snowbirds lodge there; robins, wrens, orioles, etc., flutter about it. Kinglets rest there in their journey, fall and spring, and a pair of purple grackles once made us a morning call.

We have visited the stone quarries, etc., in our vicinity, and have now about 200 labeled specimens, from far and near.

We have also a Herbarium, prepared by one of the members, showing the result of careful study of many of our plants.—Eugenia Winston, Acting Sec.

20, *Fairfield, Iowa*. Chapter 20 is thriving. It has, in fact, become one of the indispensable institutions of our little city, and is known and respected all over the county. We have now for four years, given a reception to the teachers of the Normal Institute, and this year we displayed our collection to over three hundred guests. We have recently received one hundred and fifty pounds of ores from Colorado. But the greatest additions to our collection have been made by our own efforts. Some of our members went with a team to Boneport, where is exposed the Keokuk geode bed, and after a delightful excursion, brought home a hundred fine geodes. Others have collected several hundred pounds of fossil coral from the Hamilton series. Our botanical section has collected and classified the mosses, fungi, and lichens found in this vicinity. Our library is valuable and rapidly increasing. Every Saturday night sees an enthusiastic meeting. We inclose a picture of our "Home," and also a view of a corner of the front room, both taken by one of our members.

48, *Fitchburg, Mass.* The four A. A. Chapters of this city, A, B, C, and D, together with a literary society, which has turned its attention to science, have united to form one Chapter (to be known as the Fitchburg A Chapter of the A. A.), for better and more extended study of science. Our meetings are to be held in the High School.—Nellie F. Marshall, Permanent Sec., Lock Box, 1457.

79, *Lockport, N. Y.* Our Chapter has watched out the year 1885, with benedictions for our good success. We have a magnificent cabinet, and it is filled with still more magnificent collection. Our membership, 130, I think is still the largest in the A. A. We have fixed the limit at 130. We have about all that a Chapter needs for success, and have ever been very fortunate.—Geo. W. Pound, Sec.

96, *Lausling, Mich. (A)*. We have a cabinet of nearly two hundred specimens. One day, one of our members found in a pool of water, a globular jelly-like mass, about four inches in diameter. This contained a large number of discs, in which were what looked like fishes one-fourth of an inch in length. Will some one tell us

what they were? For the year, our membership has been twelve; average attendance, ten. We have enjoyed our meetings and learned many things.—Mrs. N. B. Jones, Cor. Sec.

#### Second Century.

101, *Middleton, Conn.* Our Chapter was never in better condition than now. We are going to establish a number of prizes for the best collections of different sorts, and perhaps one for original investigation in Natural History. We have two hundred minerals, two hundred shells, and over sixty plants. We had a lecture by which we made \$13.25, with which we bought books. Most of us have decided to keep notes during the coming year.—Lewis G. Westgate, Sec.

106, *Lebanon Springs, N. Y.* We have explored a cave in this vicinity, which no one before had ventured to enter more than a few feet. A piece of pottery was found by one member in a sand-knoll. It is almost exactly like some in the Albany Geological collection, and is thought to be a relic of the Mound Builders.—Walter H. Harrison, Sec.

123, *Waterbury, Ct.* The branch to which we are devoted is chemistry; and many experiments have been successfully performed. The average length of our meetings has been one hour. The textbook adopted is Bloxam's *Analytical Chemistry*.—Fred Carter, Sec.

124, *Jamaica Plain, Mass.* The report from our Chapter is almost like a voice from the dead. Some have moved away; some have gone to college; still, we who are left do a little work when our school duties let us. One of us has been studying the shells of our neighborhood. Near a little spring I found, as late as November 3, the flowers of a species of buttercup—best agreeing with the description of *Ranunculus repens*, except as to time of blossoming. When I found them, there had been snow on the ground and ice on the ponds thick enough for skating. I shall always keep up my interest in the Society.—Geo. W. Wheelwright, Sec.

[Several of the spring flowers come to a second blossoming late in the fall, under the influence of a few warm days. A friend of mine finds dandelions all winter in a spot surrounded by snow and ice, but kept warm by the constant escape of steam from a waste-pipe. And this incident, or one very like it, was narrated in the "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" pages of St. NICHOLAS for March.]

132, *Buffalo (B).* We now have an active membership of thirteen, only two of whom belonged to the Chapter when first organized. Most of us are from the Central High School, where the A. A. finds hearty support from the teachers. Our meetings are held weekly in the rooms of the Buffalo Society of Natural Science. We are in a better condition than ever before. The union meetings of the Buffalo Chapters, which are held monthly at Chapter B's rooms, continue to increase in size, interest, and usefulness. Six Chapters send representatives, and the average attendance is about forty. On December 8, fifty-nine were present.—Charles W. Dobbins, Sec.

133, *Erlanger, Ky.* We had the opportunity to-day, rare for dwellers far inland, of examining a sea-gull. It was shot by one of the boys as it was flying in company with a flock of ducks. It must have come from the Gulf, via the Mississippi and Ohio rivers.—L. M. Bedinger, Sec.

136, *Columbia, Pa.* During the summer we continued to collect specimens and we now have many insects and minerals. We have started a library. Our usual programme consists of questions in botany, mineralogy, etc., and to utilize our magazines, we have persons appointed to select articles from them and read them aloud.—W. H. Righter, Sec.

138, *Warren, Me.* One of our subjects was the chickadee. The president read a description of the bird, after which the others gave accounts of its habits. One stated that, as he felled a hollow fir-tree, many ants fell out on the snow. Chickadees flew down about him, ate all the ants they could, and then flew away with the rest, and deposited them under the rough bark of the same tree for future use.—A. M. Hilt, Sec.

142, *Leavenworth, Kansas.* A large cabinet has been offered to us. At one meeting a butterfly was analyzed and examined with the microscope. Three of us have private collections.—Chas. L. Hopper.

145, *Indianapolis, Ind.* Our Chapter is in good condition. We have two *Lepidoptera* cases, and a mineralogical cabinet. We have also a conchological cabinet. We have had a big discussion as to whether Indian relics, *i. e.*, stone implements, come under the head of Natural History. We have a library of twenty-five books, and take two papers.—G. L. Payne, Sec.

147, *Cleveland, O. (A)* Our meetings are full of interest and entertainment. Lectures, essays, and debates have been found profitable. One question: "What is the most useful animal?" was decided in favor of the cow. We have a room nicely furnished with secretary, chairs, chest of drawers, shelves, etc., and many specimens, including some beautiful impressions of fern and coal.

In warm weather, we take tramps and rides into the country, where we pull old stumps and logs to pieces in search of hiding *colleopter*. We are waiting for the spring sun to open the cocoons in our breeding-boxes. We are all boys about seventeen years old. We have

the use of a powerful microscope, plenty of books, and quite a sum in our treasury. We owe no one, and our only debtor owes us but five cents!

The A. A. is a grand institution. It makes the boy of Maine a fellow-student with the girl of California. I look forward to the time when it will be known by nearly every person throughout the U. S.—Alfred E. Allen, Sec.

158, *Davenport (A).* During the past year, weekly meetings have been held regularly in the building of the Davenport Academy of Sciences, which has recently set aside a room for our special use. At present we have 22 active members, mainly interested in ornithology, botany and geology. The society is in a flourishing condition, and has bright prospects for the future.—Edward Putnam, Cor. Sec.

161, *New York (E).* This Chapter was organized early in 1883 by six of us boys, from whom we elected a President, Secretary, Treasurer, and Curator. The other two were active members. We could not have a club composed of officers only, so we elected new members; but even then there was a general desire to hold office.

We discussed and decided many questions, wrote essays, and established a paper, and printed about thirty copies a month on the hektograph. The printing, however, was so serious an affair that we were obliged to cut our articles down nearly to the backbone.

It was easy to vote, but difficult to have our resolutions carried out. There was only one that never failed: We voted to go on excursions, and we went.

When our membership increased to ten we soon had seven officers and only three active members. This caused trouble, and somehow our teacher heard of it. So we had a talk with him about it, and we decided to make him a member. At our first meeting the next fall we elected the following officers: President, J. H. Morse; Vice-President, W. Brower; Treasurer, A. Griswold; Secretary, L. G. Morse; Assistant Secretary, J. C. D. Kitchen; Curators, I. L. Rogers, II. J. Brevoort, III. L. Morse. This year our president wished to resign; so we elected the following officers: President, I. L. Rogers; Vice-President, Paul Cheney; Treasurer, David Banks; Secretary, L. G. Morse; Curators, I. Herbert Thomson, II. Herbert Wade, III. Wilfrid Lay. IV. Julian Chanlerlain. Several older boys joined us, and we soon discovered that we could have as much fun making speeches, and entering into the active work of the A. A., as we could by holding offices. Our roll of members now contains over sixty names.

We now have a MS. paper, prepared and read by two editors appointed each month. It contains short essays and contributions from the boys on scientific subjects, and criticisms. We have lately established a column called "The Owl's Report." At the feet of an owl, stuffed by one of the boys, hangs the "Owl bag," into which any one may drop written questions.—The editors collect and answer them. We have over seven hundred specimens, many of them valuable and rare. This is a partial record of such work as we have done and are doing ourselves.—The boys of Chapter 161.

170, *N. Brookfield, Mass.* We found a curious wasp's nest. It is bell-shaped, and suspended from a spruce limb about six inches from the ground. The sides touched the ground except in one place where was an opening several inches long. The earth beneath was hollowed out, forming a cellar. The wasps ran in and out of the door, like bees.—H. A. Cooke, Sec.

#### Notice! To The Fourth and Fifth Centuries!

Secretaries of Chapters 301-400 are requested to send their reports to the President immediately, as the Printers of the Magazine are about to move, and it becomes necessary to hasten out the MS. for a few months. Chapters 401-500 will kindly report by April 15, instead of May 1, and 501-600 by May 20.

#### EXCHANGES.

BIRDS' EGGS in sets and single for same.—J. Grafton Parker, Jr., 3329 Grand Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois.

Correspondence desired.—Chapter 676, Burlington, N. J., Box 232.

First-class eggs of American birds.—George H. Lorimer, Jr., 2246 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Correspondence desired with all Chapters interested in minerals.—Ch. 814, A. A., 3088 Washington street, Roxbury, Mass., F. Edgar Spenceley, Sec.

Minerals for minerals. Tin ore desired. Also mounted sea-moss for minerals.—E. D. Lowell, 722 W. Main street, Jackson, Mich.

Correspondence desired.—E. F. Northway, Sec. Ch. 937, Kenosha, Wis.

#### NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
930	Nashville, Tenn. (B) .....	4.	Overton Lea, Jr., Box 295.
931	Huron, Dakota (A) .....	4.	E. S. Cheney.
932	Boston, Mass. (I) .....	7.	J. H. Sears, 32 Chester Sq.
933	Sunny Side, Georgia (A) .....	16.	Ch. A. Crocker, Spalding Co.
934	Malden, Mass. (I) .....	9.	H. W. Knights.
935	Sycamore, Illinois .....	10.	Vernon A. Allen, Lock Box 2.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
936	London, Eng. (F)	4	Miss Frances Sterling, 18 Sheffield Terrace, Kensington.
937	Kenosha, Wis. (B)	4	E. F. Northway.
938	Cambridgeport, Mass. (C)	5	Justus W. Folsom, 29 Inman Street.
939	North Wales, Pa. (A)	6	A. Hamburger.
940	Dayton, O. (C)	22	Miss Katherine McDonald, Central H. School.

## DISSOLVED.

844 Columbia, S. C. J. M. McBryde.

All are invited to join the A. A., and all communications for this department should be addressed to the President:

MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD,  
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

The names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO JANUARY PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in the March number, from "Dash," London, 4—L. S. C., Nova Scotia, 4.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 20, from Paul Reese—"B. L. Z. Bub, No. 1"—Sadie and Bessie Rhodes—Madge and the "Dominic"—R. H. C. H.—Lulu May—"Clifford and Coco"—"Shumway Hen and Chickens"—Maggie T. Turrill—Arthur Gracie—Bertha Gerhard and A. S. Zimmerman—"Pepper and Maria"—"I. E. Phant"—"L. Los Regni"—"Theo Ther"—"Betsey Trotwood"—"Cricket" and "Bob"—George and Aunt Minnie—"Mis' Medders and the gals"—"San Anselmo Valley"—"B. L. Z. Bub," Phila.—M. E. d'A.—Stella Sweet—P. Meeder—"Toboggan"—"San Rafael"—Blithedale—Rob and Mabel Duncan—The Spencers—Effie K. Talboys—Constance Adea—Bella Godshall—"Chawly Boy"—"Hill-top"—"Savoir et Sagesse"—Albert S. Gould—Eureka—Mohawk Valley—Mollie Ludlow—Dash—Nellie and Reggie—Carey E. Melville—"Frying-pan"—Belle Murdoch—S. A. B.—G. P. D.—Hazel and Laurel—Mamma and Fanny.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 20, from Nellie B. Ripley, 4—Marie A. T., 3—C. H. E. Dunn, 1—Lilly Macdonald, 1—Anne, 1—Tilly and Madge, 1—"Jack and Jill," 2—J. Leigh, 1—"F. Nightingale," 3—"Two Little Maids," 8—A. P. Wright, 1—H. W. Reynolds, 1—L. K. Blynn, 2—G. Roome, 1—S. Hamell, 2—J. M. Allen, 1—Maude S., 8—H. Du Barry, 2—M. L. Breed, 1—J. Jagger, 1—L. Martin, 3—G. S. Seymour & Co., 9—R. G. and W., 1—W. and W. La Bar, 7—"Felix and M. A.," 3—"Arrow," 1—Kane D., 2—A. and B. Knox, 8—Lewis B., 1—E. E. Abbott, 1—A. P. L., 1—W. Hannaford, 4—M. G. Fiero, 2—"Count No Account," 5—J. M. Hodges, 1—Gracey, 2—E. Thanhauser, 1—"Devonite," etc., 4—Rena and Sidney, 3—A. G. Towles, 1—B. Perault, 7—C. Loch, 2—Mamma, May, and Warren, 1—Vi and Sals, 3—M. L. Mayo, 3—F. V. Lincoln, 1—A. H. Endell, 1—B. Dixon, 2—C. Chadwick, 2—Susie W., 2—C. Small, 1—"Maid Marjorie," 3—B. L., 2—W. B. Greene, 8—M. S. Scudder, 6—Rosa A. B., 3—W. P. Beam, 5—Emily O., 1—A. C. and R. E. Rowe, 1—A. R. Fludder, 2—F. Matteson and G. A. Bunn, 4—"R. U. Pert," 8—H. Tryon, 1—A. D. Brown, 1—L. J. Robbins, 1—E. Halle, 3—G. Darling, 1—F. B. Buckwalter, 1—M. E. Bree, 1—C. Gattman, 1—G. W., 1—J. and Betsey, 3—M. W. McNair, 2—F. W. Taft, 1—G. H. Hiecke, 1—A. Converse, 1—David O., 3—A. M. Tuttle, 2—Nancy, 1—"Mat H. Fimate," 3—L. E. Brackett, 2—A. F. Mitchell, 1—G. E. Paquin, 1—"Locust Dale Folks," 9—E. S. Hills, 2—A. Crawford, 1—H. A. Kuehn, 2—W. F. Chase, 1—H. L. Jorgert, 1—C. Race, 2—L. Miln, 2—T. Fogg, 1—"The Crawford's," 1—E. T. and P. Lloyd, 3—M. Guild, 2—Mamma and Flossie, 7—R. E. Olwine, 1—E. Wickersham, 2—"S. Jupe," 1—E. M. Bennett, 1—W. S. Hamburger, 2—A. B. Brower, 1—W. and Severa, 3—C. D. Mason, 3—Kathleen, 3—G. A. Howell, 1—Bo Peep, 1—M. M. McLean, 1—C. A. Walton, 8—Ellie and Susie, 3—C. H. L'Engle, 7—A. Eyller, 2—E. Harrington, 1—N. E. Lee, 1—M. M. Mead, 2—B. B. Witherspoon, 3—Rosahe, 3—C. E. Gutman, 4—"Goose," 1—L. Sprecher, 2—L. Reynolds, 2—A. Lilmer, 2—G. W. Furbeck, 2—R. K. Allison, 1—A. Crawford, 2—"Uno Hoo," 1—M. Francis, 1—A. M. Burbank, 4—J. A. Keeler, 4—L. C. Haulenbeck, 1—M. T. Knowlton, 2—E. G. Wolff, 1—"Cogg and I," 6—C. L. W., 3—"Marjorie Daw," 3—E. and E. Stanley, 2—M. Reeves, 2—W. Keep, 1—J. E. Mitchener, 1—M. P. Harris, 1—M. P. Harris, 1—H. T. C., 3—S. P. and Baron, 1—M. P. Dell, 2—B. Jones, 6—G. E. Keech, 2—"Dolly Varden," 4—C. G. and A. S. Trumbull, 5—M. Q. Smith, 3—"Mother and Son," 2—Mamie V. B., 2—Harry B., 2—M. Seavey, 1—J. Blanche, 1—B. Carmichael, 3—J. M. G., 3—"Jack Sprat," 7—E. and B. Fennel, 2—"P. D. Rooster," 2—G. T. Hughes, 4—"Stovey," 1—M. S. Pratt, 1—C. H. Urmost, 5—"Nanki-Poo," 1—F. Eckman, 4—E. H. Seward, 8—M. E. Lummi, 1—Fan, 2—E. H. Rossiter, 1—Pet, 3—E. Young and J. Dupuis, 9—F. Jarman, 3—H. Couch, 8—B. E. Ells, 2—S. A. Weeks, 4—C. Fell, 1—J. M. Sturdy, 1—E. J. Bogen, 2—Katie and Auntie, 1—"A Family at Leipzig," 8—D. Faulkner, 7—"Old Carthusian," 7—J. Moses, 1—"Russie," 3—A. B. Smith, 1—S. Viles, 8—B. Atkins, 2—J. Fox, 1—Maud, 2—"We Three," 6—J. E. and M. Stork, 1—L. C. Bradley, 7—L. M. Holly, 1—J. M. Moore, 1—"T. Superbus," 8—N. Fritz, 9—F. M. Wickes, 1—H. E. Dunaway, 1—"N. C. Agriculture," 9—B. Ferns, 8—"Ruita," 2—"Murray and Percy," 7—Mamie K., 8—M. Muzzy, 4—"Bessie Wee," 7—L. Meeks, 5—F. P. Bent, 3—L. and C. Hendrickson, 1—M. and H. Granger, 1—Laura and Annie, 6—Maud F. Palmer, 9—Avis and G. S. Davenport, 5—A. M. Carter and F. S. Merriam, 3—L. Whitehurst, 4—G. G. Turner, 4—M. Rolland, 4—F. J. Crandall, 4—L. F. George, 4—B. Rolland, 4—L. Boller, 4—H. Davis, 4—E. Kight, 4—K. V. Caffier, 4—M. Nicholson, 4—L. Gueck, 4—E. Bear, 4—M. A. Etheridge, 4—E. Wallace, 4—F. Jones, 4—H. Grant, 4—L. C. B., 6—Isabel, 3—Alice Solway, 1—J. H. Brackett, 1—F. D., 9—H. Calden, 2—C. Holbrook, 2—S. and F., 3.

## WORD-SQUARES.

- I. 1. ONE who contends in a race. 2. The American aloë. 3. An artificial water-course. 4. To elude. 5. To let again.  
II. 1. A junto. 2. Over. 3. A kind of tea. 4. Solemnly affirm. 5. Most insignificant.  
III. 1. Raging. 2. To stay in a place. 3. A kind of wild ox. 4. Images. 5. Compact.

## CONNECTED DOUBLE SQUARE.

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- UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE. ACROSS: 1. An old name for the hoopoe. 2. The tenor violin. 3. Fastens. 4. An army. Downward: 1. Has. 2. A mixture. 3. A tribe of Indians. 4. A pillar.  
UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE. ACROSS: 1. Confined. 2. A county in Nebraska. 3. A kind of fat. 4. A plate of baked clay. Down-

ward: 1. A pillar. 2. A lady's reticule. 3. The French name of Christmas-day. 4. A kind of wig of false hair.

LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE. ACROSS: 1. An army. 2. Competent. 3. Acid. 4. A name by which the heron is sometimes called. Downward: 1. To nince. 2. A hauboy. 3. An innuendo. 4. An aquatic fowl.

LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE. ACROSS: 1. A plate of baked clay. 2. An ancient garden. 3. To peruse. 4. Siestas. Downward: 1. An aquatic fowl. 2. Notion. 3. To vault. 4. Closes.

Centrals (reading across), unfriendly. Centrals (reading downward), a back door or gate.

## BAGATELLE.

SUPPLY the missing vowels in the following sentences, and make seven axioms. From each of these axioms select a word of equal length. When these words are placed one below another, central letters will spell the name of an article much used by Chinamen.

1. M-R- H-ST- L-SS SP- D.  
 2. M-D-C-N-S W-R- N-T M- N-T T- L-V- -N.  
 3. H- WH- H-D-S C-N F-N-D.  
 4. PR-D- G- -TH B-F-R- - F-LL.  
 5. TH- -BS-NT P-R-TY -S -LW-YF -LTY.  
 6. - CR-WD -S N-T C-MP-NY.  
 7. P-NN- W-S-, P- -ND F- -L- SH. GILBERT FOREST.





















